Liberty

JULY 18, 1942 10¢

33,000 MILES OF WAR by Raymond Clapper

I LIKE BIG BUSINESS! by Thurman Arnold

America's Secret Weapon

You won't find it on the production lines at Rock Island or Willow Run.

It isn't guarded at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, or tested at Aberdeen.

But it's the toughest weapon these men you are looking at will ever take into battle. It's the stuff with which all our wars are won.

The boy in the uniform doesn't call it *morale*. That's a cold potatoes word for something John American feels deep and warm inside.

Perhaps he can't give it a name. But he can tell you what it's made of.

It's made of the thrill he gets when his troop train stops at a junction point and fifty good-looking girls are at the station with cigarettes.

It's made of the appreciation he feels for a bright new USO clubhouse where he and his friends can go for a few hours' rest and relaxation.

It's made of laughter and music—when Bob Hope or Lana Turner visits his camp with a USO show.

It's even made of a cup of coffee and a Yankee smile—at some lone outpost in Alaska or the Caribbean

Maybe it's just a feeling of kinship with this land of a hundred million generous people. Maybe it's just the understanding that this whole country cares; that the soldier is bone of our bone; that he and we are one.

Name it if you can. But it's the secret weapon of a democratic army.

What can you do to sharpen this weapon? Give to the USO. This great national service organization has been entrusted by your government with responsibility for the service man's leisure needs.

The requirements of the USO have grown as enormously as our armed forces themselves. This Spring we must have $32,000,000.

Give all you can—whether it's a lot or a little. Send your contribution to your local chairman or to USO, Empire State Building, New York City.

★ USO ★

There's PLENTY OF MILES IN YOUR OLD TIRES YET

if you'll follow this common-sense advice...now!

FROM the rubber outlook today, your present tires will have to last for the duration—unless you're eligible for new or recapped casings.

But that's not as bad as it sounds. Even when the non-skid pattern wears smooth, you've still about 40% of your tread rubber left — your tires are only little more than half worn-out.

This means you can drive your tires a year or two longer than normal with safety — *if you'll just start taking a few simple precautions now.*

FIRST AND MOST IMPORTANT— DRIVE SLOWER

You can make your tires wear a good 50% longer by reducing your average speed from 50 miles an hour to 35 top. Holding down to 30 or 25 gives still greater increase.

But that's not all. There are five other things to watch regularly to prevent abuses that shorten tire life. All are essential — neglecting one may cancel out benefits from the others.

FIVE "MUSTS" FOR LONGER TIRE MILEAGE

RULE ONE: *check air pressure every week. Just a few pounds over- or under-inflation can cut down mileage 15% to 20%.*

RULE TWO: *have your tires inspected now, and every 2,500 miles, inside and out, for small cuts and bruises that may cause serious damage if neglected.*

RULE THREE: *have your tires rotated every 2,500 miles to insure even wear from all four — rear tires wear faster. Have tires branded with your license number at the same time to discourage theft.*

RULE FOUR: *have wheel alignment and brake adjustment checked every 2,500 miles. Wheels and brakes out-of-true grind off tread rubber — can cut mileage as much as 33%.*

RULE FIVE: *have your wheels balanced every 2,500 miles. Out-of-balance wheels cause spotty tread wear — and no tire wears longer than its thinnest spot.*

SEE YOUR GOODYEAR DEALER FOR EXPERT SERVICE

Remember, only regular, complete tire-care will give you this extra mileage you need to keep your car going. Your Goodyear dealer is a tire expert — with the experience and equipment to give your tires proper service.

Ask him today about the Goodyear Tire-Life Extension Policy that entitles you to all five necessary services at proper mileage intervals. It's the next best thing to a new set of tires — *and costs far less.*

Don't put it off. Every day you delay may cost you hundreds of miles.

LifeGuard—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

GOOD YEAR
GOODYEAR
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

YOU may be eligible for new or recapped tires

FOR LATEST RULINGS *on who can buy, consult your Goodyear dealer.*

IF ELIGIBLE, *get Goodyears — world's first choice for mileage and safety.*

ON TUBE CERTIFICATES, *get Life-Guards, Goodyear's modern air-container that carries punctured tires to a safe stop without injury.*

IN RECAPPING—*Goodyear experts, Goodyear materials and Goodyear methods insure longest renewal wear.*

NEWS FLASH! *Recent regulations prohibit sale of new or recapped tires if abuse has damaged your present tires. Don't wait until fabric shows—then it is too late for a good recap.*

MORE PEOPLE ARE STILL RIDING ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND—BECAUSE GOODYEARS WEAR LONGER!

INTERNAL BATHS END YEARS OF DISTRESS

Baffled at 47—Feels Like a Young Man at 77

Imagine how thrilling it must be for a man, feeling half-sick, half-alive for years, suddenly to find himself restored to new happiness and vitality. How wonderful he must feel to realize at last he may be able to say good-bye to the headaches, biliousness, sluggishness, that all-in feeling, due to chronic constipation suffered through many years.

Read Mr. Aul's Astounding Letter

"I am now 77 years young, have owned a Cascade for over thirty years. When I first started using the J.B.L. Cascade I was a victim of constipation and at my wits' end as to what to do about it. Tried most everything that was recommended and prescribed for me for years without results. I now feel that Internal Bathing was responsible for bringing back my health and for keeping it ever since. I use the Cascade occasionally now, but I would not part with it for $1,000. Have sincerely recommended it to everyone suffering from the ill effects of constipation."

Leopold Aul
1505 Bushwick Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

• • • •

"After one month of using the Cascade . . . Mrs. West has been amazingly relieved, to the extent she has more endurance, can work more, has lost the sleepiness that seemed to almost overpower her, because she was always tired. Now she realizes more life, energy, and enjoys living, in this short span of using the Cascade . . . We can truly say it has given Joy, Beauty, and Life to a suffering one."

Mr. & Mrs. Roland E. West
987 Emerson Ave., Apt. 211, Detroit, Mich.

• • • •

"The first night's treatment made a new man of me . . . work is nothing but play for me now. I am like a jack rabbit, I don't know what a hill is in walking . . . If you would offer me billions I would turn you down if I could not get another one. Life is worth living to me . . . I want humanity to know what the J.B.L. Cascade has done for Frank Danforth."

Frank I. Danforth
Wauna, Wash.

MAIL YOUR COUPON TODAY

Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc.
152 W. 65th Street, Dept. L7-18
New York, N. Y.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated book on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

Name ....

Street ....

City .... State..........

But such a man was Leopold Aul, and as explained in his own words: "One day when I was feeling especially bad and as nervous as a cat, I met an old friend of mine. He noticed how fagged out I looked and how rapidly I seemed to be aging. 'Why don't you take Internal Baths?' he asked, 'they did wonders for me.'"

What Is An Internal Bath?

Thereupon Mr. Aul began investigating Internal Baths. He found a bona-fide Internal Bath to be the administration into the lower intestine of pure warm water—Nature's greatest cleansing agent—to which is added J.B.L. Cleansing Powder. Through the use of the J.B.L. Cascade four quarts of the cleansing solution may be sent gently swirling throughout the entire length of the colon. In a short time your impacted colon is thoroughly cleansed of its whole foul mass; the putrefying, delayed waste is loosened and washed away. Often the relief is immense—often a new sense of vigor and well-being sweeps over you.

Naturally, Mr. Aul did buy a J.B.L. Cascade. It proved a turning point in his life. Gone, according to his testimony, was the worry and distress that had hitherto overshadowed his whole life, sapped his ambition.

Send for This Free Booklet

Investigate yourself the merits of Internal Bathing. Simply fill in and mail this coupon and receive, absolutely FREE, your copy of "Why We Should Bathe Internally." This instructive 24-page booklet may open your eyes to many surprising facts about constipation and its many attributed ills; reveals, too, how many thousands of Internal Bathers have gained new health and vigor through this drugless treatment.

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JULY 18, 1942

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Published by Macfadden Publications, Inc.

O. J. ELDER, PRESIDENT; C. H. SHATTUCK, TREASURER; HAYDOCK MILLER, SECRETARY; H. A. WISE, GENERAL MANAGER; R. A. FELDON, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; S. O. SHAPIRO, CIRCULATION DIRECTOR.

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NEXT WEEK

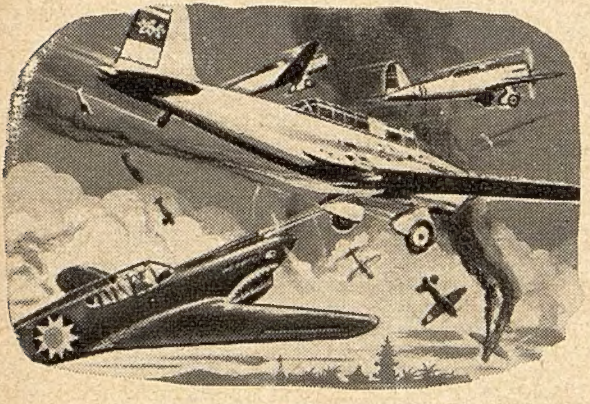
JULY 25, 1942

LIBERTY BRINGS YOU A "KEEP-'EM-FLYING" ISSUE

An exciting, streamlined collection of special features keyed to the air-minded spirit of the times—leading off with

HERE COME THE FLYING TIGERS!

A lively first hand account of the exploits of the American Volunteer Group of flyers in Burma and China. "My little angels without wings," Madame Chiang Kai-shek calls them. The tale, which will run through several issues, is told by WALTER PENTECOST, who was one of them and worked with them. A boy from your home town may be in it!



THE STORY OF JIMMY AND JO

tells things you haven't heard before about the man who bombed Japan—Brigadier General James H. Doolittle—and the woman who shared the plaudits that greeted him when he came back: his wife.

HAS LINDBERGH CHANGED HIS MIND?

propounds some timely and pointed questions concerning another famous flyer. . . . New Weapons for War in the Air, by FREDERICK L. COLLINS, brings eye-opening tidings about the fighting planes of today and tomorrow. . . . RAYMOND CLAPPER continues the story of his amazing flight for news.

AND FOR VARIETY—

Fine fiction by J.-J. DES ORMEAUX, FAN NICHOLS, JUDSON P. PHILIPS, and others. . . . A stirring war message, What Are We Fighting For? by ARCHBISHOP FRANCIS J. SPELLMAN. . . . Chuckles from the Camps, by OLD SARGE. . . . Pictures, features, fun. See you next week!

Liberty, July 18, 1942. Vol. 19, No. 29. Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy; $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries. In all other countries, $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address please allow thirty (30) days for Liberty to reach you.

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How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Siegel

Wife: There—now you're my handsome hero! Let's have a big going-to-a-party smile!

Hubby: That *sounds* okay, but gee, Peg, I guess I'm just not the party type.

Wife: That, my pet, is a lot of nonsense. All you need is a little more of the old 'oomph.' You know—a little more *pep appeal!* You haven't been eating right lately; I'll bet you're not getting all your vitamins. And say, that gives me an idea. You pop down to the kitchen with me right now.

Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN ENRICHED

Wife: I just want you to taste *this!* It's KELLOGG'S PEP, a crunchy cereal made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat. What's more, it contains extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins—B1 and D. You know what they say—vitamins for pep!

Hubby: Whoa! All that chatter, and hardly a word about how *good* it tastes! By golly, if getting the rest of my vitamins is as much fun as eating PEP, I'll expect to be wearing a permanent party smile!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

Liberty
JULY 18, 1942

WE, THE PEOPLE

What do

THIS is probabl the most intrigue ing question tha has ever faced a psychologist or a philosopher, or both.

What do I mean when I say, "I sai to myself . . ."? Who am I? And who i myself? Are there two of me instead o one?

To say that this is the Spirit of Man talking to the Mind of Man is to make the psychologist smile gently because he cannot fin any Spirit of Man in his laboratory. But i makes the philosopher nod gravely becaus there seems to be no other way to accoun for the things Man does.

The most healthy sign in America toda is that We, the People, have begun talkin to ourselves, doubting ourselves, trying t analyze our own activities.

This Spirit of Man is a strange, uncann thing. It knows none of the logic or self-interested purpose of the everyday mind. It starve for an ideal or dies for a cause with a gestur that is magnificent. Even in the daily round o life, that Spirit of Man tends to pattern i service with dignity, far and away above th dollar sign for the job it does.

* * *

PERHAPS the best mass example of thi in the daily routine of normal life is th million and a half railroad men who handl our train service of America.

Fifty years ago these men began gettin stripes on their sleeves for service well rendered and free of accident. Maybe this wa a shrewd move on the part of railroad executives. Maybe these old-timers got mor stripes on their sleeves than dollars in thei pockets. But railroads were the only metho of rapid transportation in those days. An

"The God who gave us life, gave us liberty at the same time"
THOMAS JEFFERSON

LET'S FIGHT WITH OUR LIVES TO RETAIN IT

nean when I say, *"I said to myself . . ."?*

the safety of a traveling nation was in their hands.

But they were the pioneers in proving that men will work for a button in the coat lapel or a stripe on the sleeve far more than for a dollar in the jeans, if the spirit of service to a definite cause is firmly established in mind and thoroughly understood.

Today, out of that spiritual beginning of a stripe on the sleeve, there has been built up in the railroad world a mass organization of men that has won the profound respect of every man and woman in America. We shuttle more trains through this country than most of the rest of the world combined.

Yet we step aboard any train, anywhere, and drop to sleep quietly in our berth, with a sense of security that is all the more amazing because we haven't the slightest sense of insecurity in what we are doing. *We seldom stop to think that back of this sense of security are a million and a half men imbued with the spirit of responsibility for our safety—men who, from the engineer in the cab to the switcher in the yards, through that very spirit of responsibility, have won their own self-respect, their own mutual respect, and the respect of a nation as well.*

Who ever heard of a labor racketeer among the Brotherhood of American Locomotive Engineers?

★ ★ ★

TODAY the most hopeful sign in America is that that stripe on the sleeve is going to Washington, and coming from Memphis, and going to Iceland and Australia and India—*because men told themselves that this was the thing to do.*

Men at $70,000 a year and $100,000 a year working at $15,000 and $10,000 and $5,000 a year and at one dollar a year, because they told themselves that this was the thing to do. And getting hell for doing it, by being accused of having selfish interests in their minds. Just as the workers were accused of having selfish interests in their minds.

And perhaps some of this has all been true. Who is bold enough to try to unscramble the mixed motives of the mind? It is only when the Spirit of Man takes hold of the mind that those motives are unscrambled and the objective becomes clear.

Today those motives are becoming unscrambled and the objective is becoming clear as never before. "I am saying to myself." We are all "saying to ourselves." *And whenever we begin saying things to ourselves—that's when we really get tough—with ourselves.*

Today millions of us in active service of one kind or another for the preservation of our country, for the defense of civilization itself, are talking to ourselves and questioning ourselves as to what more we can do or how better we can do it.

But there are tens of millions more of us who are also asking ourselves what we can do, and who are not finding *anything* to do.

"What can I do? What can I do? What can I do?" is still the cry of two thirds of this nation, a tremendous reservoir of power and purpose, untouched, unutilized. And this is the next great step in the unity of this nation which must somehow be achieved.

This is the direction of leadership which this country now so desperately needs. And it is toward this goal that Liberty has set its hand and its seal.

When a whole people begin *talking to themselves* they embody the very spirit of national unity. But only when they find some actual outlet for the ideal that has stirred them is their spirit satisfied.

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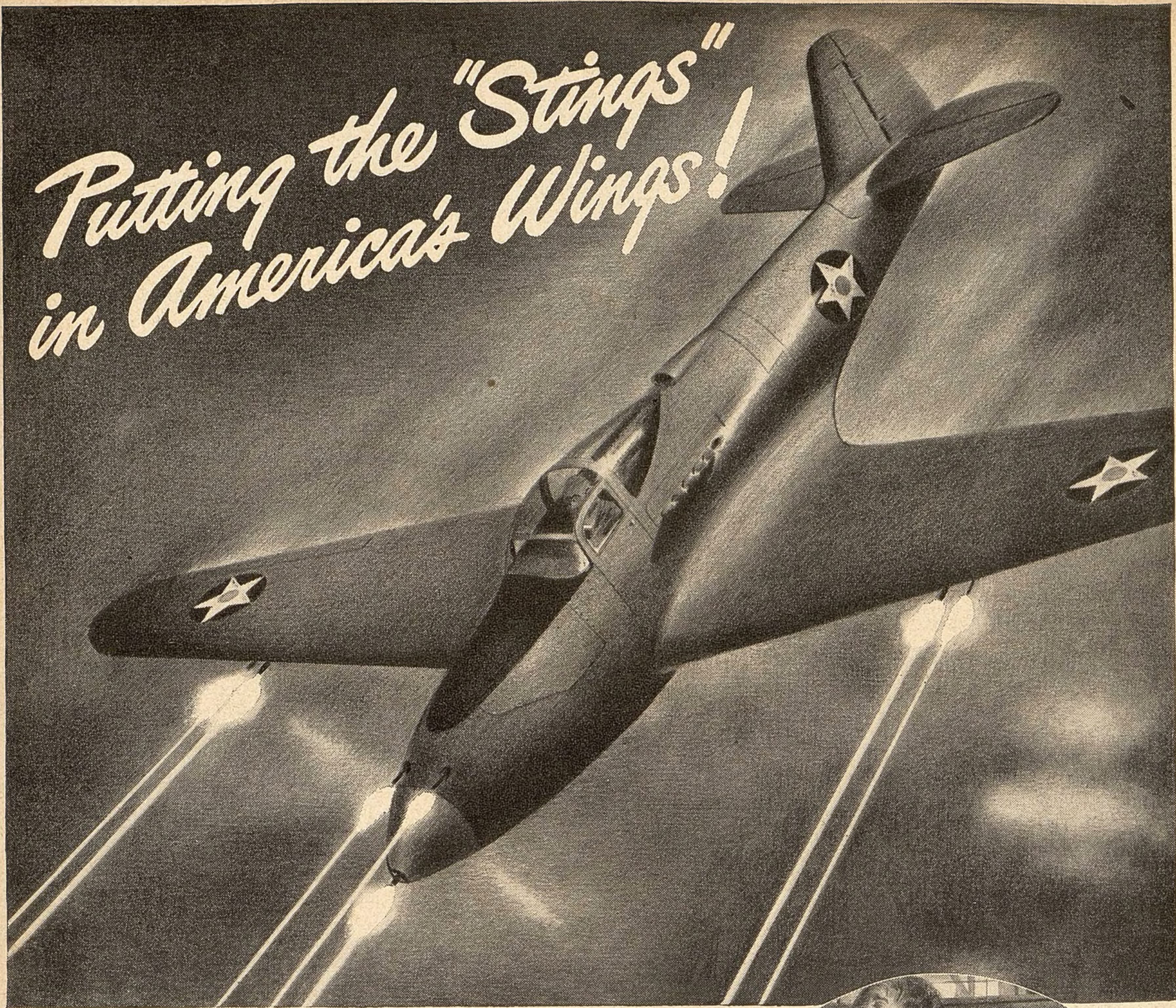
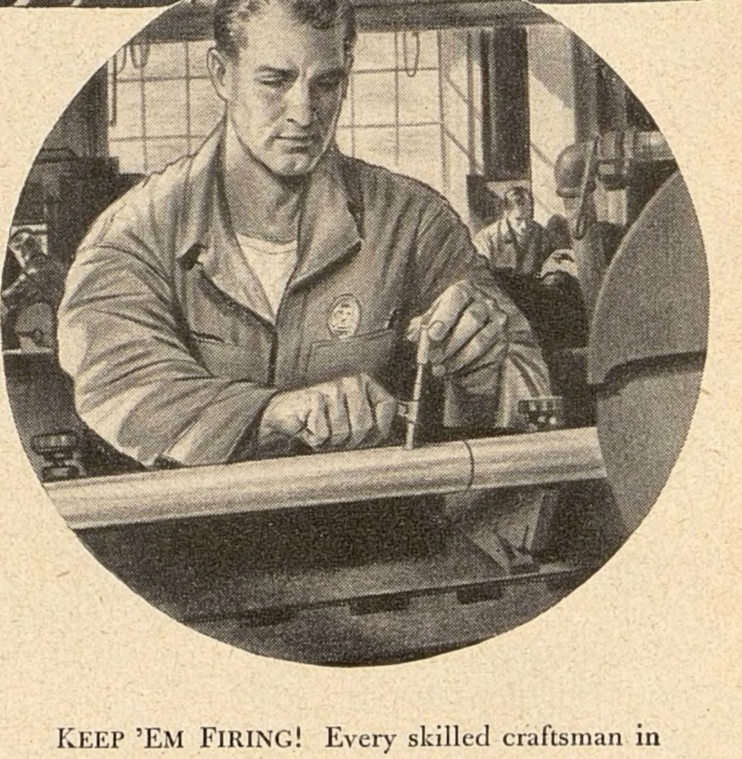

Putting the "Stings" in America's Wings!

FOR VICTORY, BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS!

ALREADY, FOR MANY MONTHS, WE'VE BEEN TURNING OUT CANNON IN VOLUME FOR THE NATION'S FIGHTING PLANES!

KEEP 'EM FIRING!

"Planes and more planes!" And every wing has "stings" to fight with! Oldsmobile builds these deadly "stings" in an arsenal that went into volume production way back last October. Oldsmobile "Fire-Power" was ready for the take-off the day fighting started. And with every new turn of the war, Oldsmobile output has been soaring . . . Thousands of automatic airplane cannon are pouring off Oldsmobile's non-stop production lines . . . Millions of high-caliber shell have been delivered. Every force at Oldsmobile is lined up solidly with our fighting forces. Every product is a war product. Every worker is a "soldier of production." We're all determined—both men and management—to back up our army and air corps with an ever-increasing flow of "Fire-Power." Our war-cry—"Keep 'Em Firing!"



KEEP 'EM FIRING! Every skilled craftsman in the Oldsmobile cannon arsenal is wholeheartedly in partnership with our fighting forces. Keeping up war production on a non-stop basis! Producing to the limit, to help bring Victory!

OLDSMOBILE *DIVISION OF* GENERAL MOTORS

★ *VOLUME PRODUCER OF "FIRE-POWER" FOR THE U. S. A.* ★

33,000 MILES OF WAR

Flight for news! Presenting the prelude to a revealing report on the war's leaders and fighters, its strategies and its challenge

The author, back from his epic plane flight.

BY RAYMOND CLAPPER

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

WHEN I went to the National Press Club in Washington to lunch quietly with an old friend a few weeks ago, I had no idea that the result would be to root me up and hurl me through space halfway around the world, over thousands of miles of ocean and bad real estate, into strange lands and the most exciting adventure of my newspaper life.

My friend had been in the African jungle only the previous week. He had scarcely cooled off from the tropical sun when here he was, sitting in Washington. He had flown there and back in connection with the air transport service which Pan American Airways was organizing across primitive Africa for the United States Army, to supply our distant fronts.

Have you found that some of the big events of your life have sneaked up on you in the most matter-of-fact disguise and whisked you away without your thoroughly realizing what had happened?

My friend was telling me about his trip. "You ought to run over there for a couple of weeks and see what we're doing in Africa," he said casually, just like that, as if he had been recommending an afternoon trip to the zoo. "You could hop on over to India and China. It would take you only a few days longer—three days from Cairo to Calcutta and another day to Chungking. They fly it every day, just like the trains run. We'll have you back here in six weeks."

The next thing I knew, they were jabbing my arm for yellow fever and cholera, telling me to be sure to take quinine every day, not to drink any water unless it was boiled, and to eat no fruit or vegetables unless they were either peeled or cooked. I found myself with a handful of tickets and a passport with pages of visa stamps for the Anglo-Egyptian and all kinds of odd places that had been only names on the map to me, and finally a page full of Chinese characters which I gathered would allow me to visit Chungking. There was no backing out now, not even when my friends looked at me oddly and said, "My, you're certainly letting yourself in for something!" I didn't like the way they said those things. But it was too late.

Nothing was left but to pack up and get going. Packing took me fifteen minutes. You travel light. I mean, one passenger, a newspaper woman traveling to England, was allowed to take just fifteen pounds of luggage—the clothes she wore, and a large purse crammed with toilet articles.

Once a trip more than halfway around the world would have meant days of preparation, list-making, shopping, packing and repacking an array of luggage sufficient to fill a station wagon. But this time it was just one bag—a couple of lightweight suits, an extra pair of shoes, a flashlight, vitamin pills, such shirts and underwear as I could crowd into the bag, and my toilet kit. I have taken more on a two-day trip from Washington to New York than for this 33,000-mile trip across Africa and Asia. Picking up my typewriter and an envelope of copy paper, I was off to New York to catch the Pan American Clipper.

I was to get a taste of what the new world will be like. People hopping back and forth across the oceans. Dinner in New York, a night's sleep in an easy berth, and breakfast in London, Paris, or wherever you made that appointment by transatlantic telephone the day before. Just as the Pullman coach brought the United States together into one ball, the airplane is going to bring the nations into each other's laps. Time and distance fade out. No need of digging tunnels and winding railroad tracks around the mountains. We can just hop over them. All we need is a plane and some gasoline.

Passengers gathered at the airport to embark. One bell called the crew aboard. Two bells called the passengers. We hurried out on the gangplank, stepped into the huge, luxurious, cushioned transatlantic Clipper, strapped ourselves in, and in a few

WASHINGTON
CAI
EG
AFRI
SOUTH AMERICA
ATLANTIC OCEAN

minutes were up with the stars above the shrinking earth.

In wartime, berths are not made up. I didn't know then how I would later look back on that all-night flight, sitting up in a cushioned seat, as a touch of luxury. After you have spent three days riding in freight planes on hard aluminum benches, which are called bedpan seats because in shaping the seat places one slight concession is made to the human form, your ideas of what constitutes easy traveling become entirely relative. After you have slept in snatches on a crate of propellers, melting under the tropical heat on the ground and chilling up in the air five minutes later, you revel in a cushioned seat even if you must sit up in it all night.

Anyhow, I was on the way to see a part of the world all strange and new to me, along with twenty other passengers, most of whom were bound on mysterious missions to Europe, Africa, and secret points in Asia. An American diplomat was going to Switzerland. An agriculture official was going to England to see what could be done to improve the British food situation. He had some ideas about large-scale farming in England, and astonished me by saying there were farms as large as 6,000 acres in the tight little island. An American oil man was going into Europe to see that there was no leakage of oil shipments into Germany.

There was an army officer who had the one plan for winning the war. Like the rest of us, he had his answer figured out and couldn't understand why the government refused to see it his way. A couple of young navy officers were on their way to a hot war spot. One only recently was a lawyer establishing his practice in a Southern city. Now he was on his way, to be gone how long, God only knows. There's been action since, where he went. He arrived just in time for it.

By morning we were in the tropics. Three mornings later several of us left the Clipper in Africa and, while it turned northward, we drove out to the edge of the jungle to get aboard a land transport plane. I saw a wild monkey in a tree.

"You won't find it as comfortable as the Clipper," the skipper warned us as we came up to the freight plane. He was right. The plane had been sitting out all day in the tropical sun and was at least 125 degrees inside. We got in and began to drip. Then an Englishman with an esquire mustache, wearing only a pair of shorts, a sun helmet, and green sunglasses, climbed in, slammed the door, and sprayed the inside of the ship and us with an eye-burning disinfectant. They fight yellow fever everywhere in Africa. We were to be fumigated this way time and again crossing Africa and the Middle East.

We took off from a runway made of thin steel strip matting. It had been laid by the Germans and was used for their transatlantic take-offs. They abandoned the field the week the war broke out in Europe, in 1939, and now the Allies were using it. After a few hours flying over jungle, we came down for the night at an R. A. F. camp. Tents were set up for us and mosquito netting placed over the cots. Every one wore mosquito boots in the evening, which is when the malaria mosquito cruises around your ankles looking for a place to attack.

This was my introduction to life in Darkest Africa, in that Godforsaken western part of Africa known as the white man's graveyard, primitive, heavily populated with ignorant underfed natives who wore strange amulets and patterns of scars which were inflicted as part of tribal rites. They were ordered around rather sharply by the white man and otherwise were considered as inanimate objects. They seemed sullen, slow, weary, and sad. I never heard them sing or whistle and rarely did they smile, these blood cousins of the American Negro.

We slept hard, for a cool breeze had replaced the day's intense heat. The next thing I knew, a plane roared a hundred feet overhead and it was dawn. In half an hour we were in the air again, on our way to breakfast 200 miles away.

In time we saw down below us a bare spot in the jungle. As we circled down toward it we saw a huge village of native straw huts, little peaked thatches and hundreds of black, almost naked, figures moving about. We could see road-building machines crawling around on the field. There was intense activity everywhere. We came down on a newly paved runway.

INDIA
CHINA
DELHI
CALCUTTA
CHUNGKING
INDIAN OCEAN
SUM
JAMES ST. ANTHONY

A sweeping view of continents spanned by Raymond Clapper in his 33,000-mile flight for news.

Power rollers were working on cross runways.

A dozen American army officers and several Pan American staff men came up to welcome us. They put us into automobiles and drove us to the edge of the field—it would have been a ten-minute walk in the hot sun otherwise. There we were taken into a low, cool, new brick mess hall, with bright screens, a row of electric iceboxes along one wall, and many tables set with polished glassware and bright dishes. Natives surrounded us with pitchers of ice-cold orange juice. Then we washed up with soap and hot water. You can never know how good that felt. Then we sat down to a spread of four kinds of breakfast cereal, ham and eggs, and fragrant American coffee. Then came hot cakes and syrup. And American cigarettes.

A pet chimpanzee in a little pen outside pressed his nose against the screen and watched us. Behind him was again the deep jungle. Here was a little bit of America set down in the dark heart of savage Africa, and it wasn't hard to take. Here were Americans in fresh trim khaki, with healthy faces, alert, bursting to tell us how they had done all of this in three months. Here was the first big American airfield de luxe, enormous, efficient, with power apparatus for fueling airplanes, with every provision made for the men's health and comfort.

Pampering? Not at all. They were getting about twice as much work out of everybody in return.

It was that way all along the new air path across Africa. Enterprise, imagination, rapid construction, all carefully planned and working out ahead of schedule. The New World had come back to the primitive jungle to do what needed to be done to win a war. And to suggest, unconsciously, what might be done to make peace more livable for human beings.

For six weeks I was to move about almost entirely by air. We flew under all kinds of conditions. Navigation of the desert is like navigating the ocean. Landmarks are few for the desert and jungle all looks very much the same. Sometimes pilots lose their way. To find them is like hunting them over the ocean. Because of the pressure to move personnel and material, planes are loaded to the safety limit—perhaps sometimes a bit overloaded, although supervisors are always cautioning. Yet I flew 33,000 miles with never an anxious moment—except one.

We were coming from Chungking to Calcutta. As we neared Calcutta for a night landing, we hit a severe thunderstorm. Every one was already a bit edgy because the Japanese were up in the Bay of Bengal and for the moment it seemed probable they might attempt to take Calcutta. Nevertheless, we were coming down to land. The plane's landing lights were on and the floodlights were on below. Otherwise it was very dark, except for the flashes of lightning. We were about to touch the ground when suddenly the plane zoomed upward and headed away from Calcutta. An American colonel was sitting next to me. We looked at each other. I said, "We must have missed the runway." He said, "Or else the skipper got a flash to get the hell out quick."

Shortly we began to come down again. This time we landed. A few moments later the skipper joined us.

"Well?" we said inquiringly.

"It was all right," he said, "except that just as I was about to let her down, I looked out on the runway and there, smack in the middle of it, was a great big sacred cow sound asleep. I had to get up quick."

You see natives in Africa and the Middle East, in their loincloths or flowing robes, climbing over these big modern planes, filling the fuel tanks. Six months ago most of them had never seen an airplane. They probably don't yet know what these things really are. They have skipped the horse-and-buggy era, the railroad era, the automobile era. They have had the airplane come down on a life geared to the jungle footpath and the camel track.

AFRICA and South America have been brought within twelve hours of each other—less than that by some of the faster planes. No longer are we chained to the ground. Something is coming into being that challenges our imagination and our audacity, that invites us to leave a static world and venture into a dynamic world.

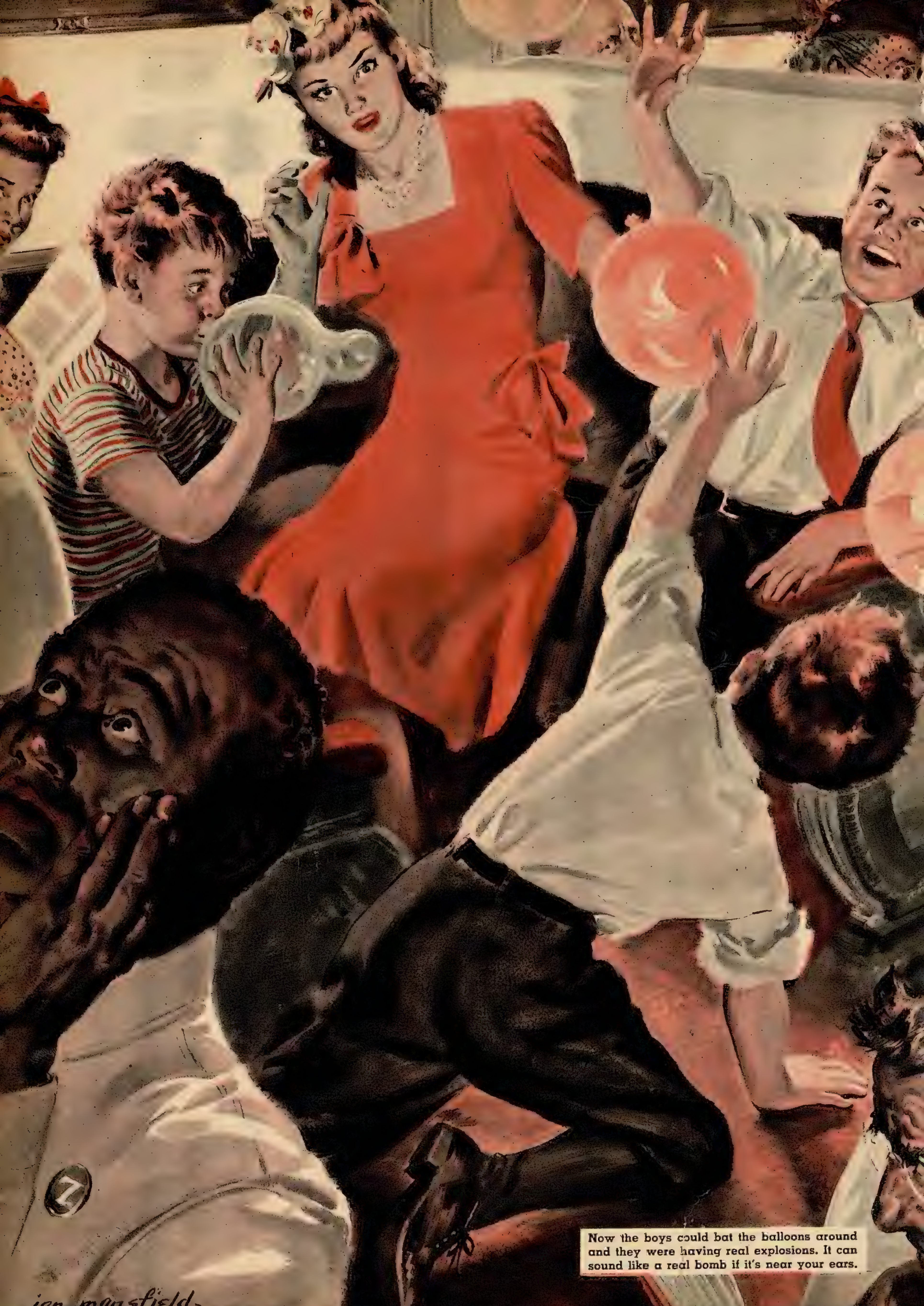
These wings that man has so recently acquired can be as a gift from the gods.

I saw an old fellow with a long red beard and the Bedouin costume that had been worn in the time of Christ. We were fueling. He stared at the plane and then at us as we stood around. It was incomprehensible to him, I suppose, and really, it is just about as incomprehensible to all of us as yet. We have been able to make it kill for us rather effectively. We have yet to make it serve us equally effectively otherwise.

We were flying over the Middle East, over the land of ancient Babylon and the Garden of Eden. We could see a man in flowing robes plowing with a yoke of oxen on the mountainside. We were cruising through the valley and were very close to his field, which was almost on a level with the windows of our plane. I could see him stop and stare at us for an instant. Then he reached down, picked up a stone and threw it in our direction. As we passed on out of sight the old fellow was standing there waving his arms in rage at this strange intrusion.

Well, that's one way to treat this thing that is trying to break into our lives.

This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Clapper based on his recent air voyage to Far Eastern fronts. In subsequent articles he will give his impressions of Chiang Kai-shek, General Stilwell, the Indian leaders, and other leading actors in the world drama as he met and talked with them from Cairo to Chungking.


ian mansfield

Now the boys could bat the balloons around and they were having real explosions. It can sound like a real bomb if it's near your ears.

TRIAL BY FIRE

BY BROOKE HANLON

The heart of a child is—well, one doesn't always really know. In the case of Julie—she found out

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

I PRESUME I know father better than the rest do. At twelve you can still remember being seven and having your family all live together in a place called Orange. Orange is a place that will give you a whole and warm and gold kind of feeling, if you say it to yourself. You don't have to say New Jersey.

Clinton, the place where we went to live after mother died, with father's Aunt Amy Ruthven, is different. It will give you a feeling of skating on the ice in winter, or of going for nuts when the leaves are down in the fall. It's a white or a brown feeling, and a good one, but not gold.

There are four of us, four Mercers. There's Alice Whitby Mercer, twelve—that's me. Then Loren and Rick, who are twins and nearly ten. Kim is only six. That's all of us, and just one girl.

It was being a girl and knowing father better that let me see there was something jumping in his cheek the day he asked us if we'd like to go back to New York and live with him.

"And Aunt Amy?" I said.

"No," father said. "And this lady." He took her out of his pocket and the boys stopped jumping and looked. "Aw, heck, no"—Loren backed away—"we'll stay here." Rick said, "She's a little girl." He can put a lot of scorn into his voice.

"She isn't very big," father said, and then I looked too. The girl had a play suit on and a kerchief tied around her hair and she was laughing. She was on some sand. It seemed funny for a second with the boys so quiet, and it was then that I noticed something jumping in father's cheek. I felt queer. "Stay here," Kim said. Kim is like an echo.

"Anybody can see she's a lady." That was me talking. "They don't know about play suits," I told father. "I'm sure it will be very nice." Aunt Amy has told me that it's silly to talk like a book when you're embarrassed. "What is her name, father?"

"Her name is Julie." He cleared his throat. "She works for a big picture magazine. She's smart as a whip and lovely as—" It sounded like "lovely as morning," but it couldn't have been that, from father.

"That's very interesting." I sounded so much like Mrs. Fernald Linden being company that I had to stop and find a better place for my voice. "On the whole, father"—the place I found wasn't much better—"since you know her and we don't—"

But Aunt Amy came in then. She had been staying out until father got his news told, but now she couldn't stay away from her poor little lambs any longer—"in their dire peril." Things I've read will come into my mind. "Father has been telling us about Julie." I was Mrs. Fernald Linden being company again. Then I was feeling queer in my stomach and sitting down. Kim crawled up on Aunt Amy's lap. "Stay here," he said, like a parrot, smiling. Kim is a screwball.

Father was looking at Aunt Amy as though he didn't know what to do next. "It was pretty sudden, Charles. Did you explain about the children to her . . . how—er—lively they are?" she said.

"No. Nothing wrong with the children that a firm hand won't cure"—not knowing what to do, father got cross. "Well—" He looked at his watch, and now you could see that all of his bags and things were more ready than usual for the plane. "You tell them about the vacation. I didn't get that far." His voice was gruff and he kissed us in a hurry and went.

WHEN we came back from waving at the window I looked at Aunt Amy. "What about a vacation?" I said, as though I didn't care at all.

She sat down. "It's to be a wonderful week at a cottage with Miss Ward—I mean Julie." Her voice hurried. "Your father will take you to New York to meet her and I'll come and bring you—"

"Back here," I said at once.

"Yes," she said, "until after the wedding." She looked very bright and brisk, and I felt more queer. In my stomach is where I feel it. Kim was jumping up and down again and yelling and being a parrot. "On the plane," he yelled. "New York. On the plane—" You couldn't make yourself heard.

Supper was like it always was, with me sitting with my legs wrapped around the legs of my chair and far back out of the way, on account of the way our boys kick while they eat. We had the Commandos on the radio and coming out loud from the living room. It's one of the things Aunt Amy has given up on; there are about a hundred of them.

At last the boys were in bed and Aunt Amy was putting my hair up in the living room. If Aunt Amy has a piece of work to do she will give herself a little shake. She did that now. She said father was lonely and that he wanted to have a home and have his children in it. "Are you listening, Alice?" she said after a while.

I hadn't been listening. I'd been thinking about how a gruesome mistake had almost been made about us Mercers, but that there was still time. "Father's too old to be married. If you talked to him, Aunt Amy—"

"He's thirty-six and I'm sixty-seven," she said. "When he gets to be as old as I am, counting from now, that will make thirty-one years without a home. The boys need their father, Alice. Every day now I see—" Suddenly Aunt Amy was looking over my head and talking as though I were Kim and wouldn't understand. "Where he found a girl brave enough," she said, not at all loud. "Twenty-six. Well, Charles is attractive. Alice"—her head came down and she drew my face around—"if you are going into one of your stubborn moods—"

SHE was too late. She went on talking about the trip, and getting acquainted with Julie, and things not being so strange when we moved—

If we move, I thought.

Things wouldn't be so strange for Julie, either, Aunt Amy pointed out.

Strange for Julie, I thought. "It will be most interesting," I said.

"Alice, for goodness' sake!" Aunt Amy hurt me, twisting the last curl. "It sounds so stupid to go around saying 'most interesting' in that stilted voice. You're a little girl and I want you to talk like one."

Then, thinking I was Kim's age and didn't get things, she breathed, "My poor little lambs," in a low kind of voice. Rick and Loren and Kim, and of all the animals I've heard my brothers called, lambs is the only one of those animals that will come from Aunt Amy. Hyenas. I've heard that one a lot. But Aunt Amy never called us that. Aunt Amy talked of loving kindness where the neighbors talked of "a sound spanking." I felt to see that the curls were all tight, and my eyes were scrunched half shut. If you think hard enough you'll find a way, only I didn't have to find this one. It was just there.

"Your father and I are counting so much on our big little girl to help." Aunt Amy put her arm around my shoulders.

Don't give me that. Usually if I speak right away it will be something the boys have been screaming around the house. I had to wait for "Don't give me that" to fade, then I said, "Yes, Aunt Amy." My thinking was all done now. "Will it help if I promise not to do one thing out of the way?" I said. I remembered that my eyes were still scrunched, so I opened them wide and looked at her.

"I suppose so." She looked at me for a while. She began talking right away then about new clothes for the trip.

They are always a good thing, I thought, going up the stairs slowly. Clothes. You can always use them. Things I've read will come into my head just as I'm going off to sleep. "It is written." That came in tonight. A gruesome mistake had been about to be made about us, but a girl called Julie would have our boys for a week, and we would then come back to live in Clinton. Father could call it "running wild," but it suited us.

I'LL have to skip things. Where I'll skip to is where Julie came for us because of the deal that wouldn't let father get away.

There was no use in trying to think she wasn't pretty, because she was. She was prettier than Miss Mulford, who teaches Kim in Sunday school. "It doesn't signify"—I watched her come in with Aunt Amy from the car—"except that father's going to have to look at her."

"You're staring, Alice." Aunt Amy found a chance to tell me that, but I'd been just figuring out the differences. Miss Mulford is pretty with dark hair and bright blue eyes, but Julie was pretty with smooth light hair and eyes that I suppose you might call cloudy blue. Miss Mulford's skin is white and pink, and Julie's was tanned, but smooth, too. Julie was probably pretty in a newer way. It didn't signify, except that father would want the newest model. He does in cars.

She had sense enough to know we wouldn't want to kiss a stranger, but she held two of the boys' hands, swinging them and laughing. It was a good act. You could smell her perfume and it was a New York smell.

For supper—only we called it dinner that night—we had the Commandos. Aunt Amy had given up again. There wasn't much Julie and Aunt Amy could do but smile at each other, not trying to talk. Before the Commandos on the radio we have the Bar X Ranch, and after them comes the Para-Spirit, so there's really no time to have a quiet company supper in our house.

"Kim," Julie said when the Commandos died down and before the Para-Spirit came on, "Rick, Loren, Alice." She was memorizing us and she had Rick and Loren mixed up. "You're twelve, aren't you, dear?" That was to me.

"Twelve." Aunt Amy had said not to stare, so I looked at my plate. "Father was twenty-four when I was born," I said. "He's now thirty-six."

Aunt Amy was looking at me.

Kim took his dessert then and hurried right away from the table. He had two hands around his dish, running. The Para-Spirit is his favorite and he sits in front of the radio to listen.

Julie said, "He's an angel." It caused Rick and Loren to look at her. Both looking at you, and both looking so much alike, can be very weird. It usually means there will be an explosion. Just now they had on their we-won't-make-up-our-minds-until-later look. I was ahead of them, since I'd made up my mind.

I explained very nicely to Julie about practice for the tennis matches after supper. Aunt Amy picked up a book from the table and moved it a little my way, but Julie just said, "Good, you play tennis," with her arm around my shoulders. She said then to Aunt Amy, "She's a darling."

Don't give me that. This time I said it out loud, going down the steps. My tennis shoes didn't make much noise when I came in. Julie was sitting on my hassock at Aunt Amy's feet and she was hugging her knees and looking up, and now I knew what was in my stomach and curling. It was like when Dorothy Wilkins got the lead in the Girl Scout pageant. It was jealousy.

"But Charles planned it," Julie was saying. "He's been so darling, worrying—"

Charles was so darling. I was going in a hurry, my stomach curling tighter, to check up on the boys. You can't tell what they'll do. One time Rick broke a leg and Loren an arm in one week playing Superman, but now they were all right. I looked and looked at them. They looked back.

"Who is it?" Rick yelled.

"It's Commando 13!" Loren yelled. They have their own Commando group and I have been initiated, but now I backed away. It's the safest thing. "Don't you get hurt," I called. "We start in the morning."

"Aw-wah, aw-wah, aw-wah!" they both yelled. This isn't a Commando yell at all, but something they made up to pretend it was.

TOM HARBISON drove us to the train, with Aunt Amy saying good-by at the house. It was no surprise to me that our boys looked so fat and bumpy, but Aunt Amy didn't have her bifocals on. My new clothes were nice, and they included gloves and purse. Under my arm I had Ivanhoe, which was a book I'd have to read in Clinton Junior High School in the fall.

Kim kept holding to Aunt Amy's umbrella, which is a big old-fashioned one.

I moved away from all of the confusion and held Ivanhoe with my gloves on and counted the bags. I fluffed my hair, using the window as a mirror. I opened Ivanhoe.

It was no surprise to me when the boys began to take out all their food. They took oranges, apples, bananas, and candy out of their pockets. In their blouses they had more fruit, also crackers, pretzels, cookies, doughnuts, and peanuts in the shell. When Loren and Rick loosed the straps on their knickers they could catch most of the food that fell out. All of the people in the car watched, and Julie, too. "I forgot to tell you we'd eat in the dining car." She told them that with her cheeks red.

Looking up from Ivanhoe, I could see that Loren and Rick hadn't fastened the straps on their knickers again, the way they never do unless some one tells them. One of Rick's shoes had come unlaced, and one of Loren's. Their hair stood up and they hadn't buttoned their blouses straight. They began to get food and dirt on their faces and it was too bad they had put the greasy doughnuts inside their clothes.

THE car began to be full of our boys running up and down for water, and it was no surprise when all the people in the car began to look as though it was back in Bible times and they were lepers. It will often happen. The passengers just wanted to rest and read their books and magazines, but they didn't know about the balloons.

You wouldn't have thought there could be anything else in our boys' pockets, but there were the balloons. They began to dig them out. You can buy a lot for a little bit of money, which is why Rick and Loren and Kim had so many. They're the sort that are nothing, and you can hold about twenty in your hand, and you blow them up yourself. They were all colors.

When the boys got the idea that the balloons were dive bombers and that they were machine gunners, the people looked very tired. When Julie got the idea of tying the blown-up balloons with pieces of ribbon or string, it was a good time for me to go in to fluff out my hair. When I came back it was just as I expected. Now the boys could bat them around and now they were having real explosions. It can sound like a real bomb if it happens near your ears. I would even look up from Ivanhoe. Soon it would have been wrong to say that Julie looked worried, because you can look so much worse than worried.

"Are you enjoying your book, dear?" she said once across the aisle to me. "It's most enjoyable," I said.

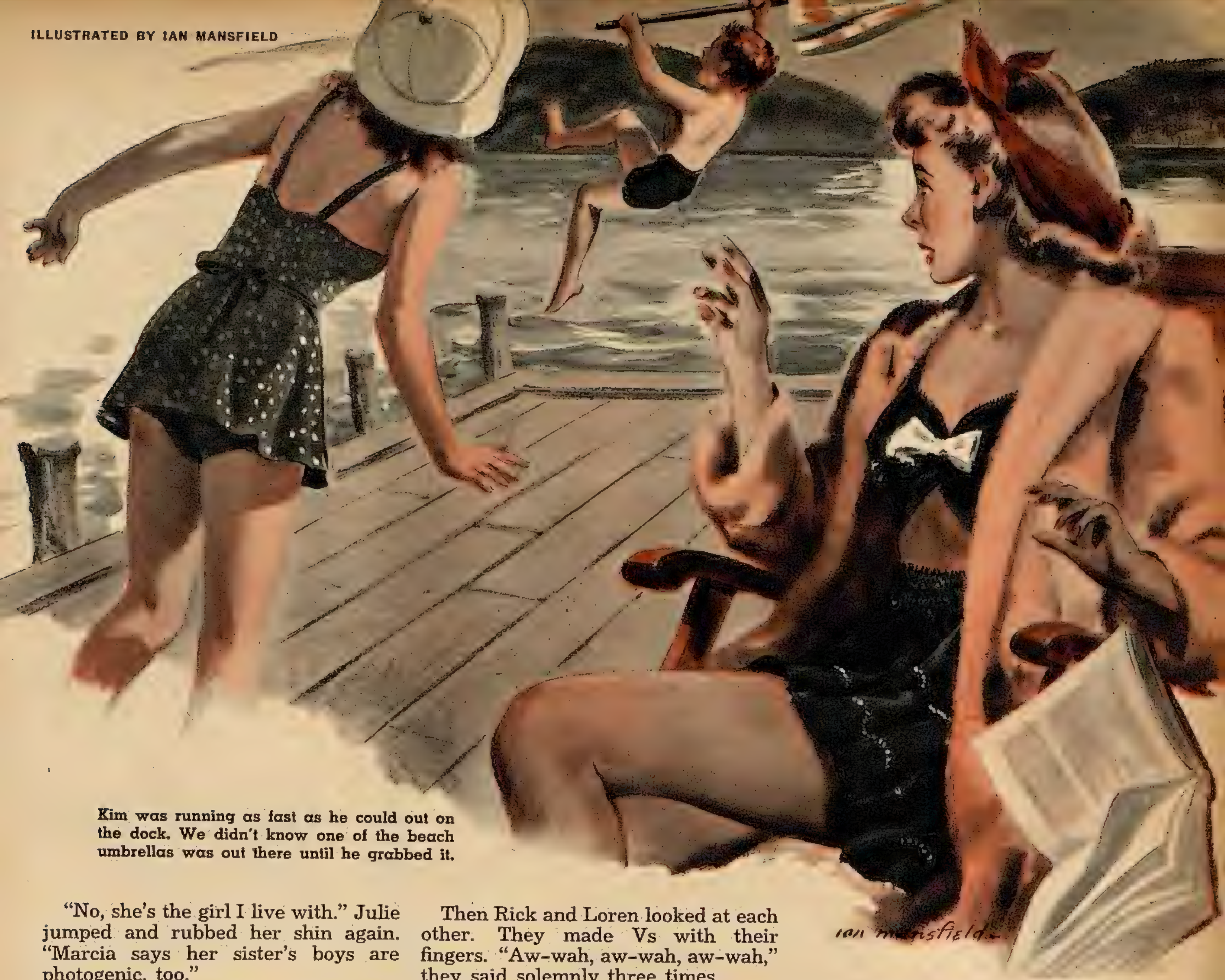
She said she wouldn't know, because she had only read it right side up. Then she collapsed in her chair a little while, but right away she had to get up and go to give the steward another quarter. It was to get Rick and Loren out of the place they were in. The porter was getting rich.

Julie looked like coming out of the Fun House at Starlight Park, which is a place father took us to once. Some of the people were able to get out at a few stops we made.

"I thought Marcia was fooling about the shin guards," Julie said in the dining car. She was leaning down to rub one of her legs. Funny, but her fists were clenched.

"Marcia is your sister, I presume," I said.

ILLUSTRATED BY IAN MANSFIELD



Kim was running as fast as he could out on the dock. We didn't know one of the beach umbrellas was out there until he grabbed it.

"No, she's the girl I live with." Julie jumped and rubbed her shin again. "Marcia says her sister's boys are photogenic, too."

I had never heard it called that. There wasn't much room and whacks were landing on me, too. "We'll go swimming with our legs black and blue," Julie said.

I forgot to talk like a book. "I have a new bathing suit." I leaned over and, the first thing I knew, Julie and I were smiling at each other. She said, "What color?" and I said, "Blue." Hers was black, she said, and suddenly we weren't smiling but laughing. She had a funny way of talking, like "Why is Kim married to the umbrella?" So I told her that Kim had thought we were going on a plane, and that he had probably planned a parachute jump. She said, "Alice, you're wonderful!" and you have heard of laughter bubbling but Julie's really bubbled, with her head up. Some men eating around us now really smiled.

So I remembered I would have to be careful. *Don't give me that,* I said to myself, and I opened Ivanhoe again. Julie said, "Well, good-by." When we were having ice cream and she had the waiter bring a whole small cake to cut, I began to look at our boys. The way they were looking at Julie with their eyes shining wasn't a good thing, for what if she began to like them? People do, in spite of everything.

Then Rick and Loren looked at each other. They made Vs with their fingers. "Aw-wah, aw-wah, aw-wah," they said solemnly three times.

So I needn't have worried.

Our boys were going to initiate Julie into the Commandos. You don't know what's happening. It's a compliment, of course, but it's one you don't know about at the time.

KIM was only screaming in the hotel lobby because the bellhop tried to take his umbrella away. Rick, or maybe Loren, had opened the snaps of Julie's bag and when everything spilled out in the lobby they shouted, "Aw-wah, aw-wah!" It was the first I knew the initiation had started. Julie didn't know it, and she was red.

What we had they call a suite, with Kim on a cot in our room. Julie sat on the bed with her eyes closed. She said, "Do they ever get tired?"

We were all unpacked and Kim was in bed on the cot with his umbrella, and Julie was looking prettier than before in her blue robe, but tired, when at last I had to do something out of the way. The windows were wide and we were high up, so I finally had to speak of it. Of how Kim would never give up an idea like a parachute jump, and of how early he could get up.

Julie's eyes were closed and they stayed that way. Then she opened them and pushed her hair back. "You're right," she said. "There's the fire escape, too." She shivered a little bit, and then we dressed and packed and moved. Kim in his bathrobe was too heavy for Julie, and she had to lean against the wall of the elevator. In the end, Julie slept with Aunt Amy's umbrella, but it was a long time before she could get it away from Kim, with one light on dim, waiting.

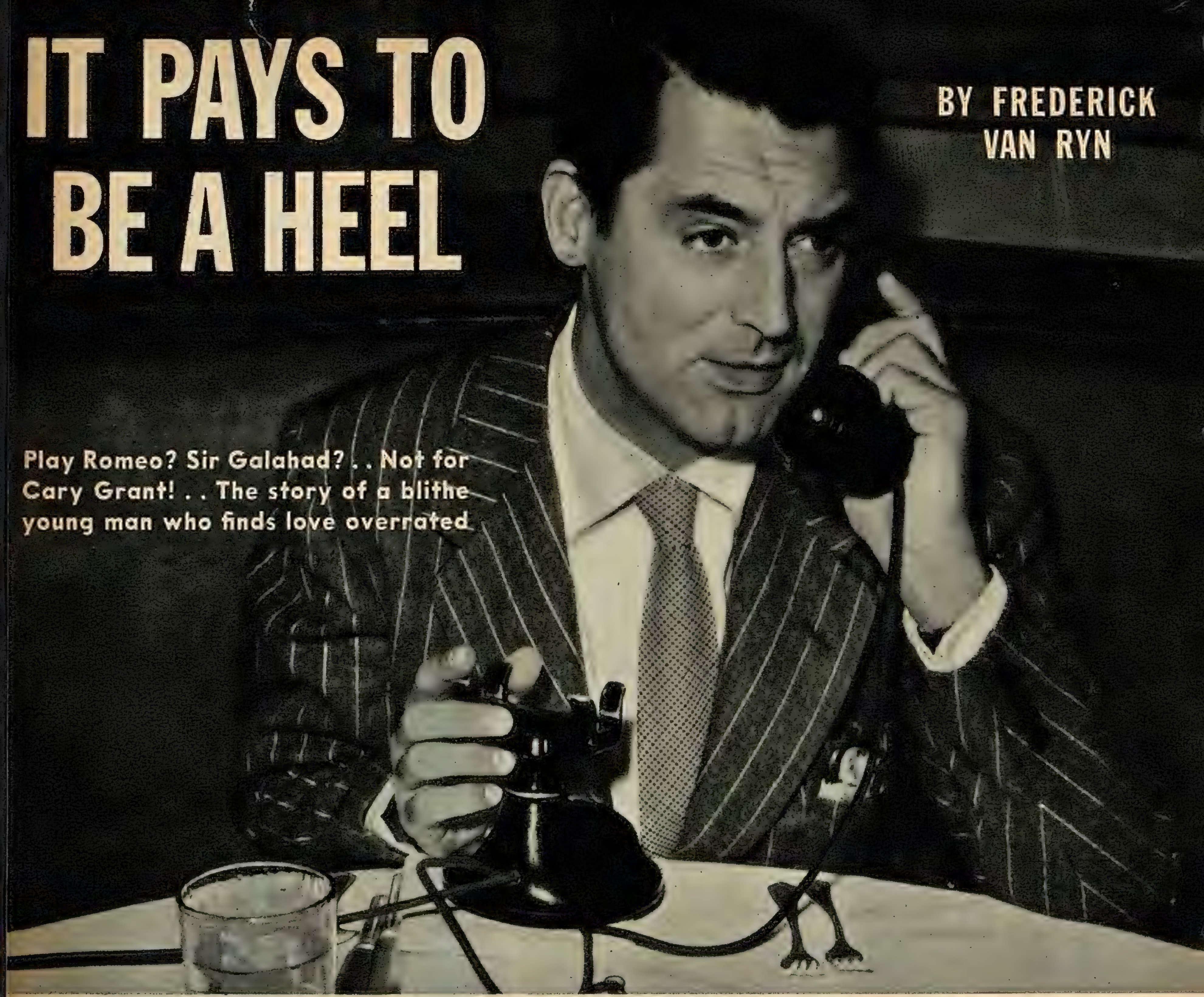
It was a good thing that we had breakfast in our suite. This was the beginning of the second day of our boys not having any one firm with them, not even Aunt Amy's kind of firmness. Rick and Loren signaled me into their room with the Commando V, but "I'm not in on it" I told them when they wanted to talk about initiation. I began to talk about things back in Clinton right away, and fast. For instance, how when Freddie Randall and Edith Himes got away on their honeymoon, the things they found in their bags. Rick and Loren listened. "About the initiation," I said, "you couldn't get Julie into the shower stall and turn the water on, the way you did with Bud Holland. It would be too much."

I had been right. It was too much. Julie was white again when she came out of the stall from looking for

(*Continued on page 52*)

IT PAYS TO BE A HEEL

BY FREDERICK VAN RYN



Play Romeo? Sir Galahad? . . Not for Cary Grant! . . The story of a blithe young man who finds love overrated

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

CARY GRANT is the only tall, dark, and handsome actor in the United States who would rather be a heel than a hero. That he also happens to be the only great lover, within memory of the living, who pays strict attention to the Collector of Internal Revenue but ignores moonstruck females, is not a coincidence. His fan mail—he gets tons and tons of it—tells him that he should play Romeo, Sir Galahad, or at least Tommy Manville. But the income-tax returns filed by him in the past ten years reveal that Love with a capital L is at best a grossly overrated source of income.

A mere jerk of an average taxpayer in those torrid years when he was making violent passes at Mae West, Grant achieved the exalted status of Darling of the United States Treasury Department only in 1941, the year when he tried to kill his best friend and do away with Joan Fontaine in Alfred Hitchcock's Suspicion. That a man with his sex appeal should have accepted the part of a weakling with homicidal tendencies struck his box-office-wise friends as a wholly insane notion. "Poor Cary," they said. "Long on looks but short on brains. He doesn't suspect that Hitchcock has no use for stars. He's in for some rough innings."

Surprisingly enough, the anti-star views of the 235-pound Hitch were no secret to Grant. When the well upholstered director was about to shoot the first scene of Suspicion, Cary got up, bowed from the waist, and announced solemnly: "Mr. Hitchcock, sir, the clay is ready to be molded."

"The clay?" Hitchcock's voluminous paunch moved menacingly. "The word is presumptuous. It should be putty."

Clay or putty, Grant delivered the most brilliant performance of his career in Suspicion. His fan mail jumped skyward. The people who never gave a damn about him when he was playing perfect lovers and noble heroes evinced a sudden interest. A gray-haired grandmother in Texas invited him to come and spend a month on her ranch. "Plenty of fresh air, lots of exercise, fried chicken and black peas would make a different man out of you, my poor boy," she wrote understandingly.

The head of one of the largest studios in Hollywood was equally sympathetic. The morning after the sneak preview of Suspicion, he called up Grant and said: "Cary, I have some good news for you. I want you to make a picture for us and I am willing to raise the ante twenty-five grand. From now on we'll be paying you a hundred and fifty thousand dollars per picture. How's that for good news?"

"Well," said Grant, "I wonder. Hold the wire, please." He grabbed a pencil and did some rapid calculating. "Look, my friend," he said, after a pause. "Never mind the additional twenty-five grand. By the time I pay federal and state taxes your generosity would net me exactly twelve hundred dollars. So give the twenty-five grand to some worthy charity."

Not that taxes appall Grant. He admits with a mixture of pride and awe that out of $375,000 made by him in 1941, less than $50,000 was added to his bank account. The rest went to the

United States, to the State of California, and to various charities. It both thrills and stupefies Grant to think that a boy who began his career in America in 1920 as an acrobat at ten dollars a week is able to turn his thumbs down on $25,000 twenty-two years later.

It is a melancholy comment on our times that taxes, charities, exemptions, and "all other deductions" loom so large in the life story of a great lover; but then, Grant's is a melancholy case. Unlike Wallace Reid, John Barrymore, Rudolph Valentino, and other screen idols of the past who thrived on the mad, mad business of being adored, pursued, and harassed, and who took it for granted that strange women should profess undying love for them via the United States mails, Western Union, and the Bell System, Cary has a sneaking suspicion that there is a huge mistake somewhere and that some day he will be denounced and possibly lynched by his worshipers. Very often he dreams of Archibald Leach, a guy he used to know years ago, and wakes up in a cold sweat.

THE memory of Mr. Leach pursues him so much that he insists on referring to the creature in his pictures. In one of them there was a line delivered by Grant himself which read as follows: "I wonder what happened to that old stinker Archie Leach?" In another he talked wistfully about "a fellow exactly my size called Archibald Leach." And in still another the name of Mr. Leach appeared on a gravestone: "Here lies Archibald Leach." So casual and vague were those brief references that even the most ardent Cary Grant fans failed to realize that Archibald Leach is the real name of their idol.

Archie Leach was quite a fellow. He did not dwell on God's green footstool very long (he was born in Bristol, England, in 1904, and died in Hollywood, California, twenty-seven years later), but within the short span of his life prior to his reincarnation as Cary Grant he managed to take a crack at a great many professions. He ran away from home twice, was given up as a bad job at the age of fourteen, and spent the following two years as a full-fledged member of a traveling troupe of junior actors who were known as pantomimists in England but who were given the brush as acrobats in America.

"Archie Leach," recalls Cary Grant, "was a veritable untouchable of the old Hippodrome in New York. He was paid ten dollars a week and he spent his spare time inventing the most fantastic lies for the sake of pacifying the home folks in Bristol. Twice a week he would write a letter to his parents describing his elegant surroundings (he lived in a four-by-six cubbyhole in the West Forties), the grand dinner and supper parties he was invited to attend (he ate at the Automat), and the magnificent wardrobe he was able to purchase with his earnings (he had two suits of clothes, three shirts, one pair of shoes)."

When the Hippodrome show folded up in the late spring of 1920, Archie Leach got a job at Coney Island. For the consideration of five dollars a day (ten dollars on Sundays) he promenaded on stilts along the boardwalk, carrying a huge poster advertising the "Most Delicious, The Greatest, The Biggest Nickel Value Frankfurters [yes, with plenty of mustard] the World Has Ever Known."

It would be a pleasant duty to report that a motion-picture scout spotted the handsome stilt walker and offered him a seven-year contract or at least a screen test; but, alas, no offers whatsoever had been made to "that old stinker Archie Leach." He went back to Broadway and progressed to playing young leads for Hammerstein, the Shuberts, and other producers of musical comedies. The critics seldom noticed him. No women waited for him at the stage-door entrance, and the only person interested in getting his autograph—on a check—was his landlady. He did not feel discouraged, however. Four hundred dollars a week on Broadway was a far cry from ten dollars a week on Sixth Avenue.

Years went by. He was twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six, and still nothing happened. Once in a while he visited England to display his ultra-American wardrobe and flabbergast his old neighbors with his mastery of Broadway slang.

There is (or was) a secondhand car dealer in St. Louis who deserves the major share of credit for the miracle of Cary Grant. It happened in the summer of 1931. Archibald Leach, always on the lookout for an off-season job, came to St. Louis to play in Nikki. Every night when Leach was about to remove his make-up and have a spot of supper, a persistent gentleman would buttonhole him in the stage wings. "When are you going to buy that car?" he would ask—a query which Leach would parry with "Leave me alone" or "Go to hell" or words to that effect.

But one night when it was raining cats and dogs and Leach was in no hurry to leave the theater, he softened up and said: "Can you give me one good reason why a man who lives within a stone's throw of the theater should buy a car?"

"Ah," beamed the go-getter. "Now you're talking. One good reason! Why, I'll give you five hundred thousand reasons."

"One will do," said Leach. "Let's have it."

"Well, Mr. Leach," went on the Pride of Detroit, "it's like this. You are young, unattached, and you're an Englishman. Just think how glorious it would be to cross this great continent of ours in a beautiful car purchased at less than cost, affording the opportunity of reviewing the most gorgeous scenery in the world. The Grand Canyon, the Sierra Mountains, the tall trees of the Yosemite, the orange groves of California, the apples and the cherries of Oregon, the king salmon of the Columbia River . . ."

Leach was sold in spite of himself.

The season in St. Louis over, he boarded his elderly jaloppy and started West. And in God's good time he alighted in front of the Roosevelt Hotel in Hollywood, treated himself to a haircut, and went to have luncheon at the Brown Derby. And that was the end of Archibald Leach.

WHEN he was born again, a few days later, in the office of the casting director of Paramount, his name was Cary Grant and his first assignment was the part of a jealous husband in a picture featuring Roland Young, Lili Damita, and Thelma Todd.

The rest is history, too recent and entirely too unbelievable to be rehashed. Cary Grant hasn't got the foggiest notion who decided to cast him as the amorous Salvation Army worker opposite Mae West in the fabulously successful She Done Him Wrong, and it is still difficult for him to understand why, although it is quite possible, he volunteers a guess, that the size of his salary might have had something to do with it. Had he been getting a star's salary, he would have been considered too expensive for a Mae West picture. As it was, he presented no budget problem.

Be that as it may, She Done Him Wrong marked the turning point in

With Rosalind Russell at a buy-a-bomber show.

Discussing a pie at a Paramount lot bean

Grant with (left) Phyllis Brooks, Margaret Lindsay, and Alfred Vanderbilt.

Grant's career. His name did not appear on the marquee, but nothing, not even Mae West's curves, could hide his dark good looks from female audiences. What Valentino did to the flappers of the 1920s Grant had done to their younger sisters ten years later. His fan mail left the Paramount executives gasping for breath.

As for Grant, it sent him scurrying to the largest mirror he could find in Greater Los Angeles. The more he studied his face and figure, the less he understood what the hell it was all about. "It was the same old puss of Archibald Leach's staring at me from the mirror," he relates in hushed tones. "And yet, while no one ever thought of sending anything resembling a mash note to poor Archie, there I was, all but drowned in fan mail. I thought of going to a neurologist to get some sort of an explanation, but then I said, 'To hell with it. The thing is a colossal joke. It won't last, so I'd better make some dough in a hurry.'"

HE did make dough. Plenty of it. He lost no time about it, either. Including The Talk of the Town and Arsenic and Old Lace, two starring vehicles of his which will reach the screen soon, he has played by now in thirty-five pictures. In his thirty-sixth, he is scheduled to play the super-heel in Angel Street, opposite Irene Dunne. Several years ago, when he was well established in the four-figure-a-week bracket, he parted company with Paramount and decided to free-lance. The experts said that was about the most foolish move he could have made; but they soon had to eat their words. Not only was Grant making more money—his very first free-lance picture netted him one hundred thousand dollars—but, more important still, he acquired the right of vetoing the scripts. Had he continued to play Romeos and Sir Galahads, probably he would have become by now "poison at the box office." As it is, his impersonations of charming weaklings and haywire philanderers have purchased many a mink coat for the wives of contented exhibitors.

At thirty-eight, having spent two thirds of his life in the lap of the public, Grant has yet to become reconciled to the fact that his fans own him, body and soul. He resents, violently so, the people who sit down uninvited at his table in a restaurant; and he confesses freely that on one occasion he came within inches of smashing a bottle on the head of a fellow who persisted in calling him Cary and breathing down his neck.

There is nothing wishy-washy or Mickey-Mousy about his dealings with the press. He does not break the cameras à la Hepburn, but neither does he beam at every reporter à la Mickey Rooney. He is perfectly willing to talk of Cary Grant the actor, but he'd rather be tarred and feathered than discuss Cary Grant the man. When a sob sister tries to pussyfoot her way into his private life and begins asking too-cute-for-words questions about "a certain beautiful heiress," Mr. Grant straightens up to his full height of six feet two and brings the interview to an end.

And the autograph hounds—"my sweets," "darlings," and "dear children" to most of the stars—leave him in a state of impotent rage. When a freckled cherub pulls Cary by the tails of his coat and yells, "Hey, you, get out your pencil," Cary does not produce his pencil. Instead, he tells the little angel what he thinks of him and his progenitor.

Aside from these rather delightful shortcomings, Grant is God's answer to a publicity man's prayer. An excellent mixer and a gay companion, he has no enemies and is able to get along with practically every one. That includes Katharine Hepburn and Joan Fontaine, the two young ladies whom nobody has accused of too placid or too lackadaisical dispositions.

When the news first leaked out that Grant would appear in Bringing Up Baby opposite Hepburn, Hollywood rubbed its hands in joyous anticipation. "Now," said the wiseacres, "watch those two fly at each other's throat." But nothing happened.

Finally, toward the end of the shooting of the picture, a character actress could not stand the Hepburn-Grant friendship any longer and decided she would do her damnedest to try to stir up at least a tiny trouble. Pointing at the lion cub that figured prominently in Bringing Up Baby, and fully aware that she would be overheard by Hepburn, the ambassadress of good will said: "This animal reminds me of some female stars it has been my misfortune to work with." And she flashed an understanding smile at Cary. Cary smiled right back at her. After a pause he patted the lion cub's back and said, "Yes, she's very beautiful, isn't she?"

So great was Hollywood's disappointment that when Grant next played in a picture with Hepburn, the scandalmongers refused to go near the lot. "It's hopeless," they said. "Grant is a glutton for punishment."

That greatest Machiavelli of all, Alfred Hitchcock, the heavyweight champion of the silver screen, did his manly best to antagonize Grant and Joan Fontaine while directing Suspicion. Having heard of the many unsuccessful attempts made by his predecessors, he decided to use more subtle means. He took Fontaine aside and said: "Look here, Joan. I want to warn you about something. Don't be taken in by Cary's benign airs. The fellow is hell on wheels. One wrong gesture, one wrong word, and he'll fly into a murderous rage. So please be careful."

FONTAINE duly frightened and subdued, Hitchcock tackled Grant. "Look here, Cary," he said. "I want to ask you a favor. Nobody knows Fontaine better than I do. She's a very, very strange girl. There is only one way to make her give a great performance. She's got to be kept in a state of constant terror. I'll do my share, but you must help me. Pretend that you resent something and hit the ceiling with everything you've got. Rage as much as you want, but, for heaven's sake, keep her frightened."

For a couple of hours everything went as per schedule. Grant kept on frowning, and Fontaine kept on trembling. But then, just at the moment when Hitchcock hoped a real honest-to-goodness row would start, Grant and Fontaine suddenly got wise to his scheme and evolved one of their own. Each time they addressed Hitchcock, they would use the broadest possible a's, imitating their director's exaggerated English accent.

"To hell with being subtle," said Hitchcock. "I know how to get under that fellow's skin. I'll tell him that I've decided to call my new Sealyham Cary Grant. "I'll explain that the ham part of the Sealyham reminded me of him."

That was very, very funny, thought Hitchcock. Grant thought so, too. "You know, Hitch," he said, "that's a really brilliant idea, but I thought of it first. Have you ever seen that shaggy mongrel I have? Do you know what I call him?"

"Alfred Hitchcock, no doubt."

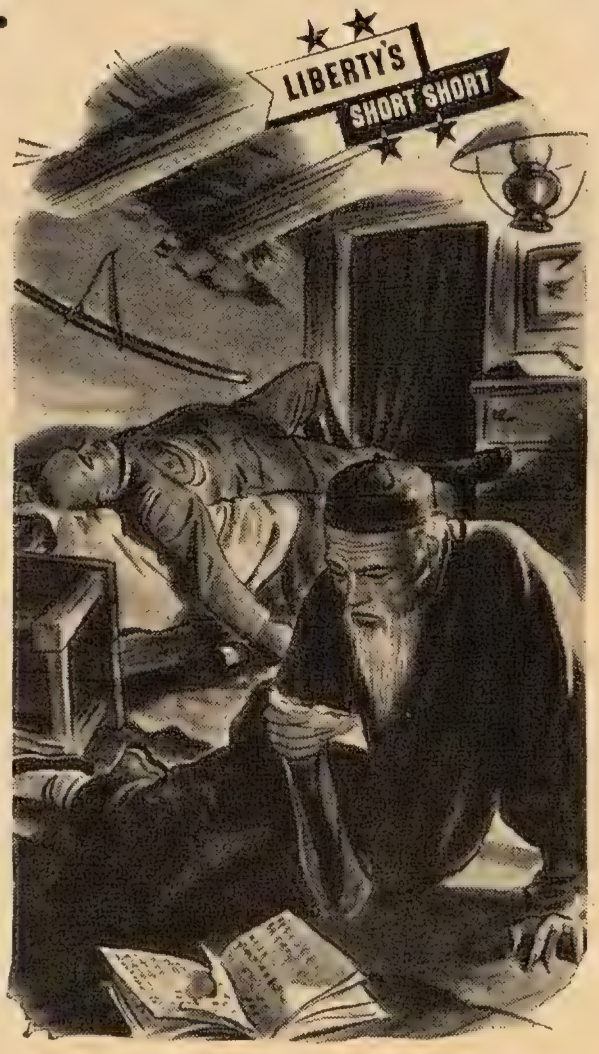
"Oh, no," said Grant. "He's a nice little dog. I call him Archibald Leach. Archie for short."

THE END

A MAN OF PEACE

BY WELLINGTON KOO, JR.

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS



IT had all happened with bewildering suddenness in the few days after the Autumn Festival. He, Old Wong, had been strolling through fields of cotton and ripening soybean, reading, as was his wont, the Analects of Confucius, when suddenly his friend Chang-Erh had come breathlessly up the narrow path.

"Aiyah!" he had cried. "Run! Run, Old Master! Run for your life! The island devils—they are here!"

But Old Wong had not fled. True, the invader artillery had reduced to rubble the little mud houses, and fire had broken out to add to the horrors of the stampeding villagers. Old Wong, however, had remained behind. After all, was he not a scholar and a man of peace? The Old Master—that's what they called him in the village, out of deference to his knowledge of the Four Books and Five Classics. Surely, he had thought, the invaders would leave him alone. He was so old.

But the invaders had not left him alone. They had burst into his house in the middle of the night and had dragged him to the house of the village headman, which now bore two large signs proclaiming it MILITARY HEADQUARTERS OF GREAT IMPERIAL NIHON.

A guard pushed him before the invader leader. Blinking dazedly, he saw a heavily gold-braided, barrel-shaped body topped by a sensual face, cruel with victory. Suddenly the guard kicked him from behind.

"Kneel, you old son-of-a-tortoise!" he shouted. "Kneel when you are presented to Colonel Nomura!"

With obvious pleasure Nomura watched him grovel before questioning him in very bad Chinese. No, he was not a member of the local Kuomintang. Yes, he had been a man of peace and humble learning all his life. Subversive literature? He did not know. All he had was his volume of Analects. The rest had all been burned in the village fire. Would he serve them loyally as official scribe? How could he refuse? For he was old and weak. The teachings of the sages had not taught him to resist. To triumph by superior virtue, yes; but to overthrow by violence, no—for that was the way of the barbarian.

All did not go well with the forces of occupation. With a fanatic hatred Old Wong could not understand, guerrilla snipers continued to take a heavy toll in men and morale, despite Nomura's orders of decimation and mass execution. Balked by this unexpected resistance, Nomura took to drinking; and the more he drank, the more he delighted in tormenting Old Wong. He soon discovered that the old man's one passion in life was his devotion to his classics. To Wong, they were an avenue of escape. They formed for him a picture of the old China, the China of measured phrases, of classical allusion and beautiful calligraphy. Perceiving this, Nomura used it well.

Ten days ago he had entered his office in a towering rage, aggravated by several cups of warm rice whisky, to find the old scholar quietly perusing his Analects, reciting them to himself. Nomura had snatched the book away from him, threatening to burn it then and there. Wong, however, had fallen to his knees and had begged that he be punished instead.

"So?" Nomura had said. "Very well, old goat, you shall have your wish." And with quiet deliberation he had unbuckled his heavy army belt.

That had been over a week ago, and now Old Wong was nearly recovered. Sitting at his desk, he looked wearily at the setting sun. Out of sheer habit he opened his book. "The Master says—"

Silently the door behind him opened. In a single motion Nomura tore the book away and dealt him a backhanded swipe that sent him sprawling. Swaying unsteadily, Nomura picked up the book.

"Pig!" he shouted thickly. "Son-of-a-pig! You Chinese are all alike! You do not know the meaning of obedience. But I, Nomura, will teach you."

His powerful hands tore viciously at the delicate paper. In anguish, Wong tried to stop him.

"No!" he cried. "Please don't! I—"

A heavy boot crashed against his ribs. Then came other kicks and blows until he could no longer feel them.

Nomura, leaving him for dead, staggered toward the earthen couch and fell heavily upon it. That rice whisky—it was stronger than he'd realized. His eyes closed. I mustn't sleep too long, he thought.

Old Wong lay very still in the corner into which he had been flung. Slowly consciousness returned, and with it pain. His eyes lifted to the short, barrel-torsoed figure slumped over on the earthen couch, or *kang*. He shuddered. Dimly he became aware of something soft and crumpled against his hand. It was a scrap of paper, a piece torn from one of the pages of his book, the honored sayings of the Master. Tenderly he smoothed it and read the faded characters, intoning them one by one to himself. This was a familiar phrase; he knew it well. But still he read it, once, twice, three times. And as he read a look of understanding filled his tired face. For now he knew. For the first time he really understood. The unyielding hatred of the guerrilla fighters, the fierce resistance of the peasant armies—all the puzzling things now were clear. The spirit of a New China, they had said. But it was not new. It was as old as the classics.

PAINFULLY the old man crawled toward the couch. The setting sun gleamed fitfully on Nomura's gold braid and lit up his fat, heavy face. Wong reached for the corner of the *kang* and slowly pulled himself erect. The exertion made him gasp. Once Nomura stirred in his sleep, and Wong froze, expecting the heavy lids to open; but they remained closed.

Slowly Wong reached up the wall until his fingers closed on what they sought. He gave a tug, and the heavy infantry sword slid from its leather scabbard. Perhaps it was the slight sound or perhaps it was some sixth sense that warned Nomura of his danger. Whatever it was, with a final grunt he awoke. He looked up, and Old Wong saw the look of fear in his eyes. But the guard posted outside did not hear the cry which struggled to escape from the hairy throat, nor did he hear the swish of the heavy blade, flashing silver and then red.

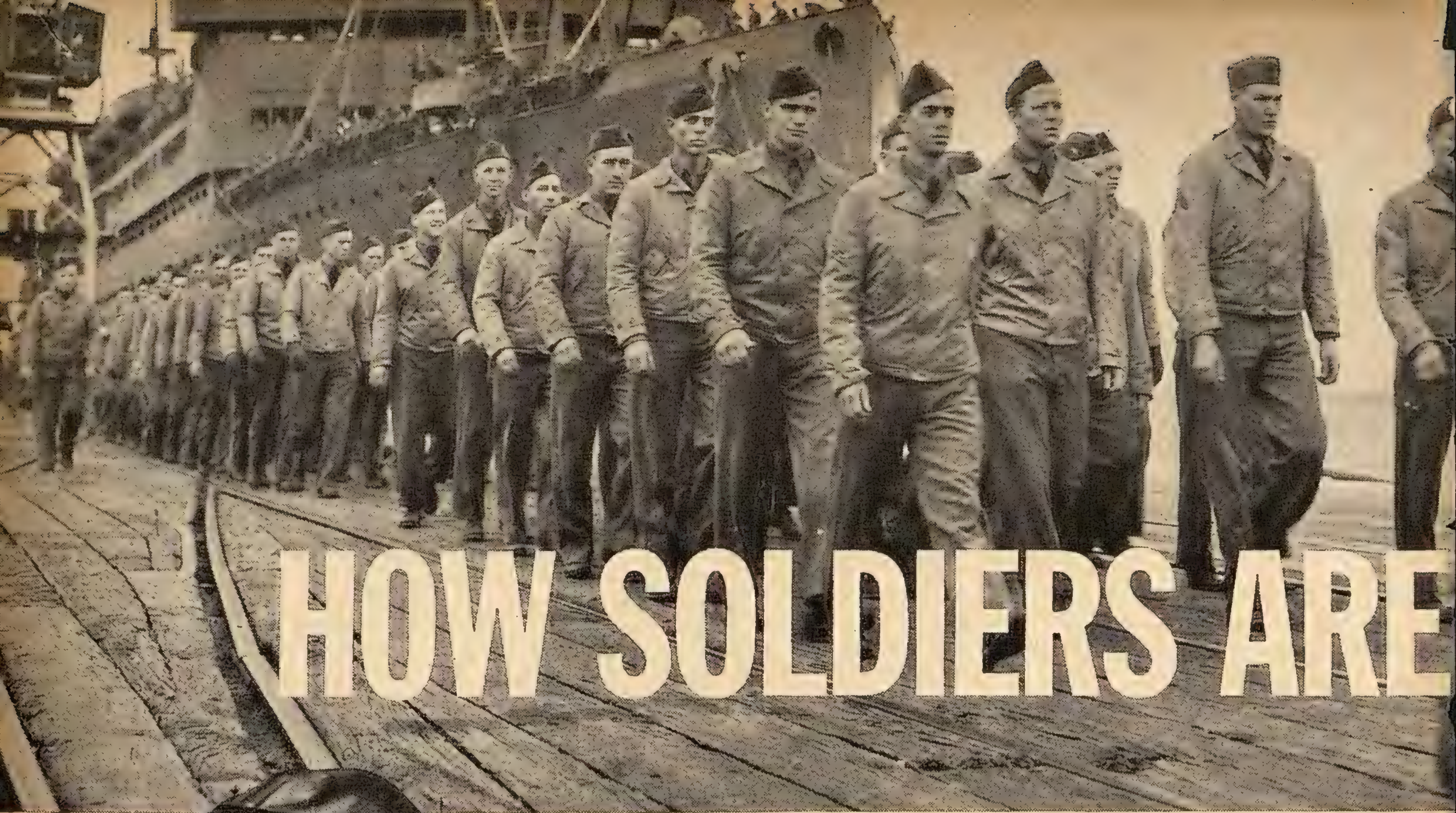
They found Old Wong the next morning crumpled at the foot of the massive earthen couch, drenched with the blood of the dead Nomura. One hand still gripped the sword; the other clutched a scrap of paper. The sergeant handed it over to the guard.

"What does it say?" he snapped.

"It is nothing," the guard replied. "It merely says, 'To see what is right and not to do it, verily is that cowardice.'"

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.



HOW SOLDIERS ARE

Anything wrong with the looks of these U. S. troops leaving a transport in Australia?

All soldiers' food is inspected. And inspecting it, judging from the photo, isn't such a bad job.

What is the truth about our army men's health? Here are revealing facts!

BY MORRIS MARKEY

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

EVERY person in the country is entitled to know that we have now the healthiest, the most robust army that the world has ever known, the best fortified against the enemy called disease.

The clue in the matter is the death rate. The death rate from illness in our army today is not only the lowest in all of its history, but less than one tenth what it was in the war years of 1917-18. The venereal disease rate, despite the wails of the calamity howlers and the holier-than-thous, is less than one half what it was in that period, and is rapidly being diminished.

These are official reports from the office of the Surgeon General of the United States.

The rate of death from all causes (except, of course, combat deaths—men killed in action against the enemy) is less than three men per 1,000 for a whole year. And only one out of the three dies of disease (as against ten in 1917-18). The other two die of accidents, chiefly the accidents which are unavoidable in a mechanized and flying army. The greatest cause of death is still the automobile.

There is almost a total absence of tuberculosis in the army. There have been epidemics of other diseases, but brilliant and forceful measures brought them under control before they could become dangerous. Many people do not remember that in 1917-18 measles was a major cause of death among our soldiers. Today it is a negligible disease. Pneumonia, flu, meningitis, mumps, and dysentery were black nightmares to the doctors of the First World War. They hold no terrors now.

During the First World War the venereal diseases, gonorrhea and syphilis, incapacitated about 100 out of every 1,000 men. In our present army only thirty-seven infections occur among 1,000 men in the course of an entire year.

Such facts as these have led the Statistical Bulletin of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, one of the important medical reports upon the nation's state of health, to observe:

"It should be a source of great public satisfaction that the health of America's new army is being maintained at high level. . . . The American people may look forward with confidence to a continued record of good health among our soldiers, insofar as it lies within the powers of the army and its medical staff."

NOR is the present state of affairs due to good luck or chance or the smile of the gods.

In the first place, the men who were selected in the draft this time were chosen a great deal more carefully. Much improved diagnostic methods revealed disabilities which the doctors of the First World War could not detect. Many men were rejected, and told what was the matter with them, and urged to get themselves treated so that they might become eligible for service to their

KEPT WELL

Soldiers have to be healthy and tough to take training like this!

country. A great number of them have done that and are now in the army.

We not only have better doctors this time, equipped with a quarter century's advance in medical knowledge. We have many more of them in proportion to the size of the army. By the end of this year nearly 40,000 of the best physicians in the country, more than a fifth of all our doctors, will be with the armed forces.

THE story of vitamins and the balanced diet is old stuff now. But the proper chow, and plenty of it, has played a big part in creating the strong bodies, the full energy, and the resistance to disease which are characteristic of our soldiers nowadays.

In the last war, soldiers got shots in the arm to protect them from three diseases, typhoid fever, paratyphoid, and smallpox. The men get vaccinations to protect them from two additional ailments now—tetanus and yellow fever. In addition, soldiers ordered off to combat duty in certain regions receive injections to make them immune to cholera, bubonic plague, and typhus. The man full of all those shots has got a million dollars in health insurance to start with.

Every soldier going into combat zones is given a packet of sulfa tablets. They are packed in a container the size of an aspirin box, and so arranged that a wounded man can get the pills out one at a time, using only one hand. The instructions on the box are simple: "Take two pills at a time every five minutes until all twelve are gone."

If he does that, he is pretty sure to be safe from gangrene or streptococcus infection—the killers of men who have suffered wounds.

The mosquito, of course, is something more than a nuisance. It is a dangerous pest because it carries malaria and yellow fever. And it simply must be kept out of army camps. It is.

At Camp Claiborne, Louisiana, twenty-eight traps were put in operation last month, following the installation of mosquito elimination measures. No adult mosquitoes at all were caught in the traps, though state authorities reported that in civilian communities outside camp the insects were "biting savagely."

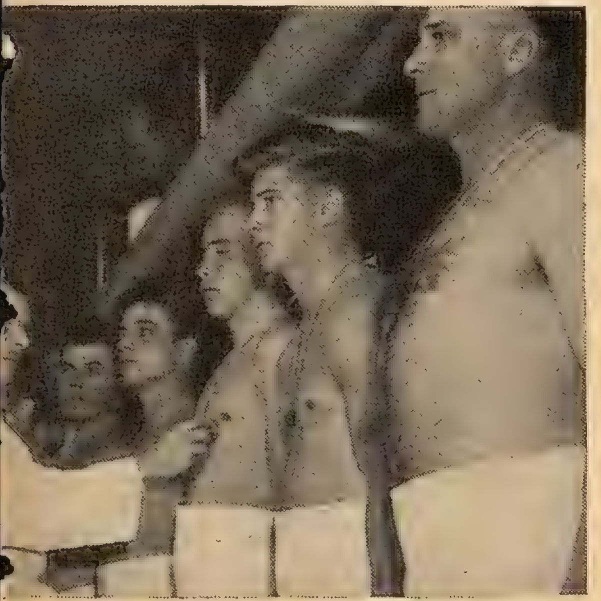
One of the great innovations of this war, in the department of health, is the introduction of the psychiatrist—the mind doctor. Mental disturbances actually caused more casualties than bullets in the last war.

On the other hand, thousands of men who might well have broken down under the conditions prevailing in the last war, incipient mental cases just waiting to be pushed over the line, will survive the rigors of this war and even become cured of their hidden tendencies.

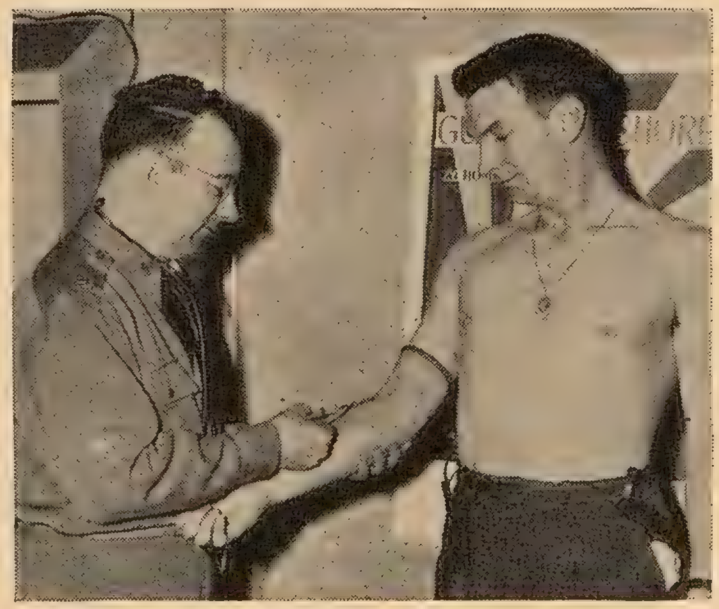
PERHAPS the most highly organized and proficient unit in all the army's fight against disease is the "GHQ" outfit, the Central Control Board, whose job it is to prevent the most dreaded of all enemies, the epidemic. This board is made up of eminent specialists drawn from civil life, and operates directly under the Surgeon General, Major General James C. Magee. Its members are professors from the great medical institutions of the country, and the board is headed by Dr. Francis G. Blake, professor of medicine and dean of the Yale School of Medicine.

There are a number of commissions—or committees—on the board, each manned by a staff of doctors, consultants, and investigating technicians. There are commissions on influenza, and on pneumonia, hemolytic streptococcus diseases, measles, meningitis, virus diseases affecting the nervous system, and cross infection in hospitals.

Our men have been called to fight—and more of them will be—in the fields and swamps and jungles of the tropics. So the Army Medical School in Washington has been conducting elaborate research into the nature and



Recruits face a physical exam at camp.



Fielder Mullin gets an army going-over.

A good cot helps a lot in keeping fit.

causes of tropical diseases. It has graduated several hundred officers chosen for special study in the treatment of such diseases.

THE greatest curse which any army has to endure is the curse of venereal disease. Gonorrhea and syphilis have always ravaged fighting forces. Until the year 1909 they were simply considered as necessary evils, something that must be endured as a matter of course.

Caesar groaned, in the Commentaries, upon the women who followed his armies and struck them down with vile sickness. In the Civil War—in 1867, to be exact, immediately after the Civil War—there were 215 cases of venereal diseases for every 1,000 men in the Union forces.

Even in the days of the Spanish-American War the rate was 197 per 1,000—about two out of every ten men. And the highest rate of infection our army has ever known was in the time of the Philippine Insurrection, 297 out of every 1,000 soldiers reporting sick with venereal infection.

By the time of the First World War our army had developed a serious and energetic procedure for the control of venereal diseases. There were efforts to educate the men. There were penalties for failing to take prophylaxis after exposure. And there was a sporadic effort to control the cause of the disease, the prostitute.

Even so, in 1917, out of every 1,000 men 107 reported sick with venereal disease. And in 1918, 90 out of every 1,000.

That was an improvement, of course, within the course of a single year. But it was nothing very wonderful.

How, then, do we account for the extraordinary improvement visible in our present army, when only 37 out of 1,000 report venereal disease in the course of a year? And how account, in particular, for the reduction in the incidence of syphilis, as separated from gonorrhea?

In 1918 there were 18 cases of syphilis per 1,000 men. In 1939—7 per 1,000. In 1940—6. In 1941—5.5. In 1942—5 cases per 1,000 men.

To understand these matters, we must also understand something of the problem which confronts the medical man when he sets out to control venereal disease.

There are three ways to *prevent* sickness:

(1) Destroy the source and cause of the disease. An example is typhoid fever. The germ lives in water. Boil the water and kill the germ, and you have prevented the disease.

(2) Destroy the *link* between the infected agent and the ultimate victim. An example is malaria. There is no way to kill off the malaria germ before it becomes dangerous. But the only way man can be infected is by the mosquito. The mosquito is the link. Destroy the mosquito and we are protected from malaria.

(3) Immunize against the infection from disease. The example is the inoculations of which we have spoken.

Well, you see the difficulty. There is no way to destroy, at the source, the gonococcus or the spirochete, the germs which cause gonorrhea and syphilis. Against neither of these types of germs is inoculation effective. And so we are left with the link.

The link is the prostitute. And as a colonel of the Medical Corps said to me, "You can't destroy prostitutes as you do mosquitoes. You can't stand them up against the wall and shoot them. You can't even put them in jail—not all of them, anyway."

How, then, combat the link—the prostitute?

There are two intelligent methods which have been employed in this war. The first, and most important, has been the education of the soldier. The essence of the educational program has been to show the soldier what risks he runs when he traffics with a prostitute.

LECTURES which the enlisted men are required to attend are not emotional harangues. They are not a drone of sanctimonious oratory, nor weird horror stories calculated to stir up conscience-stricken nightmares.

No. The men are told the strict truth: the dangers which they face, the consequences to their lives as honorable soldiers in an honorable army, the precautions they must take.

Company commanders are held to strict account for the incidence of venereal disease among their men, and the best device which they have yet hit upon to prevent their men from contracting venereal disease is to make such a thing a *hygienic* disgrace rather than a *moral* disgrace. No decent soldier in barracks wants to bunk near a man with gonorrhea—because the gonococcus can get into the eyes and cause permanent blindness. And certainly no decent soldier wants to be near a man with syphilis. There are no morals involved here, from the soldier's viewpoint. He wouldn't want to be near a man with pneumonia, either, or a strep throat.

SEYMOUR
OPTICAL CO.

But the man with pneumonia or a strep throat is an unfortunate victim. The man with gonorrhea or syphilis is a careless fool. The newest recruit in the barracks knows that there is no time nor place for fools around. And so the infected fellow is in disgrace. Everybody wants him to go away until he is not a danger any more.

In this connection, it is worth noting that the number of men sent to hospitals for alcoholism is the lowest since 1916. And it may be remembered that thirteen years of prohibition fell within that period.

That is the basic program of preventing venereal infection. But it is not the only one. To each army camp of 20,000 men or more there is assigned a venereal control officer with the rank of major. It is his job to keep the venereal rate down, and he has got to do it or get out.

His first job is to put the company commanders on the spot. His next is to get the chaplains up to their work, to see that recreational facilities are provided, and to see that prophylaxis stations are set up.

If men in the camp show infection, he descends upon the local authorities; for he has found out from the men where and when they contracted their diseases.

There has been a great variety of reaction among civic governments in the regions where camps are located. A certain number have been quite cooperative. Others have thought solely in terms of payday at the camp, of fat money coming into a lean town, to be hauled in by merchants and by panderers to the less distinguished appetites of paid-off soldiers—and by politicians for connivance in shady activities, whether they be gambling or bootlegging or prostitution.

AGAINST these latter types of civil authorities there is, fortunately, a defense.

In July of last year the Congress passed the May Act—a law giving the War Department the power to control the operations of prostitutes wherever they may affect soldiers. The invocation and enforcement of the law lies in the province of several agencies: the army itself, the navy, the Federal Security Administration, and the F. B. I.

Nobody has wanted to call the new law into operation. Everybody has agreed that it would be better to win the support of local civil authorities everywhere. But last May the law had to be called into action for the first time. The army had to crack down on prostitution when local politicians would not. And so twenty-seven counties immediately surrounding Camp Forrest, in Tennessee, were placed under the ban of the May Act.

Any prostitute or panderer caught within that area by the F. B. I. will not be able to fix it with a local politico. The fine is $1,000—or a corresponding jail term.

THE END

YOU AND PRICE CONTROL

PHOTO COURTESY A & P SUPER-MARKET

BY RAYMOND R. DICKEY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

YOU know about price control, but do you know what you should do—and how you should do it—when buying food, clothing, and practically everything that is sold under this new system of government-controlled prices?

When the Office of Price Administration issued the General Maximum Price Regulation, it provided that nobody could charge higher prices for any article than those which he charged for the same article delivered in March of this year. With few exceptions, this order covered everything that you buy.

In addition to that, the OPA named a lot of items, like certain types of drugs, clothing, food and household sundries, household furniture and appliances, hardware and ice and fuel, as Cost of Living Commodities. On these the prices which the retailer is allowed to charge must be posted conspicuously on his premises or marked plainly on the goods. Under the terms of this order, every retailer too is licensed automatically. This license gives him permission to be in business.

As far as you are concerned, that is all that need interest you in this order. There are many complications in it which affect the retailer but which will affect you only indirectly.

"How do I know whether the price I am paying is the highest March price which was paid for the same article at the store with which I deal?"

The answer is, "You don't."

But every seller must keep for OPA inspection all of his records of March prices. He must also have on hand for your inspection a complete list of his maximum permissible prices. If OPA finds he is charging higher prices than those of the base period, they can do two things. After a warning, if the violation persists they can bring legal action to revoke his license. Without a license he is out of business. Next, there is the possibility of a $5,000 fine and one year in jail.

"Well," you ask, "how are they going to catch up with the thousands of stores all over the country?"

You're right again. But that's where *you* come in. After all, you are a pretty careful shopper. You know whether a price is out of line with what you've been used to paying. Ask the storekeeper about it. Tell him that you paid only eighteen cents a pound for that meat in March, and why is it twenty-one cents now? Maybe you bought at a sale price—or maybe the price you paid wasn't the highest price at which he sold the meat.

But there are going to be a very few penny grabbers who will try to evade the ceiling prices. Those you should report. Here's how to do that—if you *know* you're dealing with a chiseler.

You go into the store. You *know* that in March this particular store didn't make deliveries of the item you are buying at more than twenty-five cents. He charges you twenty-eight cents.

"Hey, wait a minute," you tell him. "I only paid twenty-five cents for this in March. How come it's up to twenty-eight cents now?"

"Costs have gone up and I can't sell it at twenty-five cents any more," says the storekeeper.

That's your cue to tell him you want the article at the legal maximum price. If he refuses, then pay him what he asks and get a receipt. If you ask for it, he must give you a receipted bill showing the date, his name and address, the name of the article he sold you, and the price which he received for it. Refusal on his part to do this is a violation of the law and lays him open to the penalties we mentioned earlier.

Don't carry that business of receipted bills to an extreme, though. Imagine the chaos if a receipt were demanded for every transaction!

As a careful shopper, here's another tip to you. Shop around for good prices. You see, each individual store is allowed to charge the highest price which *it* charged for the item during the base period. The price which another store may have charged for the same item doesn't affect the price which your store may charge.

Your direct contact with OPA, in case of any question or complaint you may want to make, is through your local War Price and Rationing Board. In large cities you can locate this board by looking in the phone book. In smaller towns and communities, ask the township or county authorities. If you don't get satisfaction there, contact your OPA State Director.

With price control on everything you buy and goods growing scarcer, rationing on a widespread scale is bound to follow. Simply stated, rationing is a method of making sure that everybody gets his fair share of goods in a market where there are less goods than there is money to buy those goods.

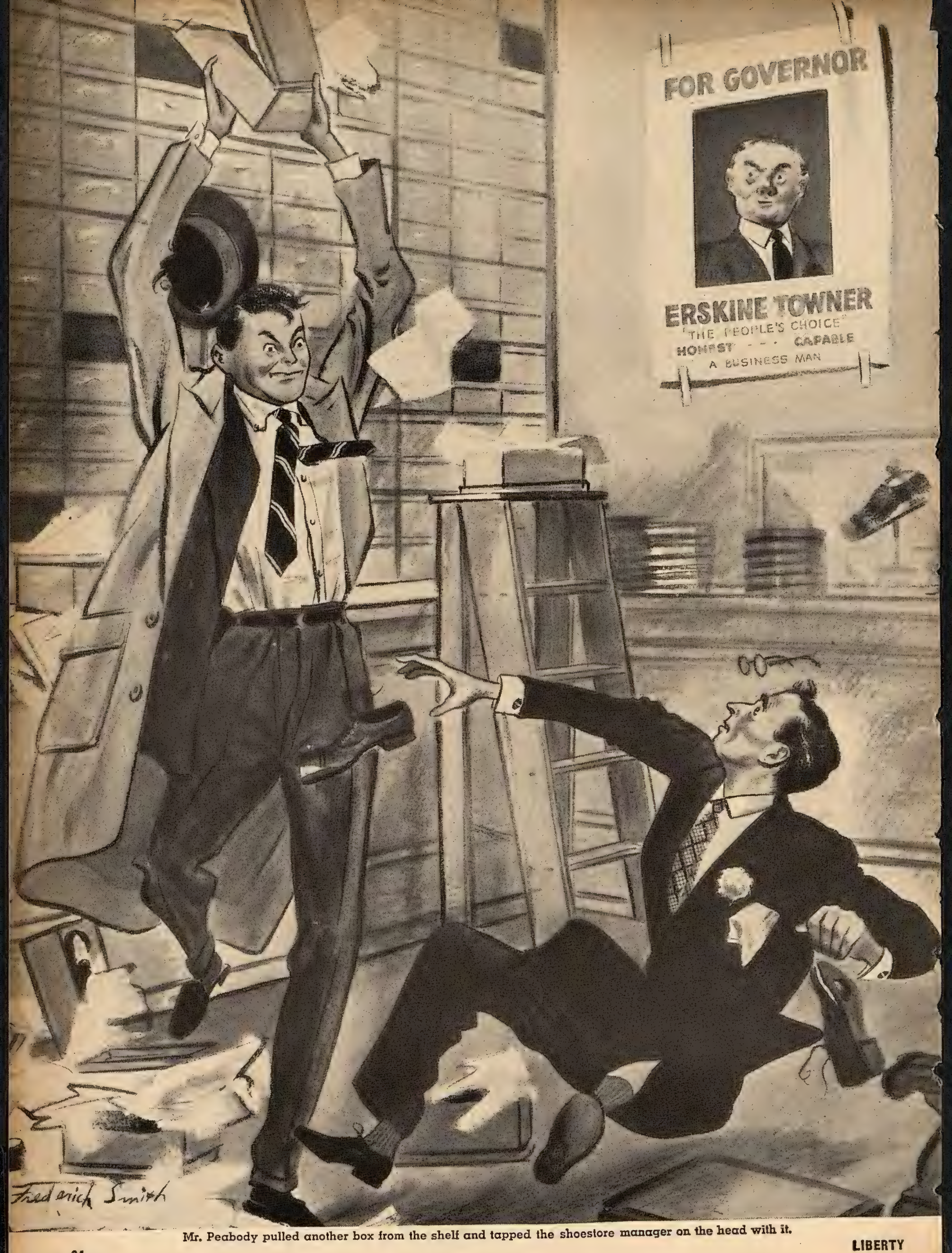
It will prevent the man with a lot of money from buying all the goods and leaving nothing for the small-income purchaser.

It also will prevent the fellow who happens to be first in line from getting more than his share.

The government does not want to ration. Rationing presents administrative and enforcement difficulties which would stagger your imagination. Further, when articles get so scarce that you must be rationed, the phony fringe of profiteers who wait for—and sometimes even create—such situations enter into "black market" operations.

Bootlegging during prohibition is an excellent example of one type of "black market" operation. Remember the bootlegging days? The terroristic gangsters, Hitlers on a local scale? Well, just multiply that about a thousandfold and you can get an idea of what a "black market" operation on a lot of commodities might mean to this nation at this critical hour. Don't hoard!

THE END


FOR GOVERNOR
ERSKINE TOWNER
"THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE"
HONEST - - - CAPABLE
A BUSINESS MAN
Frederick Smith

Mr. Peabody pulled another box from the shelf and tapped the shoestore manager on the head with it.

THE GOVERNOR'S SHOES

A blithe tale of politics, a calamity in the rain, and a little man's sudden fame

BY FRANK GRUBER

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

IT was nice and dry in the little room. Outside, it was raining. It had rained all day, a cold wet rain that would cut heavily into the downstate voting.

Well, it didn't matter. Willard Peabody was not voting today. The nice dry little room was not a voting booth. There were bars on the window and the door was made of crisscrossed steel strips.

Yes, Mr. Peabody was in jail.

It all began a week ago, that bewildering chain of events that had catapulted Mr. Peabody into the police line-up.

A man needed a good stout pair of shoes for November rains. Mr. Peabody discussed the matter with Evelyn, his wife, and this culminated in his going to the Superior Shoe Store on Cedar Avenue, where he purchased, for six dollars, a pair of stout welt shoes. At least, Mr. Peabody thought they were stout shoes.

The sun was shining the following morning. Mr. Peabody put on his new pair of shoes and walked to his place of employment. The shoes pinched a little, but he didn't mind too much, for he would be sitting down most of the day, checking bills of lading and invoices.

Mr. Peabody was employed by Morton & Co., Wholesale Grocers. He had started with the firm as an office boy and during the years had received promotions and salary raises without stint or favoritism. Mr. Peabody thought a lot of his boss, who most certainly trusted and respected his loyal employee.

During the day that Mr. Peabody kept his newly shod feet under his desk, clouds came into the sky and blotted out the sun. Mr. Peabody left the offices of Morton & Co. shortly after five o'clock. He walked one block and raindrops pelted his face. He quickened his step and, after another minute, started running. It was no use. Soaked to the skin, Mr. Peabody took refuge under an awning. When he reached his home Evelyn was so appalled by his soddenness that she scarcely bawled him out for being late. He went to the bathroom to change his clothing. And there Mr. Peabody saw what had happened to his new shoes.

The soles had come loose from the uppers, and the uppers themselves looked like something that had been left too long in a wet corner of the cellar.

He put his hand inside a shoe and poked it clear through the inner sole and out between the toes and the sole. He pulled out the inner sole and discovered that it was a soggy mass of pulpy fiber. Cold rage seeped through him and brought a gleam to his eye.

The glint was still in Mr. Peabody's eye the next morning when he saw the brittle, cracked, and misshapen things into which his new pair of shoes had dried overnight. He wrapped them in the original wrapping paper, still preserved, put on his topcoat and hat, and left the house. He forgot to kiss Mrs. Peabody good-by, and she was so shocked that she didn't tell him he was still wearing his carpet slippers.

If Mr. Peabody was aware of that fact, he gave no sign. He walked stiffly two blocks to Cedar Avenue, turned left one block, and went into the Superior Shoe Store.

THE manager-clerk gave him a hearty greeting. "A good pair of shoes today, sir?"

Mr. Peabody shook his head. "I bought a pair of shoes here the day before yesterday. I want to exchange them for another pair."

"They're a little tight, sir?"

Mr. Peabody stared at the manager for a moment. The tip of his tongue came out and licked his lower lip. With great restraint he broke the string that bound his parcel and exposed the things that had once been shoes.

A low cry was torn from the store manager. "What . . . what are those?"

"Your shoes," Mr. Peabody said bitterly, "the ones I bought here the day before yesterday."

"What happened to them? Did you soak them in a pail of water, then bake them in a hot oven?"

"I," said Mr. Peabody, "gave them one day's ordinary wear—to my office and home. There was a shower on the way home—something quite ordinary, to which a pair of good shoes is exposed not once but fifty times in its lifetime. But, sir, look at what happened to this miserable bunch of fiber, glue, and imitation leather you sold me for a pair of shoes!"

The store manager shook his head like a bewildered punch-drunk prizefighter. "But that couldn't have happened to *our* shoes. We sell only the finest quality . . ."

"Ah-r-r!" Mr. Peabody said deep down in his throat. At that moment his eye caught sight of a large poster that was fastened to the wall.

It showed the head and shoulders of a white-haired man with a somewhat bulbous nose and protruding eyes. Underneath was printed:

ERSKINE TOWNER
The People's Choice
Honest—Capable
A Business Man

Mr. Peabody pointed a shaking finger at the poster. "Don't tell me *these* are Towner shoes, made by that stuffed shirt running for governor?"

The manager of the shoe store ignored Mr. Peabody's blunt question. He said, "I tell you, you must have done something to these shoes."

"Ah-r-r!" said Mr. Peabody for the second time. Then he stepped past the store manager and whisked out shoe boxes from a tier that covered one entire wall of the store. He ripped off covers, took out shoes.

The store manager sprang forward and caught Mr. Peabody by the arm. "Here, you! What do you think you're doing?"

"I'm looking for a pair of good shoes my size," Mr. Peabody snarled. "And I'm going to rip down every box on these shelves until I find them."

"Stop that!" screamed the manager. "Stop that, you crazy—"

Mr. Peabody pulled another box from the shelf and tapped the shoe-store manager on the head with it. The latter bleated and rushed to the door of the store.

"Help, police! Thieves—police!"

That was how Mr. Peabody came to take his first ride in the paddy wagon. And that was how, some four hours later, he stood before Magistrate Kropp and attempted to defend his actions of that morning.

The judge banged his gavel. "Twenty-five dollars and costs."

Horror welled up in Mr. Willard Peabody's thin breast, horror so great that it wiped out even the cold rage that had up to now possessed him. "But, your Honor," he cried, "you haven't let me explain! Those shoes I bought—"

Bang! went the gavel. "Pay the clerk," said his Honor sternly.

A bailiff propelled the dazed Mr. Peabody to one side. And then it developed that he did not have twenty-five dollars plus six fifty with him. He was, however, permitted to make a telephone call to Evelyn.

While he was making the call, a bored young man who had been leaning casually against the wall saw Mr.

Peabody's carpet-slippered feet and a little glow of interest came to his eyes. He came over to the bailiff.

"What became of his shoes?"

The bailiff chuckled. He looked around and located the objects. "Beautiful, ain't they?" he snickered. "No wonder he's wearing slippers. Tsk!"

The young man, not quite so bored now, talked some more with the bailiff and slowly began to nod his head.

It was three o'clock when Mrs. Peabody reached the courtroom, bringing with her the thirty-one dollars and fifty cents that was necessary to buy back her husband.

Mrs. Peabody cooked supper while Mr. Peabody sat in the little living room of their cottage and thought about the things that had happened to him that day.

He had lost a day's work, let down Morton & Co. All because he had lost his temper that morning. He should have known that a little man had no chance bucking a great corporation. Superior Shoe Stores were all over the state. They paid big taxes and contributed huge sums to campaign funds of men seeking public office. They were owned by Erskine Towner, who had made so many millions of dollars that he could afford, in his late middle age, to turn his business over to others and himself seek a high public office. Perhaps his wife wanted him to do that. Some women would do anything to reside in the governor's mansion.

After eating supper Mr. Peabody reached for the evening paper.

German airplanes had bombed British cities. The British had repaid the compliment with interest.

On page 2 Erskine Towner had addressed the Cedar City Women's Club on the subject of the business man in politics. A scowl came to Willard Peabody's face and he skipped to page 4.

It leaped from the bottom half of the page, a mere paragraph. It said, for all the world to see:

CUSTOMER BIFFS STORE MANAGER

Willard Peabody, 25, 254 N. Fourth Street, bought a pair of shoes yesterday. The shoes did not satisfy him, so he took them back to the store to exchange for another pair. Angered because the store would not make a satisfactory exchange, Peabody biffed the store manager over the head with the shoes. Roscoe MacAdam, the store manager, called the police. Haled before Magistrate Kropp's court, Peabody was fined $25 for disorderly conduct. P.S.: He wore carpet slippers to court.

Mr. Peabody read the paragraph twice. He did not hear the doorbell ring and Evelyn had to speak to him the second time before he roused.

"There's a man here to see you. He's —he's from the Courier. I told him we subscribed to the Sentinel, but he says he's a reporter, not a subscription man. He insists—"

The reporter popped into the room behind Evelyn. "Mr. Peabody? How do you do? I'm from the Courier."

Mr. Peabody bounced up from his chair. "You—you're the man who's responsible for this—this outrage?" he cried, shaking the newspaper.

The newspaperman chuckled. "*I* didn't write that. I would have done a much better job of it if I had. My city editor caught that and sent me here. Would you mind telling me about your—er—little difficulty with the shoe store?"

"It's a lie," Mr. Peabody said harshly. "The paper didn't print it like it happened. The judge wouldn't listen to me. Wouldn't let me explain."

"Tsk-tsk. Of course not. You bought a pair of shoes, didn't like them, and you wanted to exchange them for another pair. You got into an argument with the clerk and you bopped him, eh? Was that the way it was?"

"Yes," said Mr. Peabody. "No!" he cried. "It wasn't like that. That's the way they—this paper—tried to make it appear. And the judge wouldn't let me tell my side at all, and made me out a criminal. I'm not. Look . . ." Mr. Peabody rushed to a closet and brought out the horrible things that had once been shoes.

"Look at them! I bought them the day before yesterday. I wore them once—once only. Yesterday. It rained, and that's what the rain did to them. I ask you—was I unreasonable in asking them to give me a new pair? I paid six dollars . . ."

The reporter was staring in awe at the shoes. "Towner shoes . . . one day . . . Lord, I wonder . . ."

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Peabody. "You think I was wrong to lose my temper? Six dollars is a lot of money to me."

"Mind if I use your telephone?" the reporter interrupted. "I want to call my office." Without waiting for permission, he dialed a number.

"The desk," he said. "Hi, chief? Tom. . . . Yeah. I'm over at Willard Peabody's place. Your hunch was right. It's a story. A big one, worked right. Send McNelly over here with his camera. Right away!"

Mr. Peabody blinked. "Camera? What . . ."

"We're going to put your picture in the paper, Mr. Peabody," the reporter said smoothly. "You got a raw deal today and we're going to fix it up."

MR. PEABODY went to bed that night, one of Cedar City's 100,000 citizens, unknown, undistinguished.

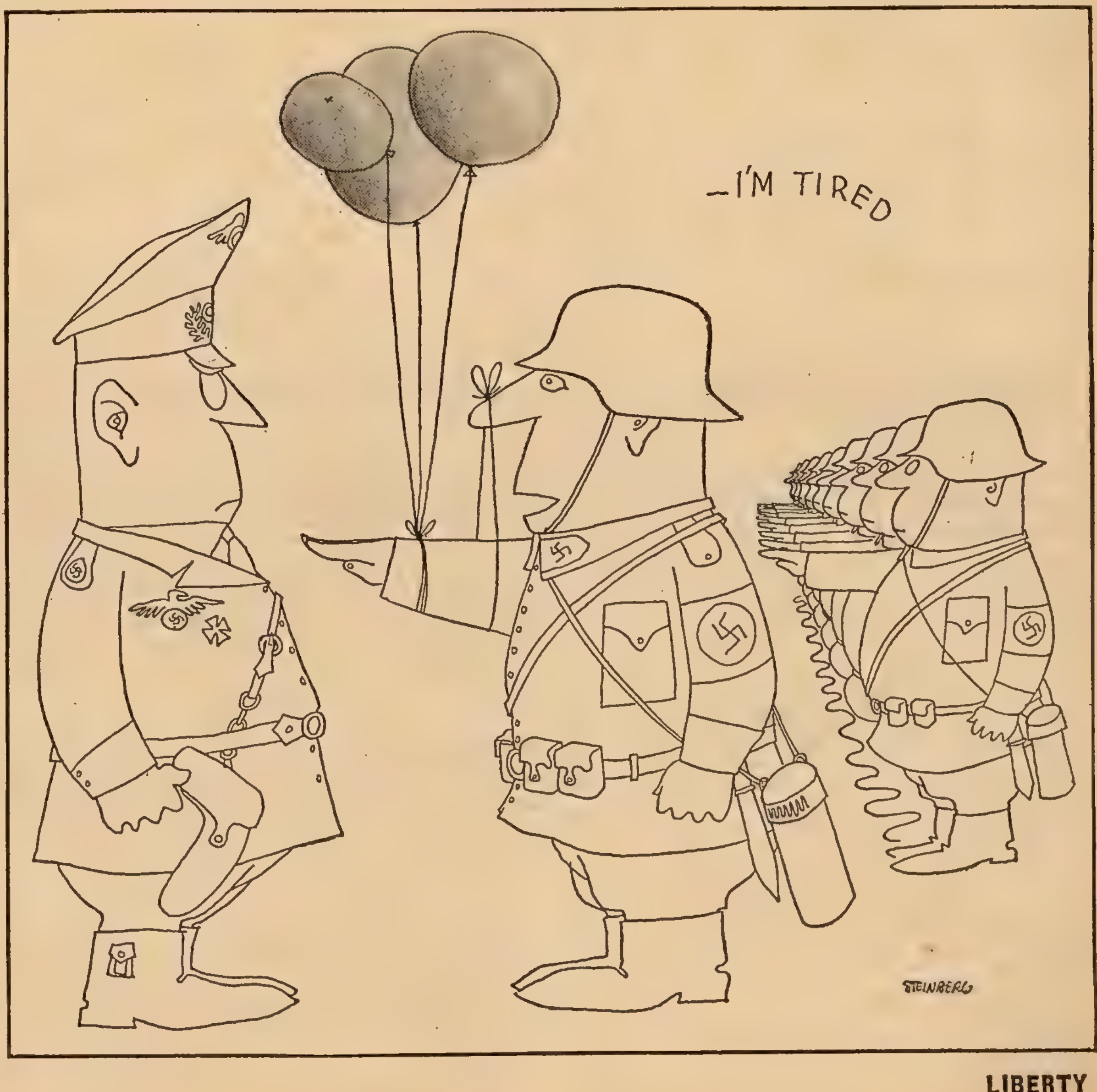
He awoke the next morning a famous man. Evelyn, who had gone to the delicatessen for some rolls, came flying back *sans* rolls but carrying a newspaper.

Mr. Peabody's picture was on the front page—just as he had appeared the evening before in his own living room, coatless, wearing carpet slippers. In his right hand, held up before him like a fisherman displaying a worthy catch, was a pair of objects that had once been shoes—shapeless, cracked, muddy things.

The caption over the photo read:

MR. PEABODY HOLDING A PAIR OF THE "GOVERNOR'S" SHOES

There was a two-column story under the photo. It told everything. More, even, than Mr. Peabody had told the sympathetic Tom Dorrance whose by-line was on the article. Mr. Dorrance possessed a fine imagination. He had taken the few simple truths



that Willard Peabody had told him and had embellished them.

"Mr. Erskine Towner, the reform candidate for governor," said Mr. Willard Peabody [according to Tom Dorrance's story], "will not get my vote. I cannot have confidence in a man who would make a pair of shoes from such cheap inferior materials contained in those that were sold to me. I had faith in Mr. Towner. I went to one of his stores and bought a pair of shoes. I had every reason to believe they would be good shoes. I paid six dollars for them and wore them one day. Now look at them!" (See photo.)

There was more, much more.

If Mr. Peabody ate breakfast that morning, he was not aware of it. He staggered out of the house to the offices of Morton & Co. He was stopped eight times during the five-block walk by people whose names he did not even know. They had been faces before, shopkeepers along his line of walk.

Today they ran out of their places of business, shook his hand, and congratulated him upon his blast at Big Business . . . and politicians. "I'm for you, Mr. Peabody," Old Charlie, who ran the cigar store on the corner, told him. "I was going to vote for Towner, because he claimed he was going to run the gang out of the State House; but I dunno—the boys ain't doin' so badly by us. Certainly not as bad as a crook like Towner might do. I say a man who'd make a pair of shoes like that couldn't be honest in public office, could he?"

Mr. Peabody stumbled on. He was twenty minutes late at the office and had been absent all of the day before. Wilmot, the office manager, would have something to say about that.

HE did. He leaped up from his swivel chair the moment he saw Mr. Peabody and rushed forward.

"Willard, old boy!" he cried, clutching Mr. Peabody's hand and shaking it. "I didn't think you had it in you. Boy, oh boy, how you soaked it to them! Throw a man in jail for sticking up for his rights, will they? You certainly called them on that. I was saying, myself, only yesterday—"

"*Mr. Peabody!*"

That was a voice that Mr. Peabody knew. And so did the office staff, which promptly dispersed to their various desks. Mr. Morton, beetle-browed and scowling, beckoned Mr. Peabody. "Come into my office, Peabody. I want a word with you."

Mr. Peabody went into Mr. Morton's richly carpeted, luxuriously furnished office. The big man gestured to one of the red leather armchairs.

"Sit down. I want to talk to you."

Mr. Peabody sat on the edge of the chair. Mr. Morton took a cigar from a box on his desk, bit off the end of it and rolled it about in his mouth, moistening it.

He said, "How long have you worked for me, Peabody?"

"HARDTACK"
TED

"I'm camouflaging it, dad, in case you're ever caught in it during an air raid!"

"Nine years, sir. I started as an office boy—uh—you may remember."

Mr. Morton grunted. "I don't. But this . . ." He leaned forward and tapped a newspaper on his desk. "Do you know what this has caused?"

The telephone on Mr. Morton's desk whirred and he scooped up the handset and grunted into it. Mr. Peabody, watching, saw the big man wince.

"Yes, my dear," he said. "Yes, yes. I'm taking care of the matter. Yes, I've talked to him. Yes, I know. It was difficult . . . Mrs. Towner . . ." Mr. Peabody saw his face grimace. "Yes, my dear, I'll do—I mean I've done it. You can tell her. Good-by!"

He hung up the handset, glowered at it, then stabbed the unlighted cigar once more into his mouth.

"Now, then, just why did you have to tell those newspapers that you were employed by Morton & Co.? Do you know what you've done, Peabody? You've brought ridicule—yes, ridicule and scorn—upon this firm. Mrs. Towner's got after my wife . . . I mean, Erskine Towner is an important man. Owns one of the largest industries in this state, and you, sir, have libeled . . . ah, yes, you've libeled him. That's what you've done, Peabody. Made unmitigated, unprovoked, and unparalleled accusations . . ."

"But, Mr. Morton . . ."

Mr. Morton's hand came up. "Wait until I get through, Peabody. You've caused me all sorts of . . ."

THE phone whirred again and Mr. Morton scooped it up automatically. He grunted, and then his eyes popped wide. "Who? Paul Colter? Why—why . . . put him on. . . . Hello, Mr. Colter. Yes, I know who you are. Yes, yes . . ." His head twisted around and he squinted at Peabody, then changed the squint to a frown.

"Yes, Mr. Colter. . . . Uh—uh, I'm sorry. . . . No, you can't talk to him. He isn't here. Yes! I *have* discharged him. . . . After all, Mr. Colter, there are a good many of us in favor of a new deal at the state capital. It so happens . . ."

That was all Mr. Peabody heard. The word "discharged" had been enough for him. He got up from the red leather chair and walked quietly out of the office.

He didn't go home. There would be reporters there. He went to the little park opposite the City Hall and sat down on a bench. He ate peanuts, fed pigeons, and bought the afternoon papers, the Sentinel and the Graphic.

The headline on the Sentinel screamed: SLANDEROUS LIES—TOWNER. "'Willard Peabody,' the gubernatorial candidate declared in an interview, 'is the tool of the present corrupt administration, which has fostered this slanderous plot in an attempt to discredit me.

"'But,' Mr. Towner said, 'the voters will go to the polls next Tuesday and show their contempt for such scurrilous stuff by giving me a whopping majority.'"

Mr. Towner further stated that Willard Peabody had never purchased a pair of shoes at a Superior store. Those disreputable objects were not manufactured by the Towner Shoe Company. They were some hobo's discards that Peabody had picked up in an ash heap.

MR. PEABODY switched to the Graphic. The denunciation of Willard Peabody was almost a carbon copy of the one in the Sentinel. The evening papers in Cedar City were unanimously pro-Tower. Only the morning paper, the Courier, was anti-Towner.

Mr. Peabody went home from the park shortly after five o'clock. He had decided not to tell Evelyn of his dismissal from Morton & Co.

Her first words were:

"Willard, where have you been all day? They told me at the office that you had been fired!" And then for ten minutes she gave Willard her opinion of Mr. Morton and Mr. Towner.

Page 1 of the next morning's Courier carried a four-column cut of THE "GOVERNOR'S" SHOES. The rest of the front page and all of page 2 was devoted to quotations from out-of-town newspapers which had believed the Courier story or were anti-Towner.

Said the Westport Herald: "Before Erskine Towner can hope to fill a governor's shoes he will have to learn how to make shoes that will stand up in a rain."

Page 3 of the Courier contained laudatory remarks on behalf of the incumbent, Governor North. Governor North had himself made a speech at the state capital in which he had flayed Mr. Erskine Towner's shoemaking.

The Associated Press sent their state correspondent to Cedar City that day for the sole purpose of obtaining Willard Peabody's own story. It went out on the wire service that afternoon.

The newsreel men came later in the day. They gave Mr. Peabody a short speech to read while holding aloft the shoes that had started it all.

A half hour after supper on this Friday, the man came to the Peabody

"Now be careful, Mr. Abbey . . . don't crush my corsage."

cottage. He knocked on the kitchen door, almost frightening Evelyn out of her wits. He had a paper to sign . . . a statement in which Willard Peabody said that the whole thing was part and parcel of a plot hatched by Paul Colter, the governor's campaign manager. The statement also said that Mr. Peabody was making this confession of his own free will.

And then the man offered him $1,000 to sign the paper. He went up to $2,000, and, when Mr. Peabody became indignant, said certain things and departed by way of the kitchen.

ON Saturday, placards were tacked on vacant fences and other vantage spots, each showing a picture of THE "GOVERNOR'S" SHOES, without comment. Walking home from the park that afternoon, a tough young hoodlum lurched against Mr. Peabody on the street, then accused him of being drunk and blacked both his eyes.

The man came again that evening, with $5,000, all in ten-dollar bills. It made a very fine-looking stack, but Mr. Peabody's eyesight was not so good because of his blackened eyes. He refused the money.

On Monday thousands of celluloid campaign buttons, showing THE "GOVERNOR'S" SHOES, made their appearance in Cedar City. In the afternoon a crew of billposters put up huge bills showing THE "GOVERNOR'S" SHOES in gargantuan proportions. Hoodlums went around later in the day, throwing mud and paint on the billboards. The card posters were torn down all around town and new ones put up.

The evening papers screamed denunciations of the State Capital Gang and lauded Erskine Towner.

After supper the paddy wagon came to Mr. Peabody's house and took him away. Embezzlement, the warrant said. The complaint was issued by Howard Morton of Morton & Co., who claimed there was a shortage of $425.45 in Mr. Peabody's books. (Mr. Peabody had been a lading clerk, not a bookkeeper at Morton & Co.)

Mr. Peabody slept in jail that night.

When he looked out of the barred window the next morning—election day—it was raining. It was the last bitter pill. Governor North was well liked by the farmers, but muddy roads would keep them from the polls.

It was nice and dry in the little room. Mr. Peabody lay on the cot, wearing his carpet slippers, but he was not happy.

At twelve o'clock Ned Cassidy, the turnkey, brought Mr. Peabody a small basket. It contained a plate of potato pancakes, not too cold.

"Your wife brought you these, Mr. Peabody. Sorry I couldn't let her in. Against the rules, you know."

Mr. Peabody nodded. He asked him how the election was coming along.

"CAN'T tell, this early," Cassidy replied. "There's talk, though, that Towner is carrying the city. I'm sure sorry to hear that. Me, I voted early this morning and I don't mind telling you it wasn't for Mr. Towner."

Peabody said he was glad to hear that, because he did not think Mr. Towner was an honorable man. Cassidy agreed.

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Peabody, they start broadcasting the returns at six o'clock, when the polls are closed. I'll turn up my radio so you can hear it from in here."

Ned Cassidy was as good as his word. Promptly at six he turned on his radio to full volume and the announcer's voice roared out the station announcements and after awhile began giving election results.

"Fourteenth precinct: North, 234; Towner, 316. . . . Thirty-second precinct: North, 48; Towner, 82. . . . Sixth precinct: North, 148; Towner, 183. . . ."

Towner was winning.

"Not so good, Mr. Peabody!" Cassidy yelled.

"Turn it off," Mr. Peabody replied. "I've heard enough."

Cassidy turned down the radio and switched to another station. The announcer's voice said: "The sun came out at noon in the lower part of the state and the farmers went to the polls in unprecedented numbers. Partial returns from 234 precincts out of 658 indicate that Governor North is leading his rival, Erskine Towner, by at least three to one. Only in Mr. Towner's home town, Cedar City, did he receive a plurality. . . ."

"Louder!" screamed Mr. Peabody. "I don't want to miss any of it."

Ten minutes later the radio voice stopped its monotone and exclaimed: "We interrupt this tabulation of election returns to bring you an important bulletin. Erskine Towner has just conceded the election to Governor North. Governor North immediately left his campaign headquarters to drive to Cedar City, there to personally give his thanks to the man who won him his re-election. That man, ladies and gentlemen, is none other than that most astonishing individualist, that champion of free speech and constitutional rights, the fabulous Mr. Willard Peabody, who . . ."

Mr. Peabody fainted.

WHEN they revived him, a bluff, hearty man clasped his hand, and as photographers' flash bulbs popped, he said (for the benefit of the microphone):

"On behalf of the citizens of this great state, as well as myself, Mr. Peabody, I thank you for your courage and indomitable will which made possible our great victory."

"Mr. Peabody," said the newsreel man, "will you say a word or two to our radio audience?"

Mr. Peabody said, "Ah-r-r!"

"Louder, please, Mr. Peabody. You say you saw your duty as a citizen and you performed it according to the dictates of your conscience, regardless of fear or prejudice, without hope of reward. . . . What's that, Mr. Peabody? You *do* expect a reward?"

Mr. Peabody said, "Yes. I want a new pair of shoes."

THE END

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

DRIVIN' WOMAN, by Elizabeth Pickett Chevalier.

Far be me from it to suggest that any one avoid this little item. It's a curiosity, and if the intent of the author and the publishers, who are backing it with their best ballyhoo, counts for anything you'll be seeing it high on best-seller lists. It can be imagined that no one would have blushed had it been called *Gone with the Show Boat, or America's Tobacco, Common.*

That's our heroine's name—America, America Moncure of Golden Hill plantation in Virginia. She has sisters named Palestine, Arabia, and Andorra, but they enter only briefly. It is Palestine whom America saves from a fate Worse Than Death when, near the war's end, damYankees are forced by the blackhearted carpetbagger Mudston to burn the great house. Where Scarlett O'Hara shot the man down like a dog on the stairs, America skewered hers with a two-foot corn knife. She's a Drivin' Woman.

The I'm-Gonna-Love-One-Man-Till-I-Die element enters with her cousin Fant Annable. "About him was the shine, the confidence of pure masculinity, as America had seen it in thoroughbred animals." How could she resist anything like that? Not until she followed him and won him in a horse show, did she find that he was an unsuccessful river-boat gambler. Before their son was born he left her stranded in Cincinnati doing laundry. But it was through that son's inheritance that our heroine became a figure in the tobacco industry.

It is in her depiction of the rise of the tobacco trusts that the author takes her readers off an otherwise exclusive diet of cold corn. She knows that story and it isn't false. (The Macmillan Company.)

PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

Bing Crosby and Marjorie Reynolds in Holiday Inn, which also has Berlin tunes and Astaire.

BY HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ HOLIDAY INN (for a song-and-dance triumph)

A SUPERB piece of teamwork is to be found in this captivating screen musical. Bing Crosby sings in his incomparable fashion. Fred Astaire dances as only he can hoof it. Since the stars have a series of catchy songs by Irving Berlin to accompany their performing, the results are vastly entertaining. There's not much of a story to the show and what there is of one is definitely episodic, but the singing and dancing are tops.

Berlin told me that he originally planned the musical numbers of Holiday Inn for a Broadway revue. Even with the smooth script that Claude Binyon has written for the offering, it is still much more of a revue than a musical screen drama. While there is a pleasant enough romance and a bit of suspense, as Crosby and Astaire try to win the same girl, the production numbers are what make the show tick.

There are plenty of these. The songs celebrate various holidays and they have been staged sumptuously. For George Washington's Birthday there is a fancy-dress tableau with the stars in satin knee britches and perukes. There is a noisy Fourth of July scene in which Astaire accompanies his dance steps with torpedoes and firecrackers. Lincoln's Birthday is done in blackface, and a country church is background for an Easter number. No expense has been spared in creating a lavish and colorful spectacle, while Mark Sandrich's expert direction never misses a trick.

It still strikes me that the revue formula is out of place on the screen. More of a plot would have helped Holiday Inn no end. As it is, you are shown Crosby and Astaire breaking up their night-club act when the former decides to become a farmer. Tilling the soil is not the vacation the singer thinks it is going to be, though, so he turns his farmhouse into an inn, with shows given on holidays only. He discovers a young singer and dancer and his efforts to keep her from going off with his former partner keep the action spinning along after a fashion.

Whatever you may think of the piece as drama, you can hardly fail to be delighted by the stars. Crosby has never been more at ease or in better voice. He walks through the tiny story with proper nonchalance and even gets an emotional bang into the climax. The scene in which he has Christmas dinner alone and listens to a record of himself singing White Christmas is a triumphant bit of make-believe and crooning.

Meanwhile Astaire goes to town in one dance routine after another. The firecracker number is a knockout, but so is that in which he goes in and out of a gavotte and hot jive as an orchestra tries to break up his act. For comic emphasis he has a try at a couple of songs with Crosby, while the latter attempts to trip the light fantastic. It was inspirational casting to pair these two great performers. They make Holiday Inn very much worth seeing.

The supporting players are remarkably good. Marjorie Reynolds, whose acting has been confined to minor horse operas in the past, does a brilliant job of supporting the stars. She sings engagingly and keeps right up with Astaire in several dances. Moreover she is easy to look at. You'll be hearing more from this talented young actress. Walter Abel, Virginia Dale, and Louise Beavers are fine in lesser roles.

The songs, as I've noted, are elegant. Berlin has written several surefire hits in this score. He has also included the memorable Easter Parade from As Thousands Cheer. The music of Holiday Inn is right up to the performing, which is going some.

(Paramount.)

★ ★ ★ BROADWAY (for a knockout remake)

REMAKES of movies are notoriously disappointing. In this instance, however, a famous play which has already been filmed has once more inspired an excellent melodrama. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, and Brod Crawford in a menacing underworld triangle and Janet Blair making a lovely café entertainer, it recaptures all of the flavor and excitement of a turbulent period. For punch and melodramatic tension it beats earlier screen versions hands down.

While the story has been somewhat altered, it is still the tale of a talented hoofer who had to tangle with a gang of bootleggers to follow his career. Once more he has the aid of a tough and understanding cop and the love of a pretty partner. It's a familiar fable. Under William A. Seiter's direction, it never fails to be a gripping entertainment.

Raft, who once danced for a living during the lush days of prohibition and gang wars on Broadway, gives one of his finest performances in the leading role. He is grimly unafraid of his enemies. He dances like a streak. Not since Scarface has he had a part so suited to his acting abilities.

Equally good is Pat O'Brien, who cleans up a murderous gang single-handed.

Crawford, who rarely gives a bad portrayal, is particularly sinister as a craven rumrunner, hijacker, and killer, while Janet Blair is decorative and persuasive as the heroine. Meanwhile Universal has gathered a first-rate cast of character actors to give the show melodramatic color and suspense. Broadway is still a honey of a thriller.

(Universal.)

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—Mrs. Miniver, Yankee Doodle Dandy, Tortilla Flat, Saboteur, My Favorite Blonde.

★★★—Ten Gentlemen from West Point, Take a Letter, Darling, My Favorite Spy, Miss Annie Rooney, This Above All, This Gun for Hire, Syncopation, My Gal Sal, Juke Girl, Moontide, Ship Ahoy, The Spoilers, Twin Beds, In This Our Life, The Great Man's Lady, Rings on Her Fingers, Kipling's Jungle Book, The Tuttles of Tahiti, To the Shores of Tripoli, Rio Rita.

I WOULDN'

"When I awoke, I was national amateur champion!" Betty Newell with the Robert Cox Trophy.

One of her drives during her final match with Helen Sigel.

Amateur golf—Is it fun, outdoor sport? A magic gate to fortune? . . A national champion forthrightly speaks her mind

BY BETTY HICKS NEWELL

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

ONE March day of 1941 Dot Kirby shook hands with me on a Florida West Coast golf course and said, "Congratulations!"

My reply was a quiet "Thank you." But my tired nerves wanted to shout for me, "Thanks, Dotty! I'm sorry I had to get so preoccupied today, banging in those birdie putts, knocking irons dead to the pin from out of the trees. An 8 and 6 beating isn't sweet to take, especially when you must know, as I know, that you're just as good a golfer as I am.

"But aren't you glad it's all over? I feel better already. Those knots in my nerves are all untied, and that sick, weak feeling is gone from my stomach. My mouth seems a little less like July in Death Valley now, too, and once in a while I can swallow to ease the pain in my throat. The doctor said bed was the place for this throat ulcer I have. But this is the Big Time, Dotty, and I had to play this final match if it killed me.

"But tonight we'll drive to Augusta for the next tournament, and tomorrow every one will have forgotten Belleair, except you and me and perhaps those two colored boys who carried our clubs."

No, I really didn't *have* to play tournament golf that way. No one forced me into it. But it all started back in 1938.

Larry Gleason was a good pro. I remember the first lesson I took from him in the fall of 1937—how I learned to pivot, and how silly I thought it was when he called some of my shots "beautiful." Nothing in golf was beautiful to me then.

I couldn't understand, either, why he was so thrilled when I shot a 96

O IT AGAIN

my first eighteen holes. Nor could I see why I should practice a game so apparently simple as golf. But Larry said it had to be. So I practiced. And the scores kept coming down, from that 96 in October to 86 the next April, 78 in May, and 75 the next August.

In October of 1938 I won my first tournament, the Long Beach city championship.

Perhaps it was then I began to wonder. Somebody gave me a cup. People slapped me on the back and said “Great going!” My picture was in the paper with a story about the match, making me feel that perhaps my golf shots *were* important. But the next day every one seemed to have forgotten about it.

I didn’t understand why I had worked so hard just for winning, when victory was so evanescent. “Larry, where is this going to get me?” I asked. “You told me to practice. And I have practiced, hours every day, when there have been other things I would rather have been doing. Then you told me I should play in tournaments. That was for experience. But that cost money. And what have I when I have experience? I would just like to know what this golf game will bring me before I put any more effort into it.”

MY tournament record of the three years which followed was to prove that my teacher had not been passing out idle encouragement when he answered, “I think that within a few years you will be among the top ten amateur women golfers in the country.” But when he predicted, “And that alone will bring you fame and money,” he destroyed most of the true spirit of amateurism I might have had, and replaced it with a desire for something more material—like headlines, pro contracts, convertibles, and winters on the Florida circuit.

So from that day on I played the game not entirely for the game’s sake but because I thought some magic golden gates would open.

Larry Gleason could have told me, “You play this game because—well, because you like the thrill of good shots, I suppose. And you like the feel of green grass under your feet. You like to practice in the evening, when you can laugh at the funny long shadow of your swing moving across the tee. You play golf, too, because it’s a social game—you meet people and make friends. And you’ll play it for all these things all your life, instead of for just a few fevered years.

“The more you put into golf that way, the more dividends it will pay you. Play when you want to play. Practice when you feel like practicing. And enter tournaments you know you will enjoy, not for the exhilaration of winning but just to play the game.”

But if he had told me that, I would never have been national champion.

Perhaps I have no sense of values now, but I’m certain that I had none then. I determined to pursue the golfing glory road as no girl had ever pursued it. If Patty Berg practiced six hours a day, I would practice eight. If Dorothy Kirby played in ten tournaments a year, I would play in twelve. If there was only one way to the top, I would take it.

Technically, I was an amateur, of course. I read the rules pertaining to simon-purism and followed them. I did play golf because I liked it, or perhaps because it fascinated me so. But if I had played only when I liked to play, I wouldn’t now be writing this.

BY spring of 1939 I had begun to believe that California was a waste of time for an aspiring young golfer. Because I was eighteen, outspoken, determined, and hotheaded, I made some unpardonable faux pas. “Condolences, Elizabeth,” the mother of one of my victorious opponents said to me late in 1938. I came back with one of my worst. “Thanks,” I said. “But you’d better save your condolences. You’ll need them for your daughter next time I play her.” I guess I forgot to smile when I said it. And that wasn’t the only time.

Californians didn’t like the way I made no pretense about wanting to win. They told me, “People like that will-to-win stuff in the East, but after all, it’s only a game.” I guess they had never thought of anything like those golden gates of mine, the ones opening toward “fame and money.” So I didn’t tell them about that. But I did go East in the summer of 1939.

Larry said before I went, “Find out how those girls back there are financed. Not all of them are wealthy. They must be getting boosts somewhere that are within the amateur rulings.”

I found out. I discovered, too, very suddenly one August morning in Connecticut, that I was becoming a golfer. The New York papers had headlines about my victory in the national quarter-final over some one named Orcutt. It was supposed to have been an upset. I thought this was all rather strange, because I hadn’t read the sports pages much. No one had told me Maureen Orcutt was good. I didn’t know I was supposed to lose to her, so I went out and won. The papers said a Kirby-Hicks final would be popular, too. So I thought maybe I should try a little harder against Betty Jameson in the semifinal.

There were lumps in my throat then, and my hands went cold and numb. Betty Jameson became national champion.

A month later Marion Miley and I were sipping cokes in an Evanston, Illinois, drugstore after the final round of the Women’s Western Derby. Suddenly I exclaimed, as though I had just awakened from a dream, “Well, I’ll be darned! I’ve won a golf tournament!” Marion laughed and said, “Of course you have. You’ve won the biggest medal-play tournament in the country.”

I hadn’t had nerves to trouble me in that tournament. Dot Kirby had gone into the last round with a one-stroke lead, but I don’t believe I’d given it a thought. I’d shot a 73 for a tournament record total of 307 and beaten Dot by nine strokes. I had become a golfer!

I returned to California full of hope of easy years ahead. “They have oil-company jobs, some of them,” I reported to Larry. “They just play golf with the customers and get new contracts. It’s just coincidental, maybe, but they have plenty of time for tournaments. There are a couple who work in the sports clothes departments of stores, and there are some with newspaper jobs—at good pay too. Furthermore, Larry, if I can only get a job of some sort to finance more tournaments and more experience, I’ll win the big one some day.”

Larry said I’d get a job somewhere. But, strangely enough, Californians don’t feel that they owe their golfers a living. When I got home, they stuck the Derby cup in the clubhouse storeroom and forgot about it.

I was ranked No. 5 nationally in 1939. I thought the chamber of commerce or an oil company or some sportswear store would rush to me with a job. But they overlooked it somehow.

I left California again in January of 1940 with Clara Callender, a former state champion who also had sadly discovered that you can’t shake money off trees just by beating around the roots with a mashie. We drove South together with $250 each and big ideas about how to rip the Florida circuit apart.

I had learned a great deal in the Eastern events, principally not to fear the big-name stars. I wanted another crack at Betty Jameson, a chance to play Patty Berg. I would show the Californians that determination and zeal for perfection would win golf tournaments.

WE played at Punta Gorda and the Miami-Biltmore first, and I was beaten on extra holes in both tournaments. My pride was sadly shaken. “Clara, I’m not going home until I win two down here,” I announced. The fact that we had spent half our money didn’t seem to matter. Clara couldn’t say anything but “O. K.” I owned the car.

I did win the next two. I defeated Betty Jameson at Palm Beach in the semifinal, and the next day won from Grace Amory for the championship. A week later, at Ormond Beach, a freckle-faced golfing machine missed an eight-foot putt on the first extra hole, and I had beaten Patty Berg in the semifinal. Then I whipped Betty Jameson again, 3 and 2, for the South Atlantic title.

They were good wins, but now I felt that I had to win. So I learned the mental pain of being four down and eight to go, against Patty Berg. I learned the feeling of whipping a tired swing into perfect effort on extra holes. I learned to cry inwardly, "Why can't this be over!" I ate breakfasts from which my nerves had torn all taste. And I felt the sunken and empty "You won, did you? So what?" after a victory, when I had thought there would be a glorious thrill.

They were expensive wins, too. After Ormond Beach we went to St. Augustine. Patty beat us both there, and we counted our remaining assets. I had $1.45. Clara had very little more.

We returned to California on twenty dollars contributed by one of our charitable opponents.

We were welcomed at the city limits and escorted to the city hall, where we were congratulated by the mayor. During the weeks that followed we were guests at luncheon clubs. Chamber of commerce officials made long speeches about how many thousands of dollars' worth of publicity we had brought to the city. Everybody thought it was very funny how I had two cents when we got home and Clara, the plutocrat, had three. And they would stick out their chests and grin when we would say that Florida couldn't hold a candle to California.

Larry said we'd get some jobs now. But the city publicity bureau just went on pasting our press items in its scrapbook, and dad kept on writing checks for me. I went to work on the practice tee, with dreams of my arms around the national championship cup that September. I set up a grueling schedule for myself. Every morning at eight I would go to the course, my back still weary from the grind of the day before, my hands blistered, my concentration wearied. I would be much better that summer, of that I was sure.

BUT I wasn't. I quick-hooked from Long Beach to Chicago, up to Detroit, down to Cleveland, then back home again and up to Seattle. An unassuming young woman from Portland climaxed the season for me by beating me 3 and 1 in the National second round. She left me standing on a cliff just off the eighteenth tee at Pebble Beach, beating all my golf balls into the Pacific, vowing I would never play the horrible game again.

But I neglected to throw my clubs in too, so I was back again at it in a week, with a new pro, new determination. Olin Dutra, a former national champion, worked a couple of kinks out of my swing and I was off to the wars once more.

My swing had improved and shotmaking was easier. But sleep was no quicker coming when there were tough matches the next day. I found no cause for happiness, either, in the fact that I was medalist in eight of the next ten tournaments in which I played, with an average of slightly under 76, and won four of them. Four, I thought, wasn't enough.

One of those four was the California State championship, which I won in the spring of '41. It had eluded me before, probably because there are half a dozen girls in California who are as good as I am, though I wouldn't admit it to myself.

It was a sloppy win, though. Fate guided my ball around stymies when I was 3 down and 6 to go, and my accommodating opponents seemed to miss their shots at the most critical points in the matches. It left me figuring the price of the three years before it—$8,000 for expenses; eight hours a day chasing a glory mirage which I could see but never reach; an inestimable damage in strain—physical, mental, and emotional.

I was tired of marking time on the glory road, stuffing good years down this beautiful but very blind alley. Frank Newell proved much more attractive than the fairest fairway or most sparkling silver prize in the country.

Housekeeping didn't hurt my golf. But glandular fever did. Maybe it was the sulfathiazol I had to take that knocked my scores back into the 80s, or perhaps it was the three weeks I spent in bed. So I didn't even bother to count down to my name in the list of finishers in the Western Derby. I recall with a shudder four rounds of 82-87-75-89. At the time, I was too discouraged to be mad.

I don't know why any one wanted me to give a driving-range demonstration after that, but I did it, and thereby I met a man named Allen. Mr. Allen, it seemed, was looking for a woman pro for the Dubow Company—just a top golfer whose name they could put on a line of clubs. Was I interested?

After I was very unexcitingly removed from the Western Amateur championship in the third round, it seemed to me a question of whether or not Dubow would still be interested. They still were.

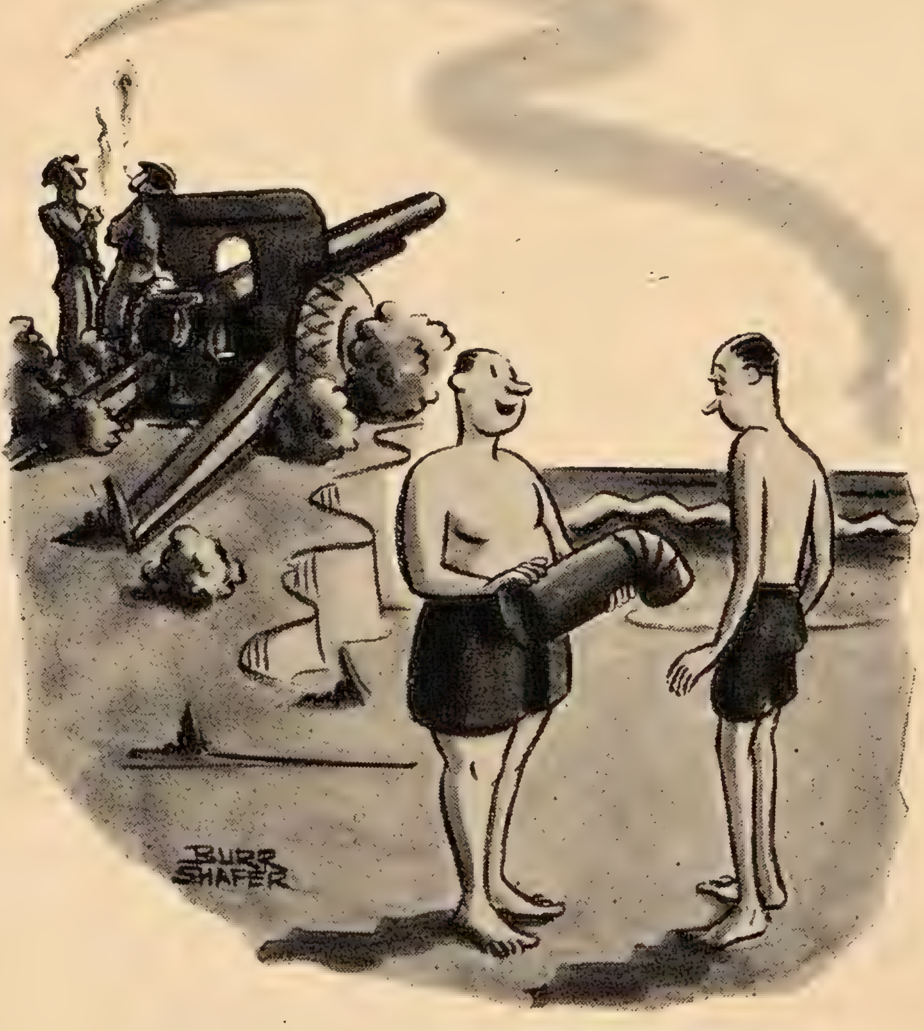
"Do you want to sign the contract now?" they asked. I did. It was a good offer, involving no traveling, no required exhibitions or demonstrations, and was financially very attractive.

"But I think," I said, "as long as I'm back here, I'll hop up to Boston and play in the National. I'll be back after a couple of rounds probably, and will take care of the contract then." The tragedy was that I believed it.

TWO weeks later I went into something like the half-consciousness of a beautiful nightmare. When I awoke they were putting a big cup in my arms. I was national amateur champion!

Would I turn pro? the reporters asked. I said, "Of course I'll be receptive to offers." Perhaps my answer was too blunt and sincere. I should have said more so every, one would understand. I should have answered:

"So I'm national amateur champion. Sure, it's all very exciting. That semifinal with Estelle Page was the greatest thrill I've ever had. But even if I am the champ, so what? Who cares, really? Girls have been winning this tournament since the 1890s, so that's nothing new. It doesn't even prove that I'm the best golfer in the



"I'm gonna swim way out and stick this stovepipe outa the water. That'll give 'em a good scare."

country, because all I did this week was put six rounds in the right places. The golfing gods were very kind to me.

"It sounds like I'm cashing in, doesn't it? But do you think I've played all this time for fun? I've had fun, of course. I wouldn't have missed it. But I've sacrificed more than I have received in return, I think.

"So now you charge that I'm losing prestige by turning pro. Does a dog on a track in Miami Beach have any prestige? Then why should I be bold enough to claim it? I've played tournament golf for almost four years. There were times when I hated it. But sporting goods companies, resort hotels, professionals, and chambers of commerce would dig their promotional spurs into my ribs and say, 'C'm'on! Play in *our* tournament!' I didn't have to, of course. But I was drugged with the intoxicating vision of those financially greener fairways—somewhere.

"Whom should I blame for the fact that I found so little true amateur spirit among the girls who win golf tournaments? Those same promoters, I think. And you gentlemen of the press, too, who prove so co-operative with the promoters! You shove us all into the headlines. You picture tournaments as lovely battles, all glory and silverware, to entice the young and unsuspecting.

"BUT all of you—the ones who make us the fair-haired girls when we win, and pat us on the back and tell us to come back again—forget us after we leave the eighteenth green.

"Can you still call this prestige?

"I'm not going to make a great deal of money as a pro in the next few years. The steel that would go into golf clubs bearing my name will be bombing Tokyo, defending Australia. But I certainly can't complain. There are bigger games than golf.

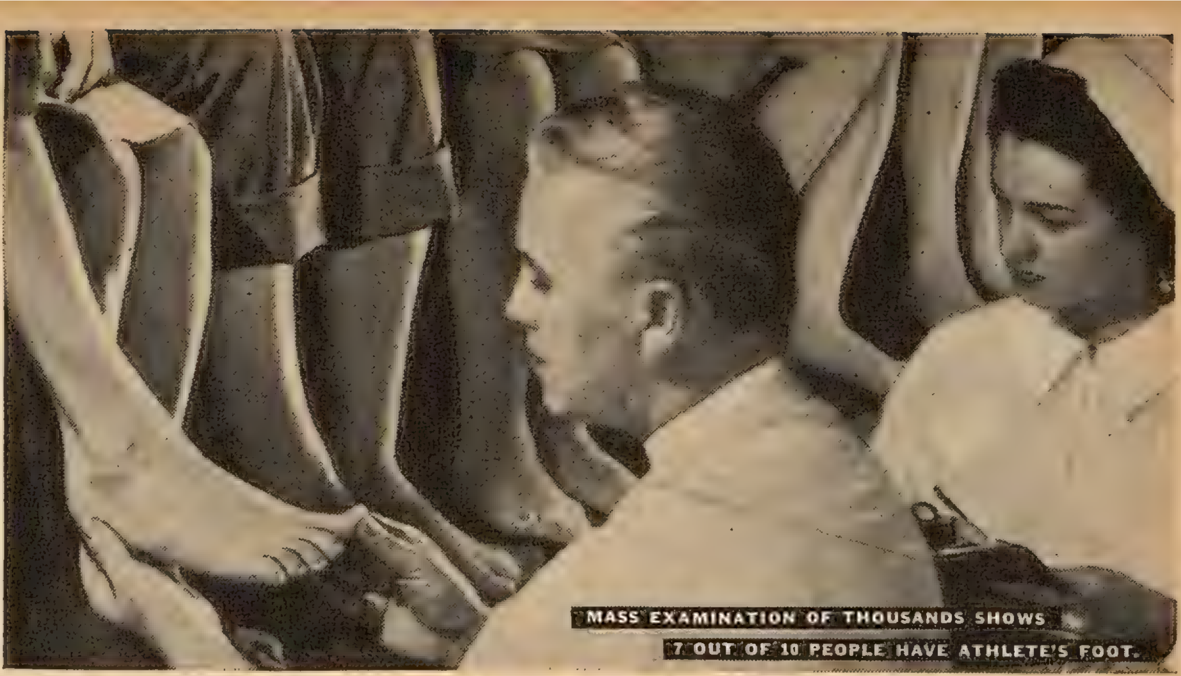
"You ask me if I shall have any regrets. How should I know now? If I have, I'll discover them within the next few months. And then I'll be back to tell you about it."

I signed a professional contract in November. Not since the National have I played in a tournament. Now I play golf when and with whom I want to, and on courses of my choice. I stay home when it rains. I find practice rather tedious, so I rarely practice. I get some bad rounds as a consequence, but they are no longer any cause for worry. And good rounds are satisfying in themselves, not as means to an end.

The United States Golf Association won't agree with me, but I think I'm a better amateur—better golfer for the love of it—now than I was when I won the national championship. Professionalism has taught me that amateurism isn't something that can be written into the rule books. It is the spirit in which you play the game.

And to those who might have wondered about my regrets I can now say, and really mean it, "I'll never be back."

THE END


MASS EXAMINATION OF THOUSANDS SHOWS
7 OUT OF 10 PEOPLE HAVE ATHLETE'S FOOT.

SCIENCE FINDS 75 MILLION HAVE ATHLETE'S FOOT

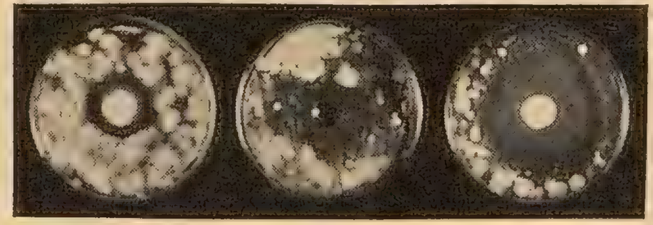
—ACTS TO SPEED WAR EFFORT

A series of mass-examinations—in Ithaca, N. Y., Berkeley, Cal., Jackson, Miss., and elsewhere—revealed that 74% of our adult population has Athlete's Foot. With millions of persons on their feet in war production, and with our military forces on the march, it becomes more important than ever to check this infection.

New knowledge gives new hope of controlling the disease. It is known that Athlete's Foot is caused by fungus organisms; that these fungi cannot live in an alkaline medium; and that they may thrive in shoes (as well as on feet) thus leading to re-infection. Based on these facts, a new powder, Quinsana, has been produced by the Mennen Laboratories. It has proved sensationally effective; infection disappeared in practically all cases in large test groups treated with Quinsana.

BOILING SHOES for 15 minutes might kill the Athlete's Foot fungi that may thrive there. Of course that is not practicable. Quinsana, in shoes, attacks this common source of re-infection.

Usual symptoms of Athlete's Foot are peeling and cracks between toes, blisters, itching, soggy skin. Inflammation may mean germ infection; see physician or chiropodist at once.



IN STANDARD TEST, power to prevent fungus growth is shown by width of dark area around center of plates. Note superiority of Quinsana (above, extreme right) over two other well-known Athlete's Foot preparations. Quinsana should be used by every member of family as regularly as soap and water. (Diabetics should be doubly sure to use Quinsana daily). Pharmaceutical Division, The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., San Francisco.

NEW 2-WAY TREATMENT FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT

1. USE QUINSANA ON FEET DAILY AS YOU DRESS; RUB IN BETWEEN TOES.

2. DUST QUINSANA IN SHOES DAILY, HELPS PREVENT RE-INFECTION FROM LININGS.

QUINSANA
A MENNEN PRODUCT
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

50¢ AT DRUGGISTS, ARMY POST EXCHANGES, CANTEENS, SHIP SERVICE STORES.

QUINSANA IS ALSO EXCELLENT FOR EXCESSIVE PERSPIRATION, FOOT-ODOR.

I LIKE BIG BUSINESS!

A famous trust buster gives you his view of capitalism's part in the war, and what we may expect a victorious peace to bring

BY THURMAN ARNOLD

Assistant Attorney General of the United States and Head of the Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

I *LIKE* Big Business!

Does that sound like a paradox, coming from a man whom business men have pictured as a Don Quixote astride a legal horse, tilting at the windmills of capitalism?

But, I repeat, I *like* Big Business! And the protection of Big Business is as much a part of the America we are fighting to preserve as the rights of the humblest huckster.

It is because of Big Business that we are the most powerful nation in the world in industrial skill and potential capacity. The industrial technicians of Big Business in the United States have outstripped every other country, have given us greater production per man-hour of labor. And Big Business has made possible our high living standards.

Without the skill and experience of Big Business we could not win this war. And without Big Business we could not expect an abundance of production in the peace to follow.

But just as we must protect our capitalistic system, with its guaranties of individual freedom, from the totalitarian economy of our enemies, so we must protect Big Business from the destructive greed of a small minority within its own ranks. This policing of Big Business is the duty of the Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice and never has the responsibility of the department to the people been greater.

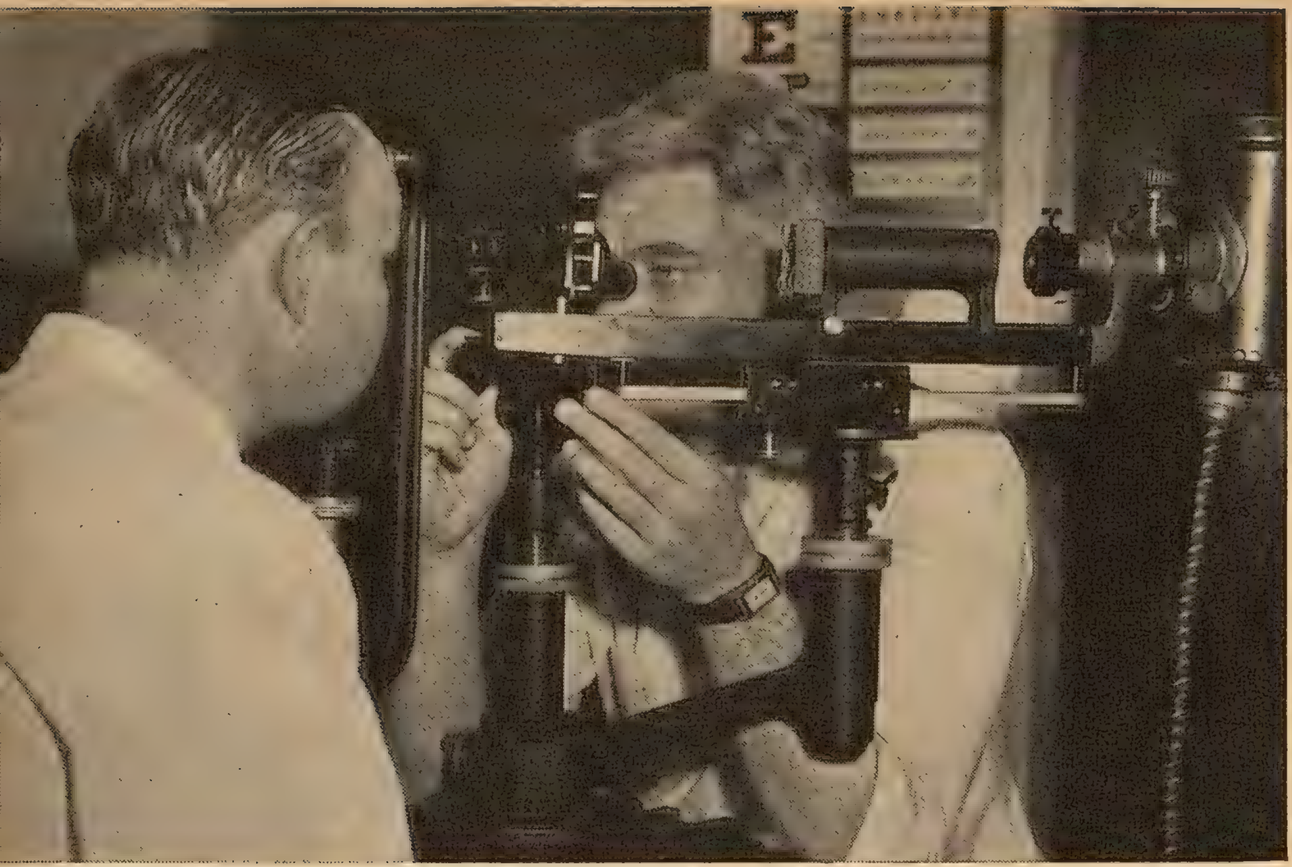
Most of you are familiar with the activities of the Department of Justice in prosecuting violations of the Sherman Antitrust Act, which forbids monopolies or combinations in restraint of trade. Recently the Antitrust Division has been engaged in another effort to prevent a small minority of Big Business from throttling both war and civilian production to maintain high prices.

This has been an exhaustive report to the Patents Committee of the Senate, at present studying proposed legislation to end the abuse of patent privileges which have enabled a few favored firms to control the production of basic materials and consumer necessities.

Monopoly is not an evil because of size. Size is often necessary for efficiency. Monopoly is evil because it confers the power on a few private individuals to restrict production in order to maintain prices, or to keep the price level so high that maximum production is impossible. That power is always used, in the case of necessities, to prevent full distribution of goods by refusing to pass on to consumers the efficiency of new techniques and new industrial processes.

One of the means by which monopolies have been made possible is the creation of domestic and international combines, known as cartels, which control, through patent rights, the production of basic materials and consumer necessities.

For example, it is estimated that



When you were fitted to spectacles a cartel made you pay an exorbitant price.

there are 34,000,000 people in the United States who need spectacles and yet do not have them. A spectacle cartel has held the price at $3.25 a pair to wholesalers, $15 to $20 a pair to the consumer. The distribution cost is between 300 and 400 per cent. The retailer alone gets 100 per cent.

Compare this with automobiles. The dealer nominally gets only 20 per cent, actually less than that, because of used-car losses. In addition he has to service a complicated machine for three months. All the optician needs to service spectacles are soft carpets and some frame-twisting.

MASS production and distribution of spectacles was made impossible, and this necessity of the nation's health was kept a high-cost specialty by a patent privilege. Efficient low-cost retail outlets were effectively prevented from selling spectacles.

This was done by patenting the finished product instead of the invention, thereby controlling a lot of unpatented skills. In the case of spectacles the invention was only a new position for a segment of the lens. But a combine patented not the invention but the completed spectacles.

In this way control was acquired over every one who did a little grinding and polishing, and there was maintained about a 400-per-cent spread from manufacturer to retailer.

Just a few weeks ago a Supreme Court decision put an end to this patent abuse.

I think that never has a study of legislation to correct patent abuses been more needed than it is today. The war compels us to get rid of every restriction on production. Long-range economic policy compels us to prevent private cartels from seizing the new production created during the war by government funds.

Both temporary need and long-range economic policy alike compel us to get rid of the domestic and international cartels responsible for so many shortages in basic materials.

Patent cartels in drugs, beryllium, military optical instruments, spectacles, tungsten carbide, chemicals, synthetic rubber and synthetic gasoline, and magnesium and other basic minerals were not uncovered until recently. And today we are short of all these basic materials because of a cartel system that used the patent laws as an instrument to establish an antiproductive policy of high cost and low turnover.

Patent rights had fallen into the hands of a few organizations whose primary object was to control the market for their products and eliminate competition. Their interest in royalties was secondary. Patents, therefore, became weapons in offensive and defensive corporate warfare. Inventors became mere employees.

Patent laws became instruments with which to coerce independent business to recognize worthless patents rather than bear the expense of litigation against a well financed cartel. And patent law became the cloak under which cartels controlled distribution of necessities to the consumers.

NEW light metals, more efficient than iron or steel, were kept out of production so the cartel restriction on old metals would not be disturbed by interindustry competition.

The building trades became a mass of cartel restrictions suppressing experimentation by independent enterprises, preventing mass production of houses until the cost of housing became beyond the reach of the consumers' market, and even an inadequate housing program had to have vast national subsidies.

Luxuries, like automobiles, went full speed ahead, in spite of the fact that they became victims of cartelization in metals and basic necessities. For you cannot sell at artificial prices things which people can do without.

But a man who needs a roof over his head must pay the price he is asked, however high. And the man who needs drugs and spectacles must have them, regardless of the sacrifice.

The economic progress of man may be written in terms of the discovery and use of metals. The Bronze Age was succeeded by the Iron Age, the

Car manufacturers and dealers charge you only a fair profit.

And give service, too. Compare this with the spectacle racket.

Iron Age by the Steel Age. Today we are at the beginning of a new industrial age with unlimited possibilities . . . the age of light metals, plastics, and chemicals. Only our sluggish noncompetitive scarcity ideas have delayed the ushering in of this new era, the desire of a few leaders to protect themselves against new enterprise . . . a sort of hardening of the arteries of commerce.

We can win this war only by freeing production from the sort of paralysis that develops under a policy of underproduction and overcharges. We must not again permit our mechanized industry to be dominated by cartels based on the abuse of patent privileges. In other words, we must guarantee the free enterprise of the capitalistic system on which our very life is based.

Remove the restrictions from the production and distribution of basic materials, such as steel, aluminum, magnesium, plastics, and chemicals, and you insure a wider exchange of these goods for products of the farm.

Wherever we turn we see potential increase to national wealth by new releases of productive energy created by the war.

The Napoleonic Wars swept aside the entrenched monopolies of aristocratic privilege which dominated the economy of Europe, and ushered in the greatest industrial expansion which history had yet known.

This war already is sweeping aside restraints of trade which we have regarded as wealth but which in reality have been depriving us of wealth in peace and strength in war.

Our morale to win the military and political war already is high because we see a political future in hemisphere solidarity and in the elimination of international gangsters.

Our morale in industrial production has not been as high because some have talked pessimistically of future depressions. This is defeatism at its worst. We need a long-run economic vision to inspire us to produce.

Every farmer increasing the output of food should feel that a corresponding increase of production of industrial products is going to solve his problem of exchange. Every laborer and every technician who works on basic metals or chemicals should be inspired by the thought that he is contributing to a future where there will be more goods for every one.

Every independent business man starting a new project should feel that his initiative may bring him to the top in a competitive race for efficiency. And every Big Business should feel proud that the weight of its skill and enterprise in the war has justified its continuance under the capitalistic system in peace.

It was under such inspiration that we built this nation. The war may bring that industrial democracy back to us.

THE END

20 QUESTIONS

Dr. Gregory Pinquetea, our expert, missed Nos. 7, 11, and 14. Count double if you get these right. He said of No. 7, "I should have guessed it."

1. His father's name was Herbert Blythe and he started his career as a cartoonist but changed to the profession in which he won world fame. What was the name of this famous individual?

2. Which of these has been called the "rainiest spot on earth": Pago Pago, Addis Ababa, Cherra Punji, or Chungking?

3. Who are known in navy parlance as the "Seabees"?

4. Is the OPC a charitable organization, a society for prison reform, a government bureau, or a fraternal order?

5. Is the "MacArthur shift" a military formation, a tricky football play—or what?

6. The mightiest waterfall in America was "turned on" a short time ago. What's its name and where is it?

7. Which of these marches was played twenty-eight times by the choirmaster at West Point some weeks ago: Marche Militaire, Wedding March, Stars and Stripes Forever, or Pomp and Circumstance?

8. For what does the X in X ray stand?

9. Which of these nations recently declared war for the first time in its history: Peru, Switzerland, Mexico, Sweden, or Guatemala?

10. In what way does a major-league baseball player playing on his home field differ in appearance from the way he looks when playing away from home?

11. What was the name of the Swedish liner that recently brought American diplomats and newspapermen back from Europe?

12. Of what nation is John Curtin the chief executive?

13. Everybody knows what it means to kowtow to some one you want to impress. But what did the word mean originally?

14. When an army man tells you "The General Grants are performing magnificently," does he mean that the morale of the officers is good, that the tanks are doing a fine job, or that machine guns are taking their toll of the enemy?

15. What clergyman was known as the "Bishop of All Outdoors," and how did he get this title?

16. The coast lines of how many states border the Atlantic?

17. A national call went out not long ago for "Minute Men." What were they called upon to do?

18. By what more popular name is "Eva St. Clare" known.

19. Brigadier General Claire L. Chennault has commanded which of the following famous American fighting forces: the Fighting Sixty-ninth, the Eagle Squadron, the Flying Tigers, or the Lafayette Escadrille?

20. Did Louis Jacques Mandé Daguerre discover antisepsis, design the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, invent a type of picture, or achieve fame as the first man who escaped from Devil's Island?

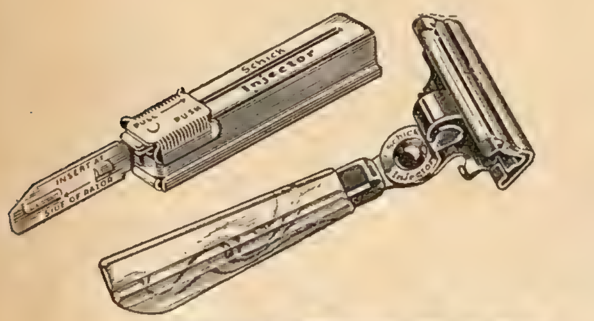
(Answers will be found on page 50)

"But Mr. Blusterfuss, They're All Gone"

Wait, Mr. Blusterfuss! Don't take it out on the man behind the counter. He's not to blame if you can't get a Schick Injector Razor.

There are plenty of Schick Blades. But war metal limitations now permit us to make only enough razors for military demands.

If *you* are lucky enough to *have* a Schick Injector Razor, by all means take good care of it. Until the war is over, you won't be able to get another razor that gives you "the comfort shave" . . . the automatic blade change . . . in fact, all the basic improvements made in safety razor design in more than 40 years.


Schick Injector
INSERT AT SIDE OF RAZOR

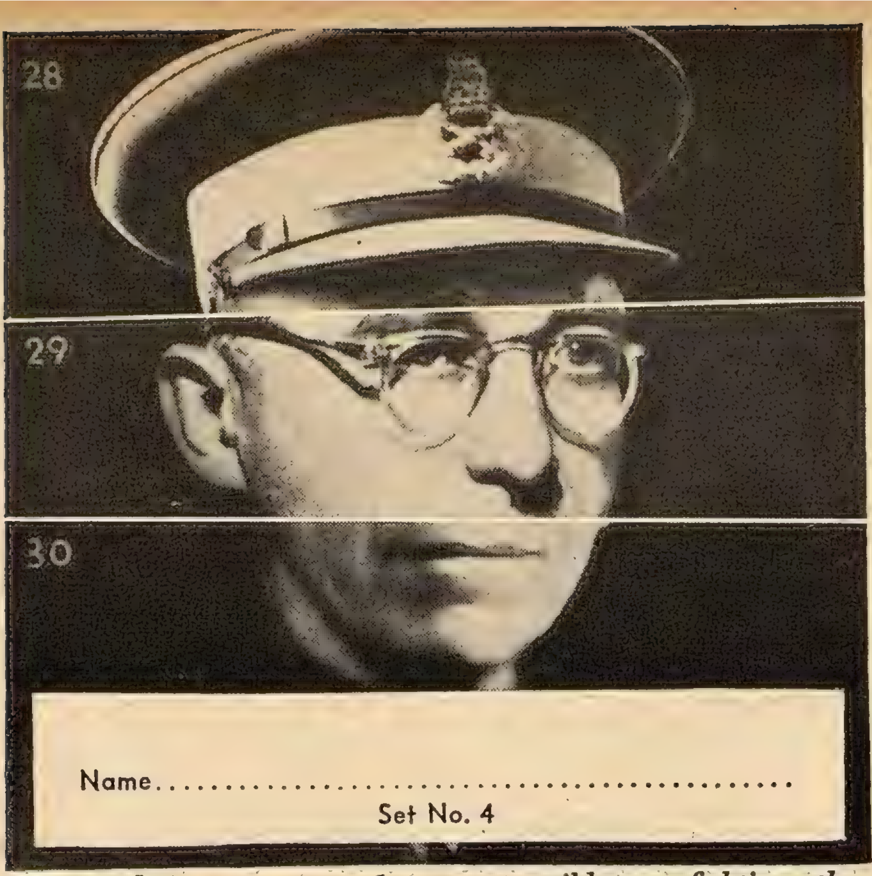
SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR
Magazine Repeating Razor Company, Bridgeport, Conn.

RECOGNIZED ADVERTISING . . .
Liberty maintains a special department for the purpose of checking carefully each and every ad appearing in the magazine. By this means we believe that all advertising claims may be relied upon. Buy with confidence!

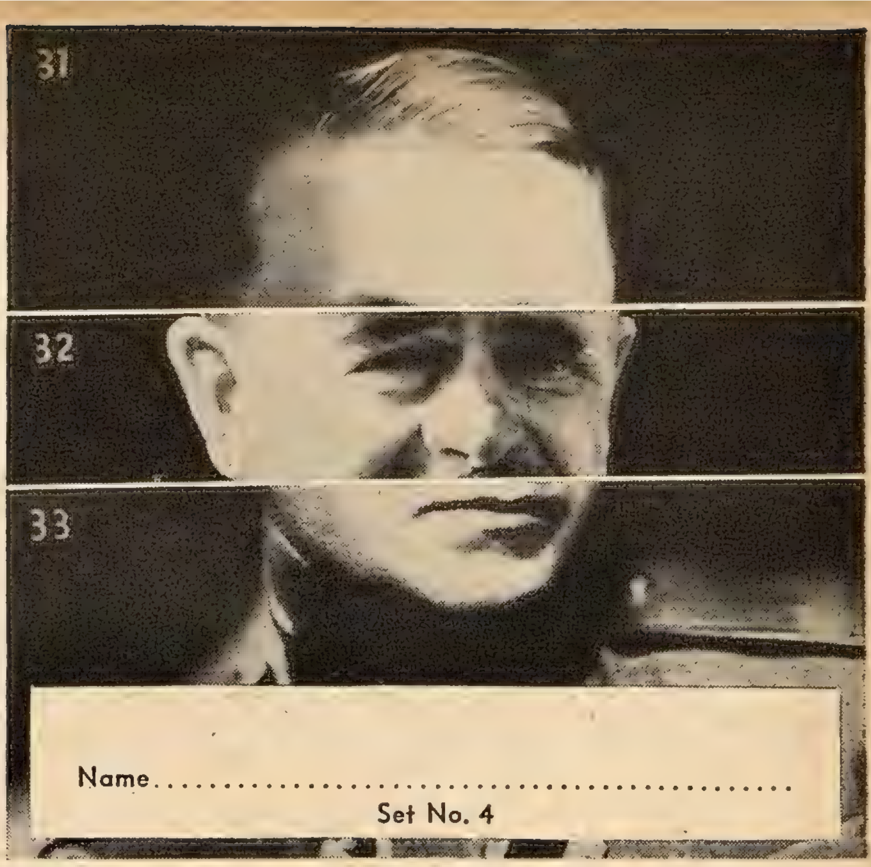
WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.



The cap belongs to a noted savant on wilderness fighting; the eyes and nose are of the head of the Chetnik movement; the mouth and chin are of a former aide to General Pershing.



The forehead is of one who rides a horse named "Prepare"; the eyes and nose belong to the biographer of Lord Allenby; the mouth and chin are of the son of an army colonel.

Name These Famous War Heroes!

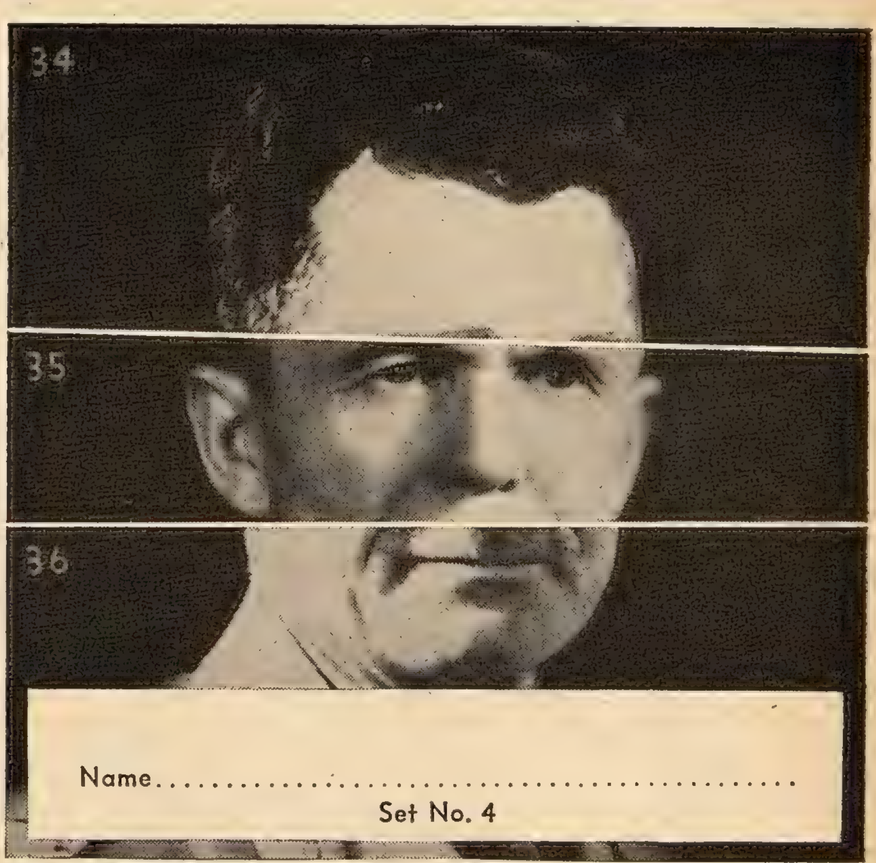
$5,000

IN BIG CASH PRIZES!

HOW are you doin' in Liberty's $5,000 War Heroes Contest? The men in this fourth set of composite pictures represent three separate members of the United Nations. Can you recognize and identify these famous fighters? Clues are furnished both to help you and to provide fascinating and unusual facts on these men's backgrounds!

237 BIG CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$1,000
SECOND PRIZE	500
FIVE PRIZES, each $100	500
TEN PRIZES, each $50	500
TWENTY PRIZES, each $25	500
200 PRIZES, each $10	2,000
237 PRIZES	$5,000



The forehead is of a native of Pozarevatz; the eyes and nose are of a graduate of V. M. I.; the mouth and chin belong to one who once suppressed native revolts in Palestine.

SEND FOR THE PREVIOUS SETS. If you missed the start of this great game, there's still time to get in on the ground floor! Just write to the address in Rule 5, enclose ten cents to cover mailing and handling costs, and we'll gladly send you reprints of Sets Nos. 1, 2, and 3 immediately. Just follow the rules carefully—one of those 237 big cash prizes still can be YOURS!

CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of three composite pictures of persons who have gained fame in the prosecution of the war against the Axis Powers along either military, naval, diplomatic, war production, or publicity lines, or in other fields of vital importance in the conduct of the war.

2. Each set of pictures, when cut apart and correctly reassembled, will make a complete portrait of a person who has attained fame in the war effort as above stated. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.

3. For the 237 nearest correctly named and restored complete sets of portraits Liberty will award the $5,000 in cash prizes according to the accompanying schedule. Neatness will count. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the person it represents.

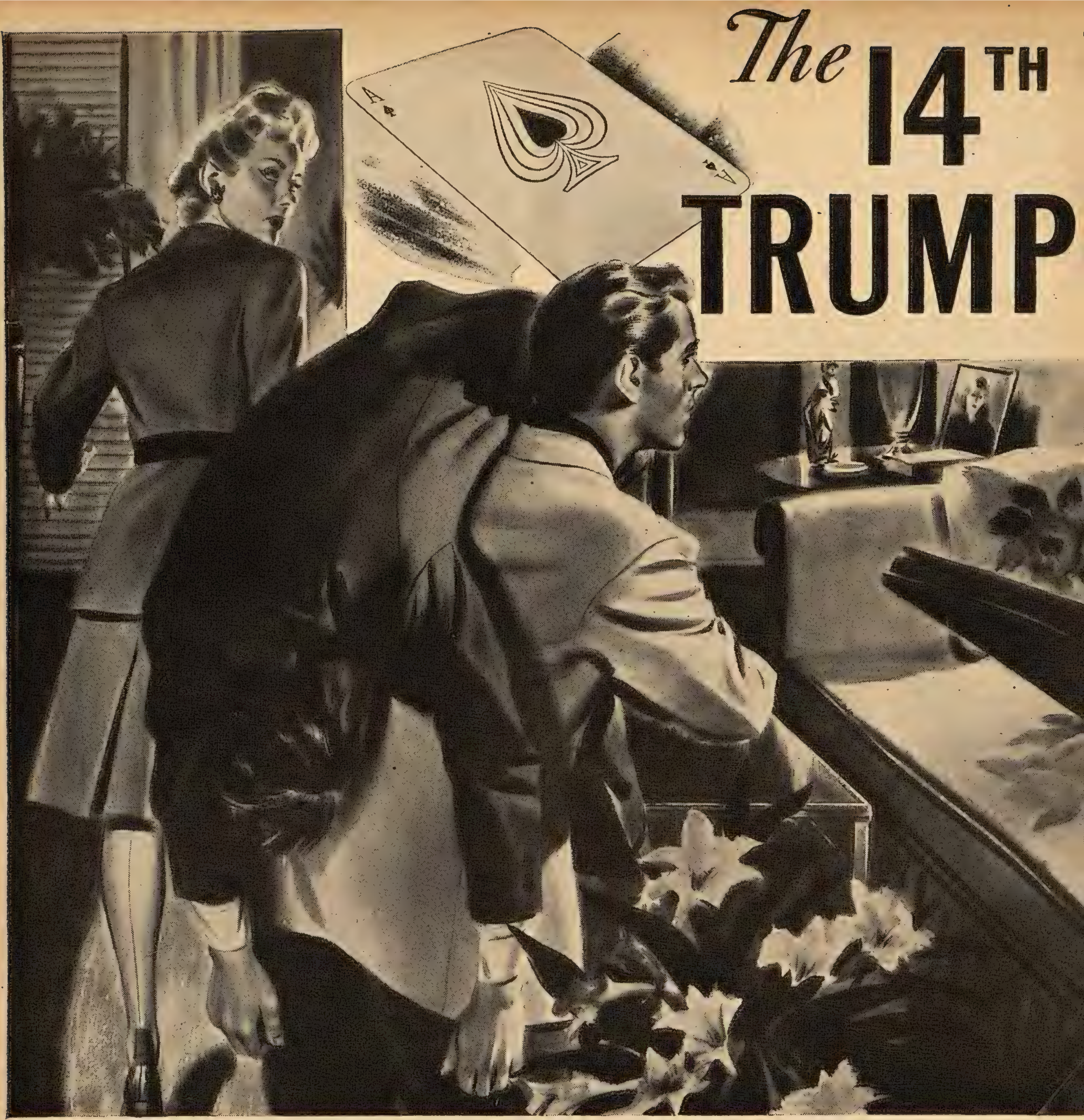
5. Mail your entry by first-class mail to WAR HEROES CONTEST, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. No partial sets will be considered, and once an entry has been received no changes or additions can be made. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

6. No contestant will be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

7. Accuracy and neatness will count, but elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No extra credit will be given for elaborately or expensively constructed entries. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding any entry.

8. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, September 9, 1942, the closing date of the contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

The 14TH TRUMP



Donovan lugged the carcass over to the sofa. Comstock was beginning to groan. Jane went to get restoratives.

New perils, new clues in a thrill-packed tale of a murder that turned into something bigger

BY JUDSON P. PHILIPS

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

DANNY COYLE, a square-shooting Broadway gambler, had a great deal of money up on the outcome of Congressman Terry Reardon's investigation of Calvin Buckler, the local district attorney. He was betting 11-5 that Buckler would be removed from office. So when Mona Lewis, Reardon's fiancée, was arrested for murder, Coyle and his assistant, Claude ("Harvard") Donovan, took an active interest in the case. If Mona were a murderess, it would reflect on Reardon and discredit his investigation.

The murdered man was named Quigley. He lived at the Hotel Donnelly and no one knew much about him. The case against Mona was strong. She was found in Quigley's room bending over his body and it was later discovered that the revolver in her handbag had been fired and that the bullet which killed Quigley was from that revolver.

At first Mona wouldn't talk. Then she told Harvard she could clear herself if she could get some $4,700 and send it to Lowery Kent, proprietor of the Times Square Club, located near the Hotel Donnelly. In return, Kent would give back her I O U for a gambling debt. Harvard took the money to the club, but Kent was not there. He talked with a sleek-looking gambler named O'Higgins, and with Joe Kling, a sinister individual who was an ardent swing fan—and who packed a gun. Kling wanted to take the money, and grew ugly about it. With the help of Oriole Brown, Kling's girl, who performed in a cheap five-a-day theater, Harvard got out of the house—to find that a man had just been

ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY PETERSON

killed by a hit-and-run driver. The man proved to be Mona's father, George Harmon Lewis, a Wall Street broker.

After her father's death Mona was willing to talk. She hadn't before, she said, because her father was trying to raise money to save his business—and himself from jail as an embezzler—and if she had let it be known that she couldn't raise $4,700 for a gambling debt his clients would have known he was on the rocks. What really happened, she said, was that she had lost the money at bridge at the Times Square Club and Kent was pressing her to pay. Finally, when she told him she couldn't, he suggested she see Quigley, the real owner of the club. She had gone to Quigley's room and found him dead. While she bent over the body, the house detective had walked in. She admitted she carried a revolver, but said she had never fired it. Could some one have taken it from her bag before she went to see Quigley, shot Quigley with it, and replaced it without her knowledge? asked Coyle. Some one might, she believed, while she was having a cocktail with Kent at the club before she went to Quigley's room.

Moran, the police inspector, didn't think much of Mona's story—even after Coyle had proved to him that the bridge games she had been in were crooked and that therefore it might be possible that the murder was a frame-up, too. But he consented to go to the club to question Kent. When they arrived, however, Kent was not in. He had gone to see Danny Coyle.

MR. LOWERY KENT was sitting on a stool in the bar at Coyle's place. Mr. Kent was a far cry from O'Higgins or Kling or Oriole. His white gabardine suit had been tailored east of Fifth Avenue; his suède shoes were custom-made; his bright orange tie was a Sulka; his Panama hat, resting on the bar, had cost him a sum running into three figures. His ruddy face was accustomed to massages and creams. The whole well-cared-for Racquet-Club effect was of a man who drank a little, exercised a little, and spent a good deal of money in ways to give him a good deal of pleasure.

He had come in, given his name, and asked to wait for Coyle. He was on his second mint julep when Coyle's cavalcade walked through the board room to the private office. Seconds later Donovan returned alone.

"Mr. Coyle will see you," he said. "I'm Donovan, his assistant."

"Oh, Mr. Donovan!" Kent said. "I owe you an apology. It seems Joe Kling succeeded in giving you a very wrong impression of me and my place."

"We've just come from your club," Donovan said. "Kling explained that he was just a big kid, full of fun."

Kent laughed. His voice was pleasant and smooth. "Joe can never forgo the temptation of pretending he's a sort of real-life Humphrey Bogart," he said.

"It's a realistic act," said Donovan, and opened the office door.

Coyle was behind his desk, shuffling his cards. Moran sat on the edge of the desk beside him. Reardon was across the room at one of the windows. Kent appeared to be taken aback by the size of the reception committee.

"This is Inspector Moran of Homicide," Coyle said. "And Congressman Reardon."

Kent nodded. "I rather expected we'd be able to talk in private," he said.

"These are all interested parties," said Coyle. "You've come here to sell me a certain I O U?"

"Yes. Yes, I have," Kent said.

"Would you mind my asking," Moran said, "why, when you knew we were in the dark as to the motive and method in the killing of your partner, you failed to come forward?"

"My partner, inspector?" Kent said.

"John Quigley," Moran said.

"Quigley. Ah, yes. The man who was murdered in the Donnelly. But I don't see the connection with me, inspector."

"He was your partner, wasn't he?"

"Somebody's been kidding you, inspector." Kent's laugh was perfectly natural. "I never laid eyes on the man in my life."

"You mean to tell me Quigley didn't have an interest in the Times Square Club?"

"I certainly do mean to tell you that, inspector. I never heard of Quigley till I read about him. He certainly had no connection with me or my club. I'm the sole owner."

"All right." Moran said. "Do you deny that Miss Mona Lewis, who was arrested for the murder, has been playing bridge at your place for the last month?"

"Certainly not," Kent said.

"Or that she lost heavily at a recent session and now owes you forty-seven hundred-odd dollars?"

"Lost it to a crooked card cheat!" Reardon said.

"Really, gentlemen, you'll have to fire at me one at a time," Kent said easily. "I don't deny she owes us that sum of money. I do deny, most emphatically, that there was any dishonesty involved. I would have dealt with any hustlers operating at my club."

"Sure!" Reardon said. "Coyle knew how she'd lost and what cards she'd held before she told us."

"Keep your shirt on, Reardon," Moran said. "So you admit she owes you the money?"

"Of course," Kent said. He took a beautifully grained pigskin wallet from his pocket. "I have the I O U here."

"YOU gave her some time to pay off," said Moran, "and then you told her it wasn't within your power to go on giving her time. You said it was up to your partner."

"My dear inspector, I have no partner!"

"You didn't make a date for her to see Quigley last night at eight thirty?"

"I tell you, I never heard of Quigley!"

"Do you deny that she was at the club last night?"

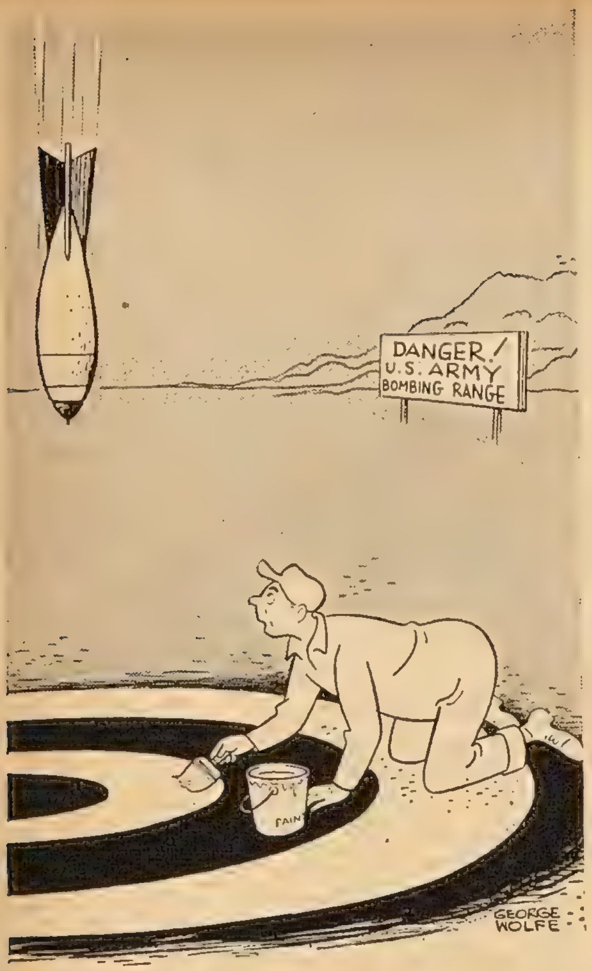
"No. She was there—for about an hour. We talked about her obligation. She said her father was in Chicago; that he would be back in a day or two and then she would ask him to help her."

"What time did she leave?" asked Moran.

"I should have said about eight thirty. It happens I read the papers, so I know it must have been a few minutes before that."

"And you didn't send her to the Donnelly?"

"Good heavens, man, no! How many


DANGER / U.S. ARMY BOMBING RANGE
PAINT
GEORGE WOLFE

times do I have to tell you I never heard of this Quigley?"

Coyle's face was characteristically stony. "Mr. Kent, would you be willing to allow your books and records to be examined?"

"I insist on it!" Kent said. "Evidently Miss Lewis has told you some wild tale in order to clear herself."

"I won't take that!" Reardon shouted. "I—"

"Shut up!" Moran said sternly.

"I not only want you to examine my books," Kent said, "which will show you I had no partner. I want you to examine my bank account. I want you to question people who play at my club. I want you to inquire at the Donnelly. You will find I'm telling you the truth when I say that Quigley was a stranger to me."

"We'll oblige you, Mr. Kent," Moran said.

The office door opened and Wally stuck his head through. "Bird to see you, inspector. Says it's urgent."

"Stick around, Kent," Moran said, and went out.

THERE was a long, tense silence in the office. It was Kent who spoke first. "I'm anxious to have you investigate, gentlemen. I don't imagine, in view of this mix-up, that you're still prepared to do business, Coyle?"

"No-o," said Coyle. "We won't do business just now, Kent."

"Well, I shall take it up with Mr. Lewis when he gets back."

"He *is* back," said Coyle. "But he's dead."

Kent looked staggered.

"He was killed right in front of your club tonight!"

"In front of *my* place! How, in heaven's name?"

"Hit-and-run driver."

Kent shook his head slowly. "This *is* a mess," he said. "I don't quite know where that leaves me."

"Behind the eight ball, as far as collection is concerned," said Coyle.

Moran came back into the office. There was a man with him—a neutral, unprepossessing man in his middle thirties. A look at the inspector's face told Donovan that something had really popped.

"Will you wait outside in the bar a few minutes, Kent?" Moran said. "I want to talk to you again."

"Certainly," Kent said.

WHEN he had gone, Moran introduced the stranger.

"Danny, this is Fred Morrisey. Congressman Reardon—Mr. Donovan. O. K., Morrisey, spill it."

Morrisey's voice was as colorless as his appearance.

"I'm an agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation," he said. "I just got in from Washington. It's about the murder of John Quigley."

Coyle leaned forward. "You've a line on Quigley, have you?"

Morrisey's mouth twitched. "He was my best friend, and one of the department's best agents."

There was a stunned silence.

"Quigley was an F. B. I. man?" Coyle said finally.

"Yes. He was working on counter-espionage here in the city."

Coyle leaned wearily back in his chair. "That tears it!"

"That's only part of it," Moran said. He glanced at Reardon. "I'm sorry, congressman."

"Quigley was working alone," Morrisey said. "He mailed in reports to the department once a week. He'd been here for eight months and he thought he was getting hot. Last night, only minutes before he was killed, he wrote me a letter." Morrisey took it from his pocket. "Here, read it."

Coyle skimmed through the letter, and then read it aloud:

"Dear Fred:

"I guess I'm getting jittery in my old age. In a few minutes I have an appointment with a dame who, I think, will help me blow this town wide open. I'm working on a report now that is going to take the curl out of J. Edgar's hair!

"But something a little nervy has just happened and I want you to know—just in case. At twelve minutes past eight my private phone rang. When I answered, there was nothing. The line wasn't dead. I thought I heard a sort of whispering. But I couldn't make connection with any one, so I hung up.

"Five minutes later, the same thing.

"And again, five minutes after that.

"It's just happened now for the fourth time. I confess it's got me. Things are so close to the boiling point. The nasty thought occurs to me that some one is making sure that I'm here. Well, if somebody's looking for me, I'll be ready. But, on the off chance it turns out to be too tough, Fred, I want you to have the facts.

"J. Q."

Without a word Coyle folded the letter, put it into the envelope, and handed it back to Morrisey.

"An appointment with a dame!" Moran said at last. "Well, she kept it!"

"How did Quigley work?" Coyle asked. "What was his front?"

"Insurance salesman," said Morrisey.

"He hadn't set himself up as a partner in a gambling house?"

"Hell, no!" Morrisey said.

"Who was he after?"

"He hadn't got to naming names." Morrisey's mouth twitched again. "I'm here to square accounts for John. Naturally, I want to talk to this Lewis girl as soon as possible. She's the woman who had the appointment with John and she knows what's what."

"Wait till you hear her story!" Moran said bitterly. "You know, Danny, you almost had me suckered with that sleight-of-hand theory about the gun."

IT was after two in the morning when Donovan found Jane in the bar. He had taken Reardon upstairs to Coyle's apartment and bedded him down. Morrisey's report had floored the congressman.

Jane looked cute in her Motor Corps uniform.

"What have you been up to, baby?" Donovan asked.

"Driving the army around," she said.

"Heaven help them!" Jane's nearsightedness made riding with her an experience not to be forgotten.

"I never hit anything big," she said. "You look all in, darling—which is too bad, because you can't go to bed until you tell me everything."

Donovan groaned.

"Let's go to your apartment and I'll cook you some bacon and eggs and coffee, and then maybe you'll get mellow and make a pass at me."

Donovan's apartment was just around the corner from Coyle's place. He stretched out on the couch in the living room while Jane rattled around in the kitchenette. She set up a card table and presently produced food. Over cigarettes and coffee Donovan brought her up to date, including Quigley's last letter to Morrisey.

"Poor Mona," Jane said. "There's no one to believe in her, with her father dead and Terry all confused now."

"So you think she's innocent," Donovan said.

"Of course she is," Jane said.

Donovan had his feet on the couch again, and now Jane curled up in the crook of his arm.

"I suppose that's woman's intuition," Donovan said.

"Well, darling, doesn't it seem she could have invented a much better story if she *was* inventing?"

"H'm-m!" Donovan said.

"The trouble with men is that they won't pay attention to anything but facts, which is ridiculous, because you've got to go by feeling most of the time. You and Danny thought she was innocent at first, and that she'd been framed, and then a couple of facts turn up that you can't make fit, so you start off from somewhere else. If it was me, I'd go on trying to prove that she was framed."

"For instance?"

"Well, if you could prove any part of her story was true, that would help, wouldn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, there were two other people in the bridge game with Mona and O'Higgins when Mona lost all her money on the Mississippi heart hand. Unless they were crooks too, they could tell you what happened. If you could prove that O'Higgins really worked a gimmick, whatever that is, on Mona, that would make two black marks against the Times Square Club. And Mr. Lewis being killed just outside the door is kind of fishy, and—"

The telephone rang. Donovan reached over the back of the couch for it. "Hello," he said. "Hello."

He looked at Jane, scowling. "That's funny," he said. "There—there doesn't seem to be any one there."

JANE'S blue eyes were frightened. Donovan tried to make his laugh sound natural.

"Better take a letter, Miss Rain," he said. "That was Quigley's system."

"Harvard! Stop it!"

"Get your things, kitten. I'm taking you to Danny's."

"Harvard, I'm not going to leave you here alone. I'm not!"

He put his hand in her hair and rumpled it. "Now be a big girl," he said gently. "If this phone-calling dumbo thinks I'm going to be sitting in front of the fire with my pipe and slippers, he's nuts. But I want elbow room, baby. I can't have you on my mind. . . . I'm serious, kiddo. Hurry."

"Oh, Harvard!" When he looked like that you were butting your head against a wall.

Donovan's apartment was in a brownstone. The front door was above the street level, but the couple who ran the building lived in a basement apartment and from their hall there was a sidewalk exit.

Donovan elected to use this way out. He said why should they frame themselves in the front door if there were any snipers around? Jane said it wasn't funny.

He forced her to stand behind him as he stepped out into the small sunken court. He was still in the shadow when he saw a man on the opposite sidewalk walking in their direction. Something about the man made Donovan stay close to the area wall, with a sharp signal to Jane to wait under the steps.

As the man got within the range of a street light, Donovan recognized him. It was Howard Comstock. The political columnist stood looking at the door of the house for a time, apparently undecided. Then he made for the front steps. He never got there. Donovan was on top of him before his foot touched the first one.

"Surprise!" Donovan said, and clipped him.

Howard Comstock sat down very hard, his back against the lamppost. Donovan knelt beside him, patting at his coat and hip pockets. The search was fruitful.

"Isn't this a beauty?" Donovan said, holding up a small flat pistol. Then he saw Jane, who had hurried out after him, and burst out laughing. She had one shoe off and was ready to bury the spike heel in Comstock's skull.

Comstock shook his head. "Donovan!" he said. "For the love of heaven, man, have you lost your mind?"

"Get up!" Donovan said, taking Comstock under the arms and yanking him to his feet.

"Let go of me!" Comstock said. "This is the limit! Three times in one day!"

"It's a treasure hunt," said Donovan. "I'm collecting people with guns. Start walking toward Danny's."

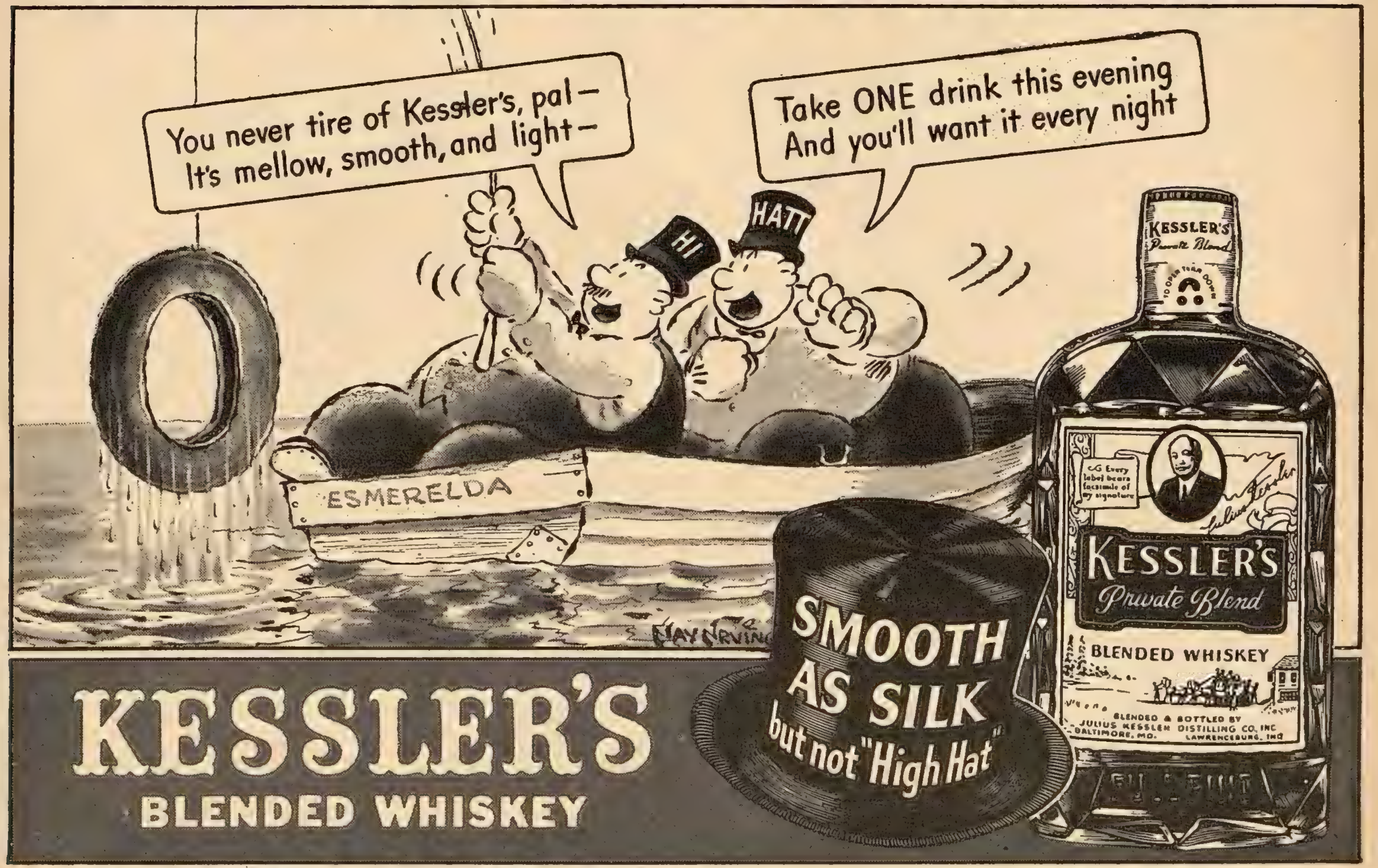
"You realize, of course, that I can have you arrested," Comstock said.

"I know, dear," said Donovan. "And fined ten dollars under the Civil Code for striking a man with glasses. You could make a living that way if things keep up."

COYLE opened the door of his apartment himself. If he was surprised at seeing Comstock, it didn't show in his face. He led the way back into his living room.

It was a big room with massive slip-covered furniture. The French windows were open on a shrub-lined

Mr. HI and Mr. HATT Catch a Prize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terrace. Coyle had evidently been sitting in the room alone at a card table, working out something with two packs of cards. As he sat down again, Donovan noticed the bulge of an automatic in his dressing-gown pocket.

"You too?" Donovan asked.

"Me too what?"

"Whispering Smith," Donovan said.

Coyle's eyes narrowed. "Twenty minutes ago," he said. "I was expecting callers, but not you."

"Well, we'll make it easy for him by all being in one place," Donovan said. "Mine had a sequel, though. Say hello to Mr. Coyle, Junior."

"I've been assaulted three times today by friends of yours, Coyle," Comstock said, shaking with anger. "Twice on the premises of your establishment."

"'Joint' we always call it," Donovan said.

"Every minute you hold me here against my will," Comstock said, "is going to cost you plenty."

Donovan tossed Comstock's pistol onto the card table. "Junior's artillery," he said.

Coyle didn't even look at Comstock. "What happened?"

Donovan checked off on his fingers: "One, a quiet evening at home in the bosom of my family—meaning Jane. Two, mysterious Moe on the phone. Three, the women and children take to the lifeboats. Four, Junior appears, headed for my front door, carrying concealed weapons. Five, crash dive. Six, the sentimental journey."

"What were you doing at Donovan's house, Comstock?" Coyle asked coldly.

"Is there any law against calling on a friend?"

"Who, me?" Donovan said. "When you call me a friend, Junior, smile!"

"Stop calling me Junior!" Comstock said.

"O. K., Junior."

"STOP it, both of you!" Coyle said. "Why were you going to see Harvard, Comstock?"

"I wanted to ask him a question. Is there anything out of the way about that?"

"What question, Comstock?" asked Coyle.

Comstock was suddenly all sweetness and light. "Naturally, I'm interested in Congressman Reardon's investigation of the district attorney. I thought perhaps Donovan would tell me what effect the Lewis girl's arrest would have on the eventual outcome."

"You thought Harvard would give you information?"

"Well, after all, you *did* owe me something," Comstock said. "I *had* been pushed around in your place by the congressman. I was willing to let it pass for a little news I could print in my column."

"Where did you telephone from?" Coyle asked.

"Telephone?"

"Didn't you telephone first?"

"No. I was walking down the street and saw lights in his windows."

"And this gun?"

"I always carry it," Comstock said. "In my work I make enemies."

It was then that outside forces took a hand. Through the open windows came the wail of the air-raid siren. For a moment no one could move. Then Coyle said sharply, "Lights!"

Donovan snapped off the master switch near the door. There was enough reflected light from Times Square for him to see Coyle's bulk outlined in the window.

"Jane!"

"I'm all right, darling," Jane said from a darker corner.

Coyle was muttering. "When I think of the fat slugs in this country living off our substance for twenty years—" he said. "Turn on the radio, Harvard."

Donovan felt his way across the room. A calm voice came over the loud-speaker. There were no planes over the city. Enemy aircraft had been sighted sixty miles northeast. Interceptor planes had gone to meet them. Please be sure that no lights were left to offer a target. Please keep calm. Do not go out on the street. If you are already on the street, take cover. Don't panic. There is time to take all precautions.

"Quigley was fighting these rats," Coyle said in a grating voice. "He had a date with a dame who was going to tell him things. Mona kept that date. Reardon, bets— the hell with them, Harvard. I can't go all out for Mona."

They stood by the window a long time. There was no antiaircraft fire. At last the radio voice told them the all-clear was about to sound, but to avoid unnecessary lights. Coyle shut the windows, pulled down the black shades.

"Lights. Ventilator," he said.

Donovan went toward the door and the switch. He stumbled over something—something that felt like a foot.

"What the hell!" he said. He reached the switch, flipped the two buttons.

Howard Comstock lay face down on the rug. Sitting squarely in the middle of his back was Jane. She put the slipper she held in her right hand back on and got to her feet.

"Jane!"

Her voice was plaintive. "Well, it says very distinctly in the regulations that you shouldn't go out in the street—so I just stopped him. That's all."

DONOVAN lugged the carcass over to the sofa. Comstock was beginning to groan. Jane went to get restoratives.

"Take his gun," said Coyle.

Donovan glanced at the card table. In the darkness, and before trying to leave, Comstock had rearmed himself. Donovan had recovered the pistol and put it back on the table when the doorbell rang. He looked at Coyle.

"Moran," Coyle said. "I phoned him."

It was Moran, looking grayer and very tired. "False alarm, I guess," he said, nodding toward the outside. Then he saw Comstock. "What's this?"

"He had to go," Donovan said, "but teacher said no."

Jane appeared with a towel and a basin of ice water. Donovan gave Moran the details. As he finished, Comstock pushed himself up to a sitting position on the couch. His eyes focused on Moran.

"I want all these people arrested," he said.

Moran ignored him. "I'm not going to ask him for a gun permit," he said. "He'll have one. Everybody has one. I'm not going to ask him why he was calling on you, Donovan, because he'll hand me the same line of hooey he handed you."

"Inspector! Did you hear me?" Comstock said.

"I'm not going to ask him why he tried to sneak out in the middle of an air raid, because he'll say he was being held against his will and had a right to go."

"Inspector! I told you I want these people—"

"I'm not even going to arrest him, because his paper would spring him in half an hour."

"You're right they'd spring me! And if you don't arrest these people you'll find yourself pounding a beat in Canarsie!"

Moran looked pained. "Run away, little man, and don't bother me."

"You mean I can go?"

"I urge it!" said Moran.

"Very well!" Comstock stood up. "You'll be sorry, all of you," he said. He snatched up his little pistol. "You'll—you'll—"

"—rue the day," Jane said.

The front door slammed and Comstock was gone.

Moran sank down on the couch.

"Get the inspector a highball," Coyle said.

"Yes, by Judas, I'll have one, duty or no duty!" Moran said. "This case has got me loopy. I've spent the last two hours with Morrisey and the Lewis girl. And she still doesn't know from nothing. She insists Kent sent her to see Quigley. When Morrisey accused her of being mixed up in espionage, she actually laughed."

"Well, you can't blame her, because you're acting like a bunch of idiots," Jane said. She brought a drink to Moran. "Either Mona or Kent is telling you the biggest whopper of all time, and what do you do? You decide *not* to believe a girl you know, and to accept as gospel what Kent tells you, when everything about him and his place is fishy."

"Look," said Moran patiently. "I admit Kent doesn't remind me of the Citizens' Committee for Good Government, but he had no connection with Quigley. We know that from Morrisey. We *have* to believe him."

"He didn't say that!" Jane persisted. "He said Quigley wasn't tied up with the Times Square Club. He said Quigley wasn't posing as Kent's partner. He didn't say there was *no* connection between them."

"All right, Jane," Moran said. "I—"

"How do you know Kent and his outfit aren't the very ones Quigley was after? How do you know they didn't kill Quigley because he was getting too hot?"

"I don't. But—"

"And I suppose while you and Morrisey were talking to Mona at headquarters she slipped out and telephoned Harvard and Danny?"

"Of course not. But—"

"Then why aren't you looking for the person who did? Quigley got phone calls, and he was murdered, and you arrested Mona. We've gotten phone calls, and maybe we'll be murdered. *Then* whom will you arrest?"

"Jane, listen."

"And where was Comstock, with his gun he always carries, Tuesday night when Quigley was killed?"

"I don't know. But—"

"And why haven't you questioned the Donnelly house detective? You all choked over how slick it was he arrived at just the right moment."

"Are you winded?" Moran asked. "Because, if you are, I'll say something. Quigley had a date with a woman. Mona Lewis is the only woman who turned up. Her gun killed him. She did it."

"And so she called him every five minutes to make sure he was home, when she already had an appointment!" Jane said. "The way you figure things, inspector, simply stinks."

Coyle had been staring thoughtfully at Jane. He interrupted: "Moran, suppose Quigley had those phone calls figured wrong? I wonder if they weren't meant as warnings."

COYLE operated on night-shift hours. His place stayed open long after midnight and he invariably slept till noon. This Thursday morning, however, he was up at nine and had routed Donovan and Terry Reardon from the guest rooms.

Sam, the Negro houseman, served breakfast for them in Coyle's office. While Coyle gave Reardon an account of the night's happenings, Donovan, who had only about three hours' sleep under his belt, ate in silence. When he lit a cigarette with his second cup of coffee, he asked bitterly, "Maybe you'll tell me what we're doing up at this hour?"

"There's work to be done," Coyle said.

"All right," said Donovan. "Stop making like four years old and tell us what it is!"

"That girl of yours!" Coyle said.

"What about her?"

"Made me ashamed of myself," Coyle said. "Do you know what I did?"

"What?"

Coyle shook his head as if he couldn't believe it himself. "When I read that letter of Quigley's I stopped thinking and let myself get mad. I jumped at the conclusion, just as Jane said, that Mona had been lying. I calmly pigeonholed every unexplained fact. I apologize."

Reardon caught at that eagerly. "Then you think perhaps, after all, Mona didn't—"

"I'm starting at scratch this morning," Coyle said. "I have to satisfy myself. I'm not satisfied."

"Danny, you're making a new man of me," Reardon said.

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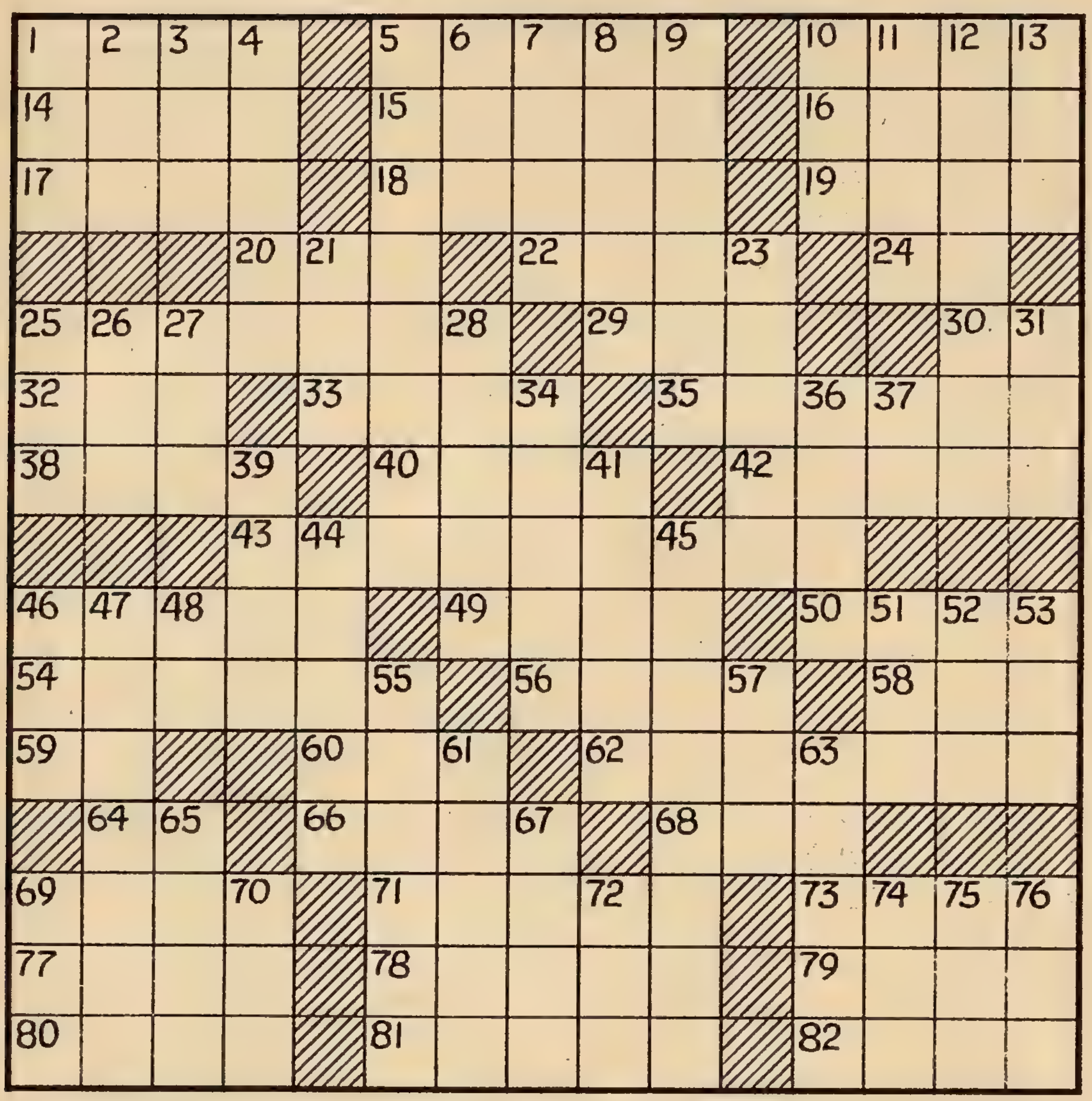
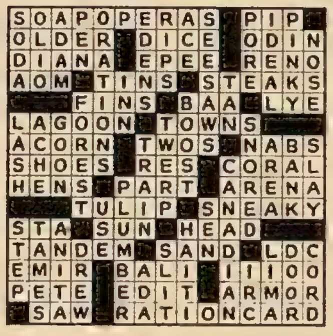
CROSSWORDS

by Lee Pasquin



HORIZONTAL

1 Heroic
5 Written instrument
10 Man (Latin)
14 Mineral
15 Without company
16 Wicked
17 Prophet
18 Indigenous
19 Slender rod
20 Personality
22 Asterisk
24 Note of the scale
25 Misrepresent
29 Part of a needle
30 Egyptian god
32 Before
33 Species of palm
35 Social gathering of men
38 Moistens
40 Chinese dynasty
42 Angry
43 Highly finished
46 Lessen
49 Correct
50 Part of the leg
54 Appetizer
56 Kind of cheese
58 Number
59 Ejaculation
60 Sprite
62 One of a Slavic people
64 Like
66 Uproar
68 Reverential fear



Last week's answer

69 Smell
71 Attracted
73 Pineapple
77 Regulation
78 Species of heron
79 Old
80 Raised
81 Medicinal plant
82 Part of the ear

VERTICAL

1 Printer's measure (pl.)
2 Layer cake
3 Frozen confection
4 Proofreader's mark
5 Wide extended view
6 Winglike part
7 Kitchen utensil (pl.)
8 Growing out
9 New supply (pl.)
10 Cut
11 Egg-shaped
12 Tall slender turret
13 Aged
21 Procured
23 Send
25 Small drops of water
26 Anger
27 Placed
28 Race
31 Part of to be
34 Positive pole (elec.)
36 Native metal (pl.)
37 Hindu god
39 Coarse hair
41 Part of battery (pl.)
44 One afflicted with a chronic skin disease
45 Famous huntress of Greek mythology
46 Playing card
47 Indian title of honor
48 Article
51 Garden implement
52 Hostelry
53 Born (Fr.)
55 Slurs over
57 Reap
61 Counterfeit
63 Mercenary
65 Flat fish
67 Mountain lake
69 Sphere
70 Color
72 Tumor
74 In past time
75 Bird's beak
76 Fruit drink

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

(Continued from page 43)

"Don't misunderstand," Coyle said. "It's just that I'm not convinced. If Mona's guilty, if she's tied up with some spy ring, I'll apply for a front seat at her execution. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Danny," said Reardon. "And I still say thanks for being willing to give her a chance."

"If you're really in love with her, Terry," said Coyle, "the first thing you'll do this morning is resign from your investigating committee."

Donovan's jaw dropped. "But you have a quarter of a million bucks—"

"My bets are that Buckler goes out. He will. If we have to dig up the evidence against him ourselves. As long as Terry's on the committee they'll try to smear him, connect him with Quigley's enemies. If he resigns, with a proper statement which I'll prepare, he'll be sacrificing all for a lady in distress. People will be sorry for him instead of suspicious."

"I had meant to do it anyway," Reardon said. "Mona means more to me than—"

"Save that stuff for the reporters," said Coyle. "You stick to Mona. Make her get a lawyer. You know, Moran's suggestion wasn't bad. Jake Horowitz might fill the bill."

"That crook!" Donovan said. "All he has to do is defend a client for the public to be sure of the client's guilt."

"But he gets 'em off with juries," Coyle said. "Buckler will rush this case to trial. Mona's conviction on a murder charge, with espionage as the background, would re-elect him. Horowitz can stall from hell to breakfast. Get him, Terry. And don't choke over his fee. He'll want to sting me. Well, I'm willing to be stung."

"I'm in your hands, Danny."

"AS for you," said Coyle, giving Donovan a sour look, "find out about Kent. Everything. And find out who's been making those phone calls."

"There are a million telephones in New York," Donovan said. "Checking each one oughtn't to take over thirty or forty years."

"Try not to be more of an obstructionist than you can help," said Coyle. "I'm convinced those calls were meant as warnings. Somebody was trying to tip off Quigley, and later us. We've only touched this case at two points. Comstock and the Times Square Club."

"What about the house detective at the Donnelly?" asked Donovan.

"Let it slide for now. I think Moran will check. He wasn't too happy when Jane got through with him. Smart girl. Don't know what she sees in you."

"She's just sorry for me on account of my rough dishpan hands. Incidentally, what part of this job are you shouldering?"

Coyle grunted, "I'm doing the thinking—fortunately. Get moving!"

Is Jane right in believing that Mona was framed? Is the Times Square Club a cover for enemy agents? Does Kent know more than he is telling? Next week brings surprises and new light on the mystery.

THIS MAN'S WAR

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO

Wotje, Jap island base, as it looked to a Navy pilot after our forces blasted it. Those are ammunition and fuel dumps on fire.

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

DEAR JIM:

You are going to like this Army a lot more than you think you are. The natural apprehensions in your mind will materialize only if you fall into one of two small groups, and I know there's no danger of that. The first group consists of those who think they have been singled out by the government to do a bad job, and damned if they are going to coöperate! So they catch hell from all sides, including their own insides. The second bunch are the guys who yell before they are hit: they're afraid of work, marches, and practically everything, including the needle; so when they're stuck they yell too much to earn any sympathy. Luckily, both groups are very much in the minority and no one pays them much attention except their own kind.

This Army is such a cross section of mankind as you and I have never experienced. Naturally, you will make friends with the fellows who have been brought up much as you have. But that won't stop you from getting to know how the other guys think the way they do, what they value most and want most in life, and how Americans live. I mean *Americans,* rich and poor, smart and dumb—just like you and me, Jim.

So get yourself in the best shape physically you can—and come on in, the water's fine.

"Chuck."

The letter above was not written for publication but I enjoyed it so much that I thought my readers would like to share it.

* * *

Just finished reading your column in May 30 issue and want you to have a personal example of medical care given at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. I was in the hospital with double pneumonia from March 8 to April 16 and in an oxygen tent four days. Due to the excellent care I received, I pulled through and recovered in double time. In civilian life I believe my expenses would have been at least $1,500. Incidentally, the pretty nurses at J. B. helped a lot.

Sgt. D. L. F.,
Sheppard Field, Tex.

Guess the Army thinks of everything, Sergeant, including feminine inspiration.

* * *

My brother is in service overseas. His continual requests for more mail and his appreciation of the mail he gets have prompted me to write to as many other soldiers as I can. From your own experience I am sure you know how much mail means to a man away from home, and even if he doesn't know the person writing he enjoys her letters just the same. Could you arrange to have the names and addresses of several other men in service sent to me? I'll be glad to write them too, and I'll feel that I'm doing what I can in my small way to help the men who are fighting our battles.

Miss J. K., Milwaukee, Wis.

Now I'm in a tough spot. I subscribe to all you say, yet I have to refuse you as I've had to refuse hundreds of other similar requests. I must say no because the War Department has stated that it is not in the public interest to arrange for the exchange of letters between soldiers and civilian strangers. The exact words are: "Under no circumstances will any plan to encourage or promote such correspondence be approved. However kindly the motive behind them may be, the department believes that such plans are liable to abuse by unscrupulous persons." In view of that policy, I can only say no, with regrets.

* * *

Some of the boys who've been in the Army a few months and haven't got their first stripes yet seem sadly disillusioned. I've been a stripe collector for sixteen months. I have graduated from three Army schools. For six weeks I served as drill instructor, handling full platoons. For two months on detached service I did secretarial work for a tentful of colonels, majors, and captains. For four months I have been engaged in a line of work which paid me as much as $200 a week as a civilian. I have been transferred seven times. *And I am still a stripeless buck!* But I'm not griping.

Pvt. A. B. A., Lowry Field, Colo.

Whew! What did you do with your spare time, soldier? And what was that line of work that pays up to $200 a week? Let me know!

* * *

May I answer the question raised in June 6 Liberty as to why a lieutenant general outranks a major general, when a major outranks a lieutenant? When "lieutenant" is used with a title such as "general" it is an adjective signifying "deputy" or "second in command" and has nothing to do with the formal rank of lieutenant, when the word is used as a noun.

Capt. B. F. B., Altoona, Pa.

Thank you, Captain. And thanks to all the others who offered their answers. Many ingenious solutions came in, but the captain's seemed the most logical.

* * *

One of the principal topics of conversation whenever Navy men get together is uniforms. The Army gives its men a uniform they are proud to wear; the Navy insists on dressing its men in a Little Lord Fauntleroy suit. Can you imagine how it feels to be dressed up in a nice big collar and thirteen buttons in the wrong places? I wonder if the brass-hats realize how much a good-looking dress uniform would do for Navy morale. I think 90 per cent of us would be willing to pay for them if we could have them. Cute little sailor boys. Bah!

Seaman 2d Class H. W. S.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Being an Army man, I don't feel qualified to speak on a Navy subject, but the page is wide open to any Navy men who care to express their views.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

ENEMY OUTPOST

BY
JAMES SAXON
CHILDERS

One man and a girl against the Nazi terror! . . Now a breathless adventure comes to a swift, surprising end

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PART SEVEN—CONCLUSION

HE had taken his eyes from the cot, and it was then that Mike flung himself up and brought his fist from low until it caught Christopher upon the point of the jaw. Christopher pitched forward as if a mule had kicked him. As he went down, Mike hit him again, hooking a left to the side of his head that knocked it askew.

"And now I ought to stomp you," he said, standing over the motionless Nazi. "For all you've done to me, I ought to kick your teeth in."

"Mike—" Sally pulled at him. "You aren't hurt? You aren't really hurt?"

He took her in his arms. "No," he said, "I'm all right."

"But, Mike, you were lying there and I thought something terrible had happened. I thought you couldn't even open your eyes."

"That's what he thought," Mike said. "I still ought to stomp him." He caught Sally's hand. "Now we've got to get out of here. And fast."

As they turned to leave the tent the flap was flung back and Johnny Buckshot was standing there, his long hunting knife naked in his hand.

"Johnny!" She started toward him, but Mike held her back.

Johnny Buckshot was not even looking at them. He was walking toward the man lying face down upon the ground. When he came to Christopher's outstretched arm, he lifted it and flung Christopher on his back.

"You cut my t'roat. You cut my yellow-skinned t'roat." Johnny leaned down and raised his knife. "I cut your t'roat. I cut it good." He struck with the long hunting knife, and kept on striking. "I cut it good—good—"

At last he stood up, panting. He walked over to Sally.

"That fellow, he slap me here—here." Johnny touched his cheek twice. "He say he cut my t'roat." Johnny grunted. "I fix him good—no?"

"Yes, Johnny." Sally's eyes closed as she tried to shut out even the memory of what she had seen. "Yes," she said, "you fix him."

"Johnny," Mike said, "clean your knife—quick."

When that was done and the knife back in Johnny's belt, the two men lifted Christopher's body and carried it out into the bush. By the time Mike and Johnny returned, Sally had scraped fresh sand over the blood.

"Johnny," Mike said, "you know if they catch you now, they'll kill you for having stabbed Mr. Christopher."

"I know, me."

"If you help us escape, I'll get you pardoned for having worked against your country."

"I like that, for sure."

"All right. Now there's no use in trying to take Fred Chausse with us. We couldn't go fast and we couldn't go quiet. They'd catch us. But we want our rifles. Have you seen them?"

"I see your rifles, me." He pointed out to the left. "They put your rifles in that tent."

"Then get them and the cartridges. Fast, Johnny—fast."

The Indian slid noiselessly out into the edge of the bush. He was back in no time with the rifles and the two boxes of cartridges. Mike's was still full, and only one was gone from Sally's—the one she had shot at the wolf.

"All right," Mike said. "Now we go."

When they were in the bush Mike stopped. "Johnny," he said, "do you know the fire tower at the end of Serpent Lake?"

"Yes."

"How long would it take you to get there?"

"Maybe two, maybe t'ree hours."

"Johnny"—Mike put his hand on the Indian's arm—"make it in less. Go faster than you ever went before. Tell the man at the tower there are German planes on Spruce Lake. Tell him to telephone Ottawa. Fast, Johnny—fast."

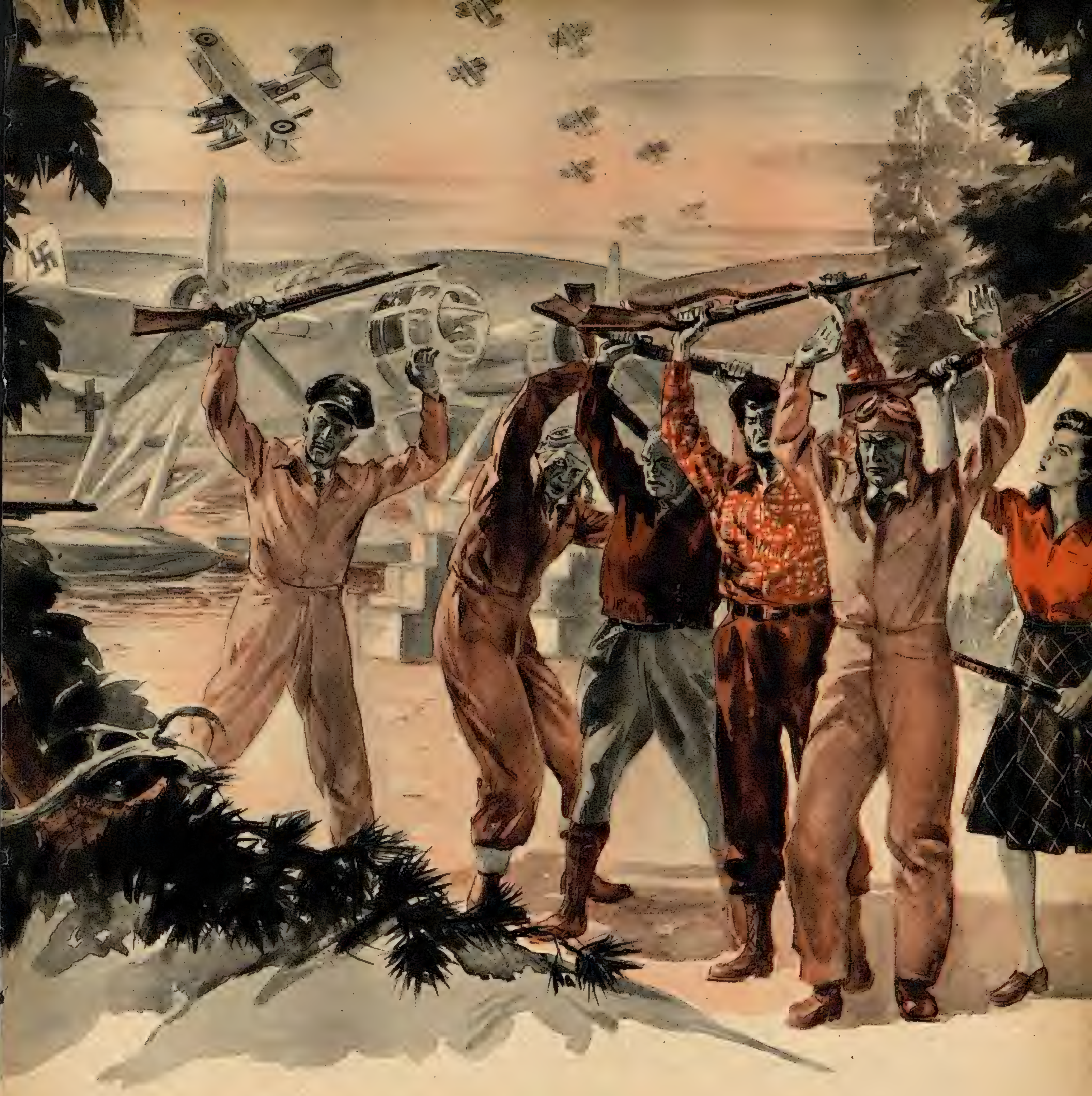
The Indian started away, then came back. "But where you go? What you do?" he asked.

"Johnny, I've no idea of leaving Fred Chausse for those blackguards to murder. Besides, I've got some debts of my own to pay." He patted Johnny's shoulder. "You make for that fire tower. Fast, do you hear?"

Johnny touched himself on the chest. "I go fast, me."

He was hardly gone when they heard a cry from the German camp and saw men running toward it from the shore. Now was their chance, and they ran hard up to the high rock where Sally had sat. Panting, they sat down to open the boxes of cartridges and load their rifles.

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY LUHRS



The Germans were standing with their hands high. Sally went behind the men, taking each rifle.

"I didn't insult you," Mike said, "by suggesting you go with Johnny. I knew you'd stick it out here."

"Yes," she said, "with you."

They slid along the top of the rock until they found two cracks through which they could point their rifles, yet shoot as if behind a shield. They put their rifles in position and then lay quiet. Soon they saw two canoes put out from the shore. One went toward the upper portage and the other went toward the lower. In each were three men. Flashlights of searchers now pierced the darkness of the bush. At last an outcry broke the silence. A man ran out on the beach and they could hear him report to the commander what had been found. Then two men came out with Christopher's body and laid it on the sand.

Mike looked at his watch. Twelve minutes to three.

One of the canoes landed at the near portage. The leader swung it to his shoulders and the men went quickly down the trail.

"They'll wait for us at the foot of the trail," Sally said.

At the far end of the lake the other canoe drew in, was lifted and carried into the portage. The flashlights spread out once more.

"They're looking for us," Mike said. "They're searching for us there in the bush."

Sally put out her hand and touched Mike. "Were they brutes?"

"Yes. Christopher liked to punch and jab and kick. But Higginbotham is more subtle. He has ways of torturing a man that I never dreamed of—but I shall dream of the rest of my life."

"Why did they do it?"

"They wanted to find out how much I knew. Why I had come to the Moose Club. Why I was pretending to be a geologist. Then, too, part of it was just fun. They both enjoyed it. But Christopher bragged and told me everything. He said that after he and Mr. Beck—who, by the way, is not his father—got settled at the Moose

Club, they made final arrangements for the German planes to come over. Christopher and Mr. Beck themselves were the men who lighted the first signal fires and guided the planes onto Spruce Lake.

"This first flight brought men and supplies, even parts of canoes to be fitted together. The next brought the first explosives. Carriers took the stuff down to the highways, where automobiles and trucks hauled it to Lake Ontario. It was smuggled into the United States and distributed.

"Tonight—Sunday night—" Mike said, "is to be the climax of their work, though I couldn't find out what the plan is. Higginbotham is the key man, I know that. The planes that just landed brought him final orders direct from Berlin. He's to go back to the United States this morning and set the whole German organization into action." He looked at his watch. "It's thirteen minutes past three."

"If Johnny can only get through to the fire tower in time," Sally said.

"Yes. And if we can only hold out here long enough." He moved nearer to her and put his arm over her shoulder. "Sally," he said, "I've decided to tell you something. Jock is dead. Christopher stabbed him one night because he had learned one of their Nazi secrets. He tied stones to him and dropped him in the pool under the falls."

After a minute, Sally said quietly, "It's all right. Jock will like it there."

"And they killed Moses Bigfoot, too. Christopher poisoned him and Mr. Beck knelt on his throat and choked him to death in the icehouse. They stuffed his body in the ice and covered it with sawdust, and it's still there. Christopher told me about it in every detail. He loved telling it. There was something almost physical about it, like a man remembering a beautiful woman he has kissed."

"WHY did they kill Moses?"

"He had told the Becks he would not work for them any more. He said his country was at war and he was quitting. He promised he would not tell on them, but they didn't trust him." Mike moved closer to her. "Sally, I want you to be brave. You'll need to be. But I must tell you. Sally, your father was killed last Sunday."

She answered quickly, "That's impossible. He got the note I left at Three Pine Point. He—"

"No, Sally. One of the Germans found the note when they were searching for us. The reason Christopher stabbed Jock was that Jock knew about your father's death; Jock had buried him beside Loon Lake, where he was shot. The German planes were late last Sunday and they were flying low so as not to be seen. When they saw your father looking up, and knew he had seen the German swastikas on the planes, they dived and machine-gunned him. Those were the guns that Fred Chausse heard."

"Oh, Mike!" Sally leaned against him and wept silently.

"But couldn't I get a new pair, dear? I'm tired of your old made-over slacks."

Mike let her cry for a moment, not saying anything. Then, when he saw that the canoes were returning from the near end of the lake and from the far end toward where the planes were partly pulled up on the beach, he knew that now the time was near, and he knew, too, that he had not told Sally all he wanted to tell her.

"I never knew I could love any one as I love you, Sally. It's a funny time to say it—but if we get out of this, I want you to marry me."

"We'll get out of it, Mike." She wasn't crying now, and her voice was steady. "And when we do, I'll marry you. Nothing can stop me from that."

At a sound from the camp, Mike swung quickly to his place. He lifted his rifle and sighted along it, and Sally did the same.

The men were coming out of the bush now. Their commander spoke to them, giving his orders. One man started toward the plane.

"Shall we shoot high and give him warning?" Sally said.

"When you're fighting these fellows, you can't be a gentleman, else they'll kick you in the belly when you're not looking. I'll shoot first, and you have him covered. If I miss, you take him."

When the man was near the plane Mike aimed carefully and slowly squeezed the trigger. The man went down and twisted on the sand. Two of the men on the shore ran and carried him back into the thicket. The others followed. When another man started for the plane, Mike got him.

"If two come out," Mike said, "you shoot the right. I'll take the left. If more than two come out, you begin on the right. I'll begin at the left."

A dozen rifles were suddenly fired from the bush, as five men ran out, bent low. Mike shot one down. Then he and Sally shot at almost the same time and two others dropped. But two men reached the plane and jumped in. Above the thunder of its motors sounded the machine gun. Bullets struck the rock.

"Keep your head down," Mike warned.

A DOZEN men ran from the bush, caught the wing of the plane and swung it free, and fled back into the bush. The plane moved forward, its searchlight playing over the rock, the machine gun sending its leaden stream in search of them.

When Mike could see the pilot, in the bright moonlight, he took slow aim and fired. The plane swerved, the pilot spilled out of the seat and the motor went dead. Then the machine-gun bullets were going wild as the gunner tried to swing his gun. Before he succeeded, Sally had fired and the gunner crumpled.

"Good girl," Mike said.

"That one's ours," she said, as the plane drifted with the wind, coming toward the base of the rock. "We've captured a German plane."

Now the dawn of Sunday was breaking and they could see the men in the bush. The commander was giving his orders. Finally he turned and led the men toward the shore. When they came to the edge of the bush they bent low and began to run. Mike saw that those running toward the far plane carried crates and boxes; but he and Sally continued firing at the men nearer, at the commander and three others who went down.

Then suddenly Mike, his rifle hot in his hand, found he was out of cartridges. But Sally kept on firing. The last man clawed at the door of the fuselage, then slithered down to the sand and the door was closed.

The men had swung the two planes free as they ran past the wings and now the motors roared. The planes moved down to the far end of the lake. Back they came, their motors full on as they rose from the water and soared into the air. They steered toward the rock, but they were too high to use their explosives as bombs. Before they reached the rock, they dropped the boxes and crates. Mike caught Sally to him, holding her close. From the shore and the thicket trees and rocks were flung high in the air.

When there was silence again, Mike said, "Bad luck, Sally. But I still don't see how we could have stopped them." He pushed up from the rock and looked toward the shore.

As his head went up over the protecting wall of the rock, he heard the quick hiss of a bullet fired from the shore and passing near him. He dropped flat to the rock again. There was still some one in the bush. And now Sally too was out of cartridges.

"There's nothing we can do," she said.

"Yes, there is. We can cheer like blazes," Mike said, pointing up. "Look! Johnny got through in time."

She heard the faint hum in the sky and looked up and saw the nine Canadian battle planes flying in formation, flying to intercept the two German planes that had left Spruce Lake only a few minutes before.

"Hello—hello, there in the bush," Mike called. "Can you hear me?"

"Yes," answered a voice from the thicket.

"Look in the sky." Mike waited a minute. "They'll be back. They know you're here. What's the use in more killing? We don't want to shoot any more." He winked at Sally as he said it. "Why not surrender?"

FOR a minute there was no answer. Then a shout: "Hello, on the rock."

"Yes," Mike answered.

"If you'll hold your fire while we come out and destroy the plane, we'll surrender. Otherwise we're coming out and blow you off that rock."

"Answer him, Sally," Mike whispered. "Answer him."

"You haven't had much luck blowing us off so far," she called. She dropped her voice: "Where are you going?"

"Keep talking to them," Mike said, as he slid over the back of the rock.

"But you have no cartridges," Sally said.

"They don't know it."

"Hello, on the rock. If you don't agree to hold your fire, we're—"

"Look," Sally called. "Look up."

In the sky the nine Canadian planes had maneuvered into position. Suddenly they swooped. In an instant one of the German planes was no longer in the sky—there was only a mass of flames plunging down. Then the wings of the other plane seemed to fall off and the fuselage plummeted toward the earth.

"The Canadian planes are coming back," Sally called. "And you'll all be killed. Why not surrender now?"

"Not until we've destroyed that plane on the water. If you'll hold your fire, we'll not attack. Otherwise—"

"You'll drop those rifles, buddy, that's what you'll do." It was Mike Kilpatrick talking. "That's right. Now stick your hands in the air."

Mike came out from behind the trees and went toward where the six Germans were standing with their hands high. By that time Sally was down from the rock too. She went behind the men, taking each rifle. She opened one and saw that it was loaded.

"Thank goodness," Mike said, dropping his own rifle and taking that one. She helped him keep them covered.

Three other Canadian planes had appeared, flying up from the south. They spiraled down, shot out low over the trees, and landed. They turned and came across the water to where Mike and Sally and their six prisoners were waiting on the shore.

Mike had begun giving his report to the Canadian officers when Sally interrupted.

"What about Fred?" she said.

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"That's right." Mike turned abruptly and followed Sally.

They ran to the tent where Sally had told Fred good-by. "Fred," she called. "Fred, are you all right?"

"Yes, miss," he said, as she raised the flap of the tent and went in. "I'm all right for sure. And you, miss? Are you all right?"

"She's not only all right," Mike said, "but she captured a German plane. And we've taken six prisoners."

"Seven," Fred said. "By jeepers, you just look under my cot."

Fred said that soon after the first outcry, a man had come running into the tent saying that Sally and Mike were hiding there.

"He look everywhere. He stoop down for to see under my cot. And I reached out"—Fred reached out—"I catch him and, by gee, I try to broke his neck. Then I tie him good. I put him under there."

When the man was dragged out, Mike whooped his joy: "Mr. Higginbotham!"

In the inner pocket of Mr. Higginbotham's coat they found a paper. Mike opened it, and shouted again.

"So you didn't have a chance to memorize it, then destroy it!" He was reading rapidly. "This is everything we want. Everything! The plan for tonight with all names and addresses and"— Mike caught his breath. "And there is more than explosions. Here is the plan of a general attack." Mike looked up at two Canadian officers who had just come into the tent. "How is the quickest possible way to get this information to Washington?"

"We'll fly you there," one of the officers said.

ON that Sunday night Mr. Beck was tuning the dials of the radio in the dining room at the Moose Club.

"Almost time," said Uncle Ed Carroll, going over and taking his place by Judge Puckett on the sofa. Mrs. Puckett was knitting. Dorothy Tyler was playing solitaire.

The announcer said: "The President of the United States."

There was a moment's pause, then: "My friends, I come to you tonight with a message of reassurance."

As the speech continued, Mr. Beck, deadly pale, slumped lower in his chair. Dorothy Tyler's eyes were down.

Suddenly they heard the sound of a motor coming around Goat Island. Mr. Beck cut off the radio and they all hurried down to the dock. In the boat were two officers of the Northwest Mounted. They stepped out.

"Which of you is Mr. Carroll?" one of them asked.

Uncle Ed identified himself.

"Here is a message that came for you this afternoon. It is from Miss Sally McDonald and was sent from Washington, D. C. Which of you is Mr. Beck?"

"I am Mr. Beck."

"Which of you is Dorothy Tyler?"

"I am."

"Sally is all right, Mrs. Puckett." Uncle Ed looked up from the message. "Says she has a lot to tell us. Says too"—he held his flashlight nearer the paper—"that Mike Kilpatrick is with her and for us not to worry."

"I suppose you know why we're here," the officer said.

"Why?" Judge Puckett asked.

"This man and this woman"—the officer pointed at Mr. Beck and Dorothy Tyler—"are German agents."

IT was Sally's idea, bringing all the maids and all the guides, and Dominic McNabb and his wife down from Canada for the wedding ceremony. Her father, she felt, would have wanted it that way, too.

In the first pew to the left, Fred Chausse leaned over and in a sepulchral whisper declared, "Miss Sally, she look pretty—no?"

"By gee, yes," agreed Solomon Rat, turning for further confirmation to Rose and Johnny Buckshot.

Pete Mercier silenced the booming Solomon with an admonitory kick. "You talk like bull moose," he said.

When Uncle Ed Carroll gave the bride away, Judge Puckett's hand stole along the edge of the pew to Mrs. Puckett's hand.

Afterward, during the quiet reception in her home, Sally stood for a moment, with Mike beside her, looking at an old silver-haired Indian standing on the shore of Hammer Bay. Silent to those who saw only a photograph in a birchbark frame, Old Jock was speaking to Sally.

Turning to her husband, she whispered, "Did you really mean it when you said, 'I will'?"

"No," said Mike. "I didn't mean just 'I will.' I wanted to tell how I really felt—to say, 'By gee, for sure.' "

THE END

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Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 36

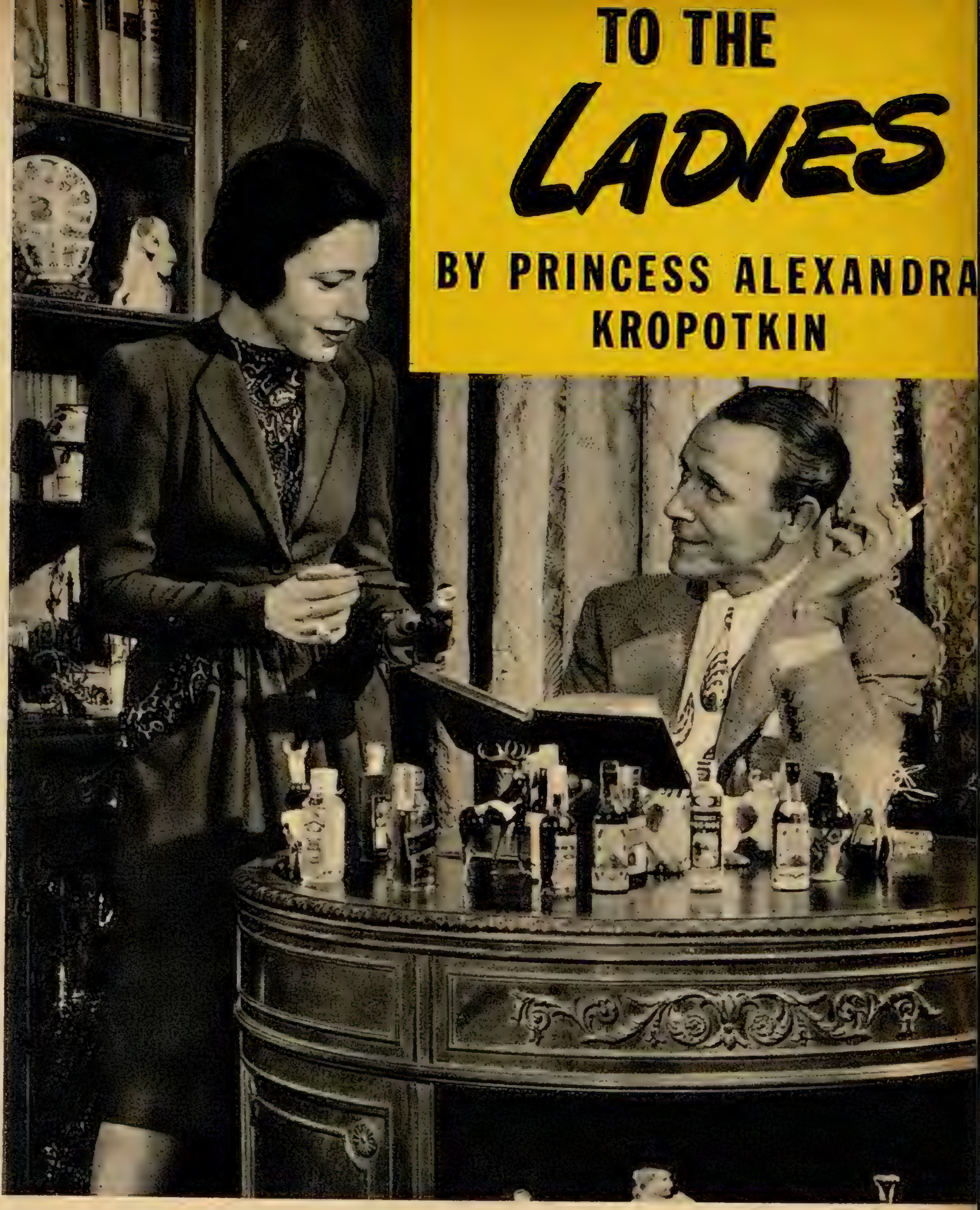
1. John Barrymore.
2. Cherra Punji, India, where the annual rainfall is about thirty-seven feet.
3. Members of the construction units who build buildings and docks and overseas bases for the navy. They also help defend the bases, if necessary.
4. It is the Office of Petroleum Co-ordination, a government bureau. Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes is the boss.
5. This is the name given to the night shift in war plants. It starts at twelve midnight usually, and ends at 8 A. M.
6. The Grand Coulee Dam in the State of Washington.
7. The Wedding March. It was played on the chapel organ as West Point men rushed to get married as soon as they were graduated.
8. It stands for "unknown." When the rays were first discovered, they were found to contain many unknown properties. Hence the X.
9. Mexico, when that country declared war on the Axis.
10. He wears a white uniform for home games, and a gray one when playing away from home.
11. The Drottningholm.
12. Australia.
13. In the original Chinese, the word meant to kneel before somebody high and mighty and knock the head against the ground.
14. He is referring to an American-made tank called the General Grant.
15. He was the Rt. Rev. Peter Rowe, Protestant Episcopal missionary, Bishop of Alaska, who traveled thousands of miles by dog sled every year in connection with his duties.
16. Fourteen.
17. Obtain pledges from their neighbors to buy war bonds.
18. She is the "Little Eva" of Uncle Tom's Cabin.
19. The "Flying Tigers," the daring aviators stationed in China.
20. He invented the photographic process known as the daguerreotype.

TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

BABIES' hats and vacuum cleaners might not seem to connect with the spirits business, but in Peter E. Siskind's case they did. The sales skill he learned selling infants' bonnets, then vacuum cleaners, led him to organize American Spirits, Inc., house of Carioca rums and Balzac cordials. Now he flies 200,000 miles a year transacting deals, yet declares the best salesman he ever met was one George Crissman who sold vacuum cleaners, and he says, "I want George selling for us, but he has disappeared. If any of you happen to locate him, please let me know." . . . Born in Greenwich Village, boyhood neighbor of Gene Tunney, Peter Siskind deems Gene an outstanding expert on flavors, calls the ex-champ in to sample new cordials. Mr. Siskind's library of cordial miniatures is spectacular, containing more than 5,000 varieties. In the handsome little private bar adjoining his Radio City office, I acquired the secret of perfect summer drinks made with rum. The lime or lemon juice we use must be absolutely fresh-squeezed; it changes taste within ten minutes after fruit is cut. . . . The word *carioca* remains something of a riddle. It was a song title in the screen hit, Flying Down to Rio, and it clicked immediately when a young lady office secretary suggested it as a trade name for rum. While the inhabitants of Rio de Janeiro are called cariocas, the origin of the word remains a mystery.



Part of Peter Siskind's "library" of 5,000 cordial miniatures.

JUST for a joke, a New England man visiting Mexico had one of the professional letter writers do a letter for a girl back here in the States. Mildest parts of the letter went like this: "You inflame my heart. My soul is yours. I swear to make you happy as long as I live." . . . The girl had it translated, but she didn't laugh. She was entranced. She has married the New England man—and that's no joke.

THE world's highest-paid chefs add a secret dash of cordial to many of their famous dishes. They insinuate a mysterious zest of blackberry cordial in the gravy with baked ham; they lift fruit salads to heavenly heights with a teaspoon of cherry cordial; they achieve the iced coffee of your dreams by putting a few drops of kümmel into the whipped cream that tops the glass. . . . These celebrated *crêpes Suzette* are a cinch to make with the new domestic Triple Sec: For the sauce, cream 4 tablespoons sweet butter with 4 tablespoons finely powdered confectioner's sugar. Stir in grated rind 1 orange, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 2 tablespoons Triple Sec cordial. Chill the sauce. Now make French pancakes, using any standard recipe, but keep the cakes small. Drop 1 teaspoon sauce in middle of each pancake. Fold or roll; lay in very hot buttered pyrex dish. Sprinkle with confectioner's sugar and lemon juice. Pour 1 cup Gold Label (dark type) rum over cakes. Set afire and bring to table blazing. Serve quickly. They *must* be eaten *hot!*

WITH their Jap gardeners gone, Hollywood glamourettes now garden in earnest. At Percy Westmore's, Joan Leslie lectures her hairdresser about cutworms and sourbugs, and she's a keen judge of chemical fertilizers. Myrna Loy sells fresh mint, tarragon, etc., to the Brown Derby, the Cock and Bull, and other Hollywood restaurants, making her herb patch pay. Tall new star, Alexis Smith, five feet eight and half, grows asparagus, radishes, lettuce, tending them with her own hands, as does Priscilla Lane, who gets ribbed for photographing all her vegetables, movie style.

USEFUL vacation book: Where to Eat, Sleep and Play West of the Mississippi. (Garden City Publishing Co., Inc. $1.)

"WHAT would you do if a hundred refugees arrived in your back yard needing food and lodging? If you couldn't get gas, oil, or coal, and had to cook a meal for forty cold, hungry people, could you do it?" . . . How to meet such emergency situations is being taught through July and August at summer camps for Girl Scouts. This undertaking is called Wartime Workshops. It deserves a hand.

LIBERTY'S Vox Pop page (May 30) quoted a letter received by G. W. Philpott (Rod Hunter), sports writer for the San Francisco Call Bulletin, from Edward W. Bailey, Acting Chief, Division of Fishery Biology, Fish and Wild Life Service (pause here for station identification), U. S. Department of the Interior (phew!)—the letter saying that my informant on shad-and-mackerel affairs is all wet. . . . Fish scientist Bailey claims mackerel can't matchmake between innocent male and female shad because shad spawn in fresh water, while mackerel swim in salt water. De luxe fish dealer Lucien Prince, who told me the story in the first place, insists it is true and that the phenomenon goes on every year in rivers which are part fresh, part salt as they near the sea. Any more doubters?

TRIAL BY FIRE

Continued from Page 15

Loren's dime. She was white and dripping wet, and when the boys screamed that Commando cry, she just stood. Rick and Loren watched her. If you squawk, the initiation is over and you aren't a Commando. She didn't say a word, but her hands opened and closed and she had a look on her face.

Somebody called up, and when I went back into our room Julie was saying "Hello, Marcia," into the telephone. She was wiping her hair with a towel and letting her clothes drip on the rug. Only Julie's voice was quiet. Nothing else in our suite was. "The prattle of what?" Julie said a couple of times. She said, "Honestly, Marcia, I can't hear you. Oh, everything's wonderful. I— Where's Kim?" she said to me in a distracted voice, and I went to look. When I got back she was saying "No, no!" over and over. She said very loud, "There's no room at the cottage. Stay at home, you ghoul."

"That was Marcia, I presume," I said, to be polite.

"You presume right." Julie looked at me. Then she closed her eyes again.

THE cottage was on a lake. It was all of logs. There were lots of Indian blankets and things, and a big fireplace. There was a dock running out into the water. It wasn't near any other cottage and was very quiet and peaceful before we got there. There was a cook, who was fat, and I don't know where she came from, nor where she went. She went in the evening on the second day, on a bus, and with Julie standing looking after her.

Nothing will stop Rick and Loren with a Commando initiation, so the cottage and the nice shallow place to swim didn't stop them. I'd have felt sorry for Julie if it hadn't been for my plan, which wasn't really a plan at all. And if my plan didn't work out, she'd learn the boys really meant to be nice, making her a Commando.

There was the trick of locking her in the bathroom, and the one of putting red pepper in her food, and some of them were just dumb. There was always something in Julie's bed, and every time she put shoes on there was something in them, too. Sometimes it was soft, once even gelatin, but other times hard.

When Julie came in from swimming, her clothes were always in knots and things would be knotted in them—once, for instance, a dead fish. But I believe that it was the way Rick and Loren watched and then yelled that she minded most of all. Kim would yell, too. She'd look puzzled and not happy. Soon she didn't try to laugh. She even began to look like Mr. Jameson, the man next door in Clinton, who used to say, "If I could have 'em for just an hour!"

A Commando initiation goes on until Rick and Loren are tired of it, so this one kept going on, and it was no surprise to me that Julie didn't get rested at the cottage, especially with the cook gone. Aunt Amy says it will take one able-bodied person just to feed our boys.

One afternoon we had gone in to town for supplies, and then we went swimming before supper. I was in the sun with Julie and the boys were in the shallow water, but she had to keep watching them every second. No doubt she had a headache, for she tried to keep the sun out of her eyes. She just said, "Alice," in a quiet voice, and then, "The boys dislike me, don't they?" Her face looked still but not happy, and I couldn't see her eyes.

"My goodness—" I sat up and watched the boys, too.

"What about you, Alice?"

But I didn't have to answer. We must have looked away, for when we looked back Kim was running as fast as he could out on the dock. He looked little, running so hard. We called. We got up and ran, too. We didn't know that one of the beach umbrellas was out there at the end of the dock until Kim grabbed it, and jumped. He thought it would open. Kim had taken his parachute jump at last, and into the deep water where even I was not to go. It was the one thing Julie was firm about. We were running, Julie so fast that she was ahead of me.

She dived off the end of the dock. I don't like to think of when I got out there, with her coming up and just pointing to where all the piles were under the dock. You couldn't make out what she said, but it was to get help. She went down again. A boat was turning back from the lake, but it was a rowboat, and far out.

Everything was standing still, though I was running back fast. I jumped off where Rick and Loren were trying to bring the rubber raft out. I put them off, but it took me forever to get the raft out to the end of the dock, and my heart was bursting now.

Julie had Kim out when I got there. She was holding to one of the piles and holding Kim. We got him on the raft and we swam it back, but with Julie mostly just holding on.

She was soon better. Kim, too. They were on the beach and we were just standing in a huddle around them and I was beginning to breathe again. "He was just to scare you." Rick touched Julie, and his voice was funny. "He wasn't to jump." Julie looked up at him and then at Loren. It was the first I knew it had been part of the Commando test.

Julie picked Kim up with her mouth shaking and she didn't say anything. We started back to the cottage, with Rick and Loren behind. They didn't

JUST MARRIED
RODNEY

"CLUMSY"

give the Commando yell. Once I looked back, and they were making Vs with their fingers, meaning it was over now. The rowboat was in and the men ran, and one of them took Kim from Julie. Kim began to scream, and the man said, "He's all right." Up at the cottage he gave Julie something out of a bottle.

The men went. It was a surprise to me when Julie went to the telephone and called father. She just asked him to come down. She tried to laugh, and perhaps, if you didn't see her face, it sounded all right. It wasn't her words or her voice but her face that told me it was all over.

I just stood. I didn't know what was the matter with me, or why my stomach was more queer than it had ever been before.

WE wanted to go to bed before father came, and we did that. I couldn't go to sleep, though. I'd stay in bed for a while and then get up and look out at the lake. Music was playing somewhere far off but it didn't sound happy. Father's car came. He was there for a while before I started to listen. It wasn't really listening, but just going to the bathroom for a drink of water, and then stopping.

I couldn't hear at first. "If I have to tell you, Charles," was what I heard first in a low voice, "the children just don't like me. I won't be responsible for having them stay even a week—"

Yes, it was over. Then why was I bending down and down over where everything that had been curled in my stomach had melted and run away?

Father said, "Hush. It won't make any difference with us," he said, with his voice all tight. "Aunt Amy doesn't want to give them up, and we—"

"That would be shutting them away from you." Now Julie's voice was just tired. "I couldn't."

"I don't know what you mean." Father's voice got loud and gruff, the way it will when he doesn't know what to do next. "They don't go around disliking people. They're just pups. You'll have to tell me what you mean."

Then they were quiet. There was no place for me to run to, and anyway I couldn't move. Julie wouldn't tell all the things the boys had done, the things I had let them do. I stood and twisted, for maybe they were just pups, but I wasn't. I was twelve years old. There was nothing but emptiness in my stomach now, and a sick feeling. My feet moved, and I was where I could look down at them. Father was looking as sick as Kim when he first came out of the water, and Julie's lips were trembling again. If you have to grow up fast it will hurt all over.

"Father," I called, "you'll have to come up here. Please hurry."

In my bedroom he just looked at me when I told him he'd have to punish the boys. "Hurry," I whispered. "Scold them, hard and loud." I gave him one of my belts and pushed him. "Pretend you're going to whip them. Oh, do hurry! Look. Even I will die if some one is going to punish them."

"Oh," he said. "Do you mean—" Then he moved.

Julie was standing down there with her hands and her lips tight together. "Julie," I said, my voice hurrying, "we were all so scared about Kim we forgot to tell you the initiation is over."

She just said, "Initiation—" her lips scarcely moving.

"The Commandos," I told her, still hurrying. "It's the boys. They're very silly. They think it's the highest honor, and you're the first grown-up ever to get in. They listen to it on the radio and they made up their own yell. But now it's over and you're in. You're in because you didn't gripe once, no matter what they did to you." I was moving closer and closer, but it didn't seem as though she understood me, not until she caught my shoulders and pressed hard. "Initiation," she said. "Alice, do you mean the boys don't— It wasn't because—" She stopped to listen, and now father was shouting at the boys. "You, Alice," Julie said, "do you—"

"You are most—" I began, embarrassed. "It's been the most— Oh, gosh, Julie," I said, "you're swell and you know it." Then she ran.

It was a funny sight in the boys' room when I went up, Julie on the bed with an arm around both Rick and Loren and with Kim half awake and hanging around her neck. All of them were looking at father. Julie had taken the belt and her cheeks were pink and she was scolding father. All of our boys looked like angels, the way they can with their hair standing up in curls and their eyes sleepy.

ALL in a hurry Julie had learned to put her foot down. "Go right downstairs, Charles," she said. "Go down, right this minute." He went, but passing me he looked down fast, a funny look. "Go right back to sleep, all of you." Julie, with her foot still down, tucked the boys in. "Good night, baby." She tucked Kim in last of all, and Kim said, "You can call me Butch," in his most screwball voice. "It's my Commando name," he said.

"You, too, Alice. Right to bed!" It was a surprise to me to have her put her foot down with me, but I hurried to bed. I got up once to look out over the lake, and then down to where father and Julie weren't being cross any longer, down on the terrace.

We live now in Longmeadow, which is near New York. I am slowly turning into a newer model, though I haven't written Aunt Amy about the permanent wave yet.

We have lots of fun in our house. Any one who wants to listen to the Commandos or the Para-Spirit, though, has to take his plate of dinner and listen in the playroom. He can have the radio, or dessert, and we have very good desserts. Our boys are slowly losing interest in the Commandos.

I forgot to say that we don't have to read Ivanhoe in the Longmeadow school, not this year.

THE END

Something to CELEBRATE!

CELEBRATE birthdays, engagements, wedding anniversaries, and *Victories* with Heublein's Club Cocktails... justly celebrated for Excellence and Convenience.

HEUBLEIN'S
THE CLUB
MANHATTAN
COCKTAILS

6 REASONS WHY

1. No messing—no guessing.
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3. Absolutely highest *quality*.
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6. No waste. (*Unused cocktails in bottle keep like any other liquor.*)

FREE: Write for *Club Party Book* of snack recipes. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Dept. L7, Hartford, Conn.

65 proof

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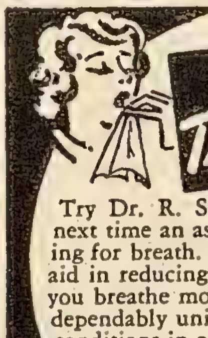
ALWAYS READY—ALWAYS RIGHT

PERSONALITIES MAKE NEWS: People are behind the headlines of events. Read articles *about* them and *by* them in Liberty.



ASTHMATIC?
Try ASTHMADOR

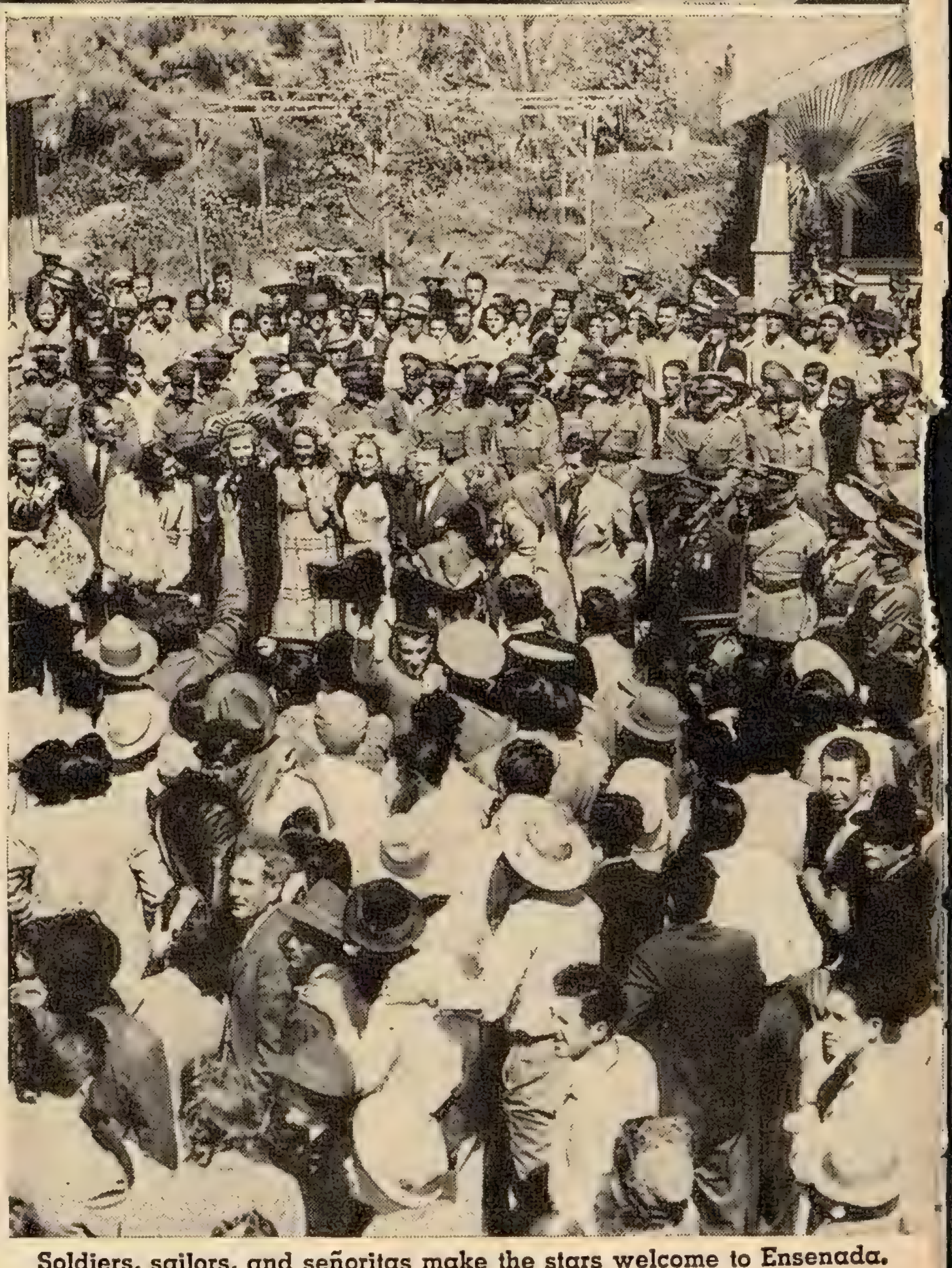
Try Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR the next time an asthmatic attack leaves you gasping for breath. ASTHMADOR'S aromatic fumes aid in reducing the severity of the attack—help you breathe more easily. And it's economical, dependably uniform, produced under sanitary conditions in our modern laboratory—its quality insured through rigid scientific control. *Try* ASTHMADOR in any of three forms, powder, cigarette or pipe mixture. At all drug stores—or write today for a free sample to R. SCHIFFMANN CO. Los Angeles, Calif. Dept. N-78.

SOUTH OF THE BORDER—

Applause and smiles for troupers from Hollywood, as Mexican naval men prove they appreciate a good show.

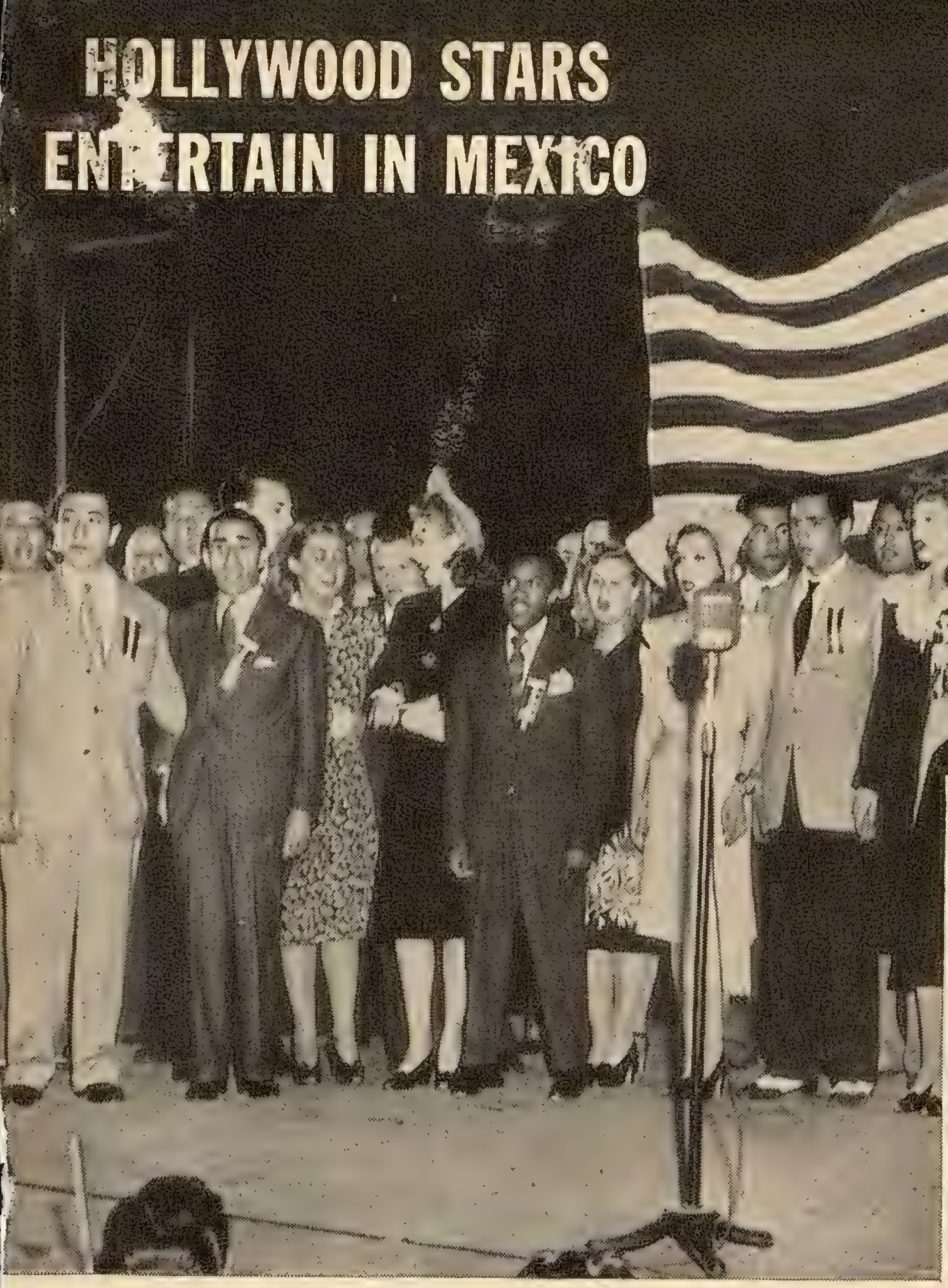
At the station shortly before the cry of "All aboard!"

Powell sounds off to Mexican guitars in a serenade.



Soldiers, sailors, and señoritas make the stars welcome to Ensenada.

HOLLYWOOD STARS ENTERTAIN IN MEXICO



Look closely and pick them out—Cagney, Bennett, Velez, Ball, and others.

Joan Bennett, Berlin, Jinx Falkenberg, and Wanger.

THIS IS AMERICA

"South of the border,
Down Mexico way."

THOSE words became more than just a song lyric to the thirty movie stars who traveled to Ensenada, Mexico, not long ago to entertain Mexican soldiers and sailors. The boys and girls from Hollywood discovered that Mexican hospitality had not been exaggerated—even by those writers of popular songs who lavishly promise the flashing smiles of dark-eyed señoritas and the haunting music of guitars to all who visit the sunny republic that lies below us on the map. The señoritas and the serenaders were there to give a rousing welcome. And when the movie stars, in turn, gave *their* all in the way of entertainment, the Mexican troops who were their audience responded with that all-out applause which warms every actor's heart.

On these pages are pictures taken during the trip. You will recognize, among the stars who made the journey, such favorites as Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, Jimmy Cagney, Lupe Velez, Lucille Ball, Jinx Falkenberg, Joel McCrea, Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy, Ann Miller, and many others. And, just for good measure, Walter Wanger, producer, and Irving Berlin, whose World War II songs threaten to outshine the ones he wrote during World War I, went along with the crowd.

It's hands across the border to our Mexican allies in the lighter as well as the more serious aspects of war.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIBERTY BY COSMO-SILEO.

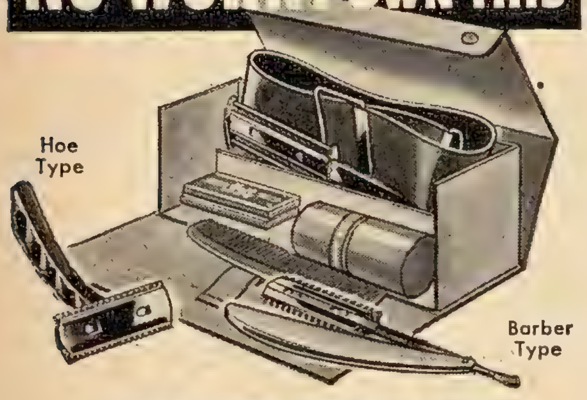
Here is Jinx again, ready to cool off with a swim.

Cagney and McCrea know how to pick their señoritas.

Perfection OF MILDNESS
CONTINENTAL
Perfection of Mildness
Cobbs Creek
Blended Whisky
A smooth and delicious whisky expertly blended for bouquet and flavor
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY Continental Distilling Corporation PHILADELPHIA, PA.

86.8 Proof
70% Grain
Neutral Spirits

BLADE RATIONING NO WORRY IF YOU OWN THIS



DURHAM SHAVE KIT

1. Ten hollow-ground, double-edge blades—over twice thicker, to take many stroppings. 2½ times more shaving edge.
2. Genuine leather strop—semi-automatic, triples life of these already long-life blades.
3. Your choice, barber type or hoe type safety razor. Specify type wanted. Both use same famous Durham Duplex blade.
4. In serviceable case with shaving stick and comb. *$2.50 postpaid— Money-back guarantee. Special— Only $2 if sent to men in Armed Service. Mail orders only—while supply lasts.*

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. R, MYSTIC, CONN.
Also makers of Enders *Speed* Shaver

PULVEX
FLEA POWDER
—also kills Lice and Ticks
25¢ AND 50¢

Vox Pop

"Voice of the People"

WAS ANYTHING WRONG WITH THAT PICTURE?

Salem, Ore.—I wish to protest against the accuracy of the cover on the issue of June 13 Liberty, just arrived. It's the same on both copies, for you see I purchase two each week.

I am positive that *no top sergeant ever smiled that way,* even if he were an M. P. finding a machine gunner whose pass was screwy. A close study of top sarges convinced me that they were weaned on vinegar and cayenne pepper. And I certainly had the opportunity to study and observe them in all stages, from the fledgling type, fresh and verdant, to the veriest variety of "thuty-year" brand.

Liberty
MOSCOW WAR DIARY

If the lips on that face had turned down a bit at the corners, to make it a smirk of fiendish glee at getting some A. W. O. L. buck dead behind the 8 ball, I might credit it; but that look of joy just isn't possible. Even payday and a pass at the same time couldn't make one look like that, although the bucks would look relieved if he got both at once.—*Donegan Wiggins (Ex-M. G. Mec., 75th Inf.).*

COUPLA VOTES FRESH UP FROM DOWN SOUTH

Fort Worth, Tex.—Wanted! A name for this war.

The War for World Freedom is my choice.—*Archie B. Smith.*

Miami, Fla.—Why wouldn't World's Emancipation War be a good title for the present world's war?

For brevity the initials may be used: W for World's, E for Emancipation, W for War—together WEW. W is the first letter of will; so, reading WEW forward and backward, it will read, We Will. WEW fight. WEW win.—*George R. Hilty.*

WELL, OF ALL THINGS, WE'RE AN AUTHOR!

Phoenix, Ariz.—In several past numbers you have published so-called two-minute stories. And then there is your usual Short Short—Liberty's specialty.

But I wonder if you realize the short-short-short shorts that appear every so often in your publication. No? Well, turn to the table of contents of your June 13 issue and you will find the following bits of realism among the titles:

"Meanest man, just between ourselves, remember how I cried? Do you feel guilty? No fella should."

This Man's War

"Crosswords to the ladies—chin out, stomach in—steps of your own.

"Pierre Laval—Hitler's dove of peace, challenge to honor—meanest man."—*M. R. Murray.*

REORDER WITH THANKS (BOTH APPRECIATED, A. W.)

South Brewer, Me.—Surely Edwin Rutt was not in a rut when he wrote that amusing story in June 13 Liberty, No Fella Should. Hope there will be more like it—we need a good laugh.

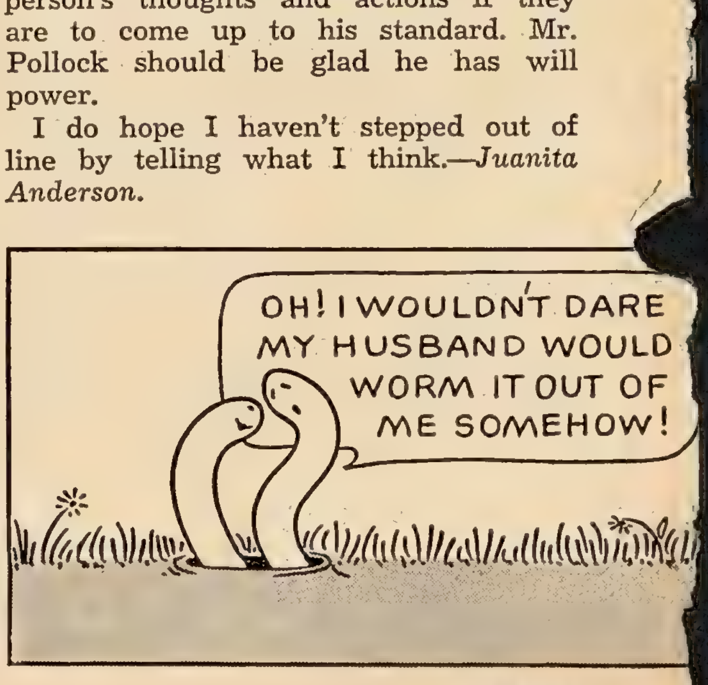
Enjoy Liberty, especially Fala.—*A. White.*

COULDN'T BE DONE IN LIBERTY, LADY

Houston, Tex.—I rather think Channing Pollock, author of Do You Feel Guilty? in June 13 Liberty, would like to have his cake and eat it too.

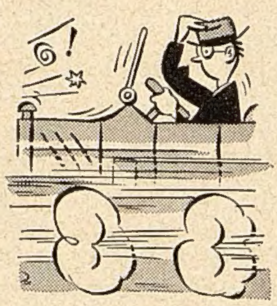
You can't expect to save money through self-indulgence. And you certainly should feel guilty when you take something you'd planned to give up years ago. Restrictions have to be put on a person's thoughts and actions if they are to come up to his standard. Mr. Pollock should be glad he has will power.

I do hope I haven't stepped out of line by telling what I think.—*Juanita Anderson.*


OH! I WOULDN'T DARE MY HUSBAND WOULD WORM IT OUT OF ME SOMEHOW!

BACKFIRE FROM A ONE-CYLINDER

NEEDLES, CALIF.—Our President requested that we "keep it under forty" (our automobiles, little kiddies, not our waistlines); and yet, while driving thirty-nine miles per hour, there is a constant stream of automobiles passing me on the highways and in the city streets.



If those Americans can't bring themselves to co-operate with such an insignificant as well as reasonable request, the least they can do is quit honking their horns and making sarcastic remarks when me and my side-drive one-cylinder Brush tour majestically along at *"less than forty."*—*Cecil H. Brown.*

HOLDING A SESSION ON THAT EDITORIAL

DETROIT, MICH.—Challenge to Honor, in June 13 Liberty, says, "prohibition produced bootlegging." Bootlegging existed long before prohibition was ever proposed. It began as soon as some person either bought or sold bootleg liquor to evade paying the federal tax.

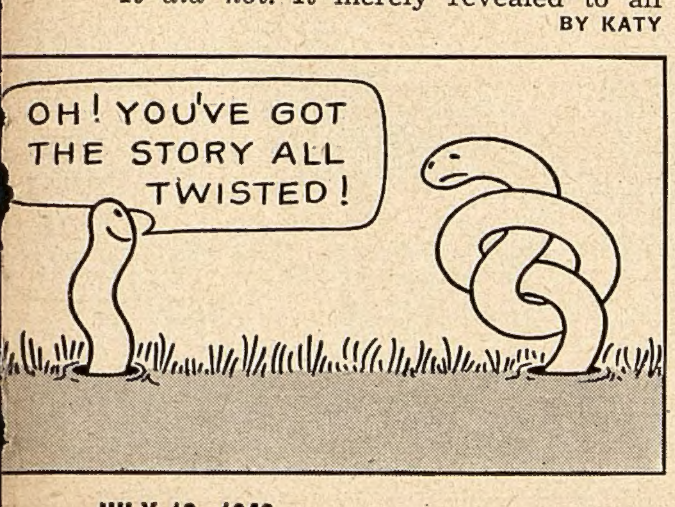
I write as one who *does not* believe in prohibition. However, organized society has both a right and a duty to prohibit anything which is of serious damage to the individual or to society. The last three paragraphs of Challenge to Honor are splendid.—*Albert B. Sheldon.*

BRENTWOOD, MD.—*In re* Liberty's June 13 editorial:

You say prohibition had a profound effect upon our instinct and conscientious sense of honesty. That it did something to our moral sense.

It *did not.* It merely revealed to all that many were *lacking* in moral sense, and that we had a surplus of crybabies who could not give up the bottle.—*Elmer C. Helm.*

BY KATY


OH! YOU'VE GOT THE STORY ALL TWISTED!

MAN TO SEE YOU WITH AN IDEA, UNCLE SAM

ALEXANDRIA, VA.—If I had the authority I would put all deserving aliens and prisoners in the United States to work, with pay, on a canal from Chicago to the nearest point on the Mississippi River that would float the hull of an ocean-going liner, finish the hulls to floating capacity, tug them down to New Orleans, and complete the ship.—*I. N. Elsea.*

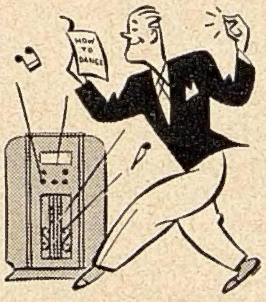
FINE! ALWAYS BE PREPARED FOR SUCCESS

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—From the first appearance, I have clipped each cartoon of Fala to paste in a scrapbook for my one-year-old grandson.

He may be President some day and own a dog like Fala.—*Mrs. Gertrude Woolley Roth.*

WE'LL KEEP IT DARK, GREAT OUTDOORS MAN

CHELMSFORD, MASS.—Undoubtedly you know that a few years ago there was a sort of informal revolution by the so-called great outdoors men of the country against the "sissified" practice of dancing.



I know about it because I was one of those misguided nitwits. Now, at last, I've come to the realization that dancing is good, clean, wholesome relaxation; just as good as hunting, fishing, bowling, golf.

I honestly think that there are other fellows like myself who would like to know how to dance, but we poor souls are too timid to admit our mistake and take dancing lessons or let our girl friends show us how to dance. So, on behalf of the "he-men," I am taking the liberty of appealing to you to publish a series of articles showing us how, so that we can practice and thus maintain our prestige. How about it, huh?

P.S. If you print this letter, please don't print my name or even my initials. This is a pretty small town and I'd take an awful ribbing.—??

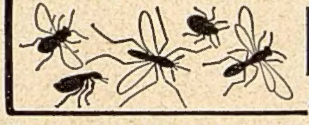
WASH THAT TIRED, RED-EYED LOOK AWAY!

—**IN SECONDS!** Yes, you can soothe eyes that feel drawn and tingly from close work, glare, dust or late hours in a few seconds! Just drop 2 drops of EYE-GENE in each eye. Almost immediately comes a feeling of soothing relief. Glance in a mirror and you'll see that your eyes actually look rested, bright and clear, too!

EYE-GENE is an eye specialists' formula. No other lotion has the exclusive ingredient that makes it so effective in so short a time! Stainless. Inexpensive. At drug, department and 10¢ stores.

EYE-GENE
2 DROPS CLEAR, SOOTHE IN SECONDS!

Relieve Sting and Pain of Insect Bites This Quick Way



For quick relief from the sting and pain of mosquito, chigger and other non-venomous insect bites use OIL-O-SOL. It soothes, cools and comforts. This effective inhibitor antiseptic is also valuable in treating sunburn and minor injuries—cuts, scratches, burns. Used by thousands at home and at work. Pleasant to use—combats infection—quickly helps relieve pain. Only 50c at druggist's. Must satisfy you or money back. Get **Mosso's OIL-O-SOL** now.

Itching—Burning SKIN and SCALP IRRITATIONS

Home Treatment Promptly Relieves Distress!

To quickly relieve maddening itching, burning of eczema, psoriasis, ringworm symptoms and other skin irritations due to external cause—apply wonderful *liquid* Zemo—a Doctor's formula backed by 30 years' continuous success! Zemo actually aids healing.

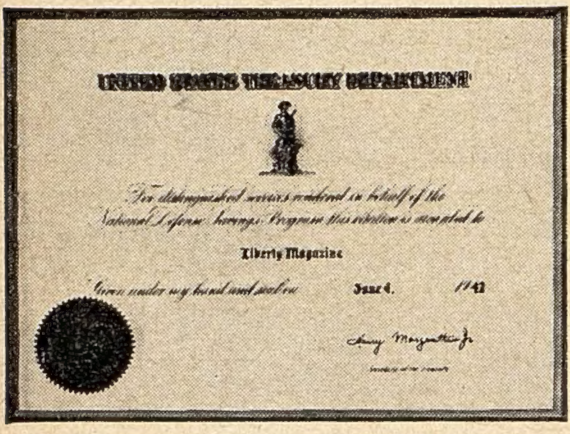
One of the *many* advantages of using Zemo on skin and scalp is that it's such a clean, stainless, invisible *liquid.* Apply anytime—it won't show on skin. Over 25,000,000 packages sold. First trial convinces! 35¢, 60¢, $1.00. At all drugstores.

→ ZEMO

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

RAYMOND CLAPPER

REALITY OUTSTRIPS FANTASY with headlong speed these days. The magic carpet of the Arabian Nights took its passengers on no such imagined journey as befell a Kansas farm boy in the spring. Raymond Clapper begins the story on page 9 of this issue. "The most exciting adventure of my newspaper life," he calls the magnificent, more or less impromptu flight which "hurled him through space halfway around the world" and gave him a bird's-eye view of Africa and Asia at war. This week he tells of electric iceboxes in the heart of savage Africa—next week of a dangerous dash from Calcutta to Chungking, with a stop at Lashio, which the Japs were already bombing. He brings you impressions, in articles to come, of Chiang Kai-shek and General Stilwell and the leaders of India. He tells what he learned of the strategies and plans behind the war. Some of it all appeared in his newspaper dispatches; this, for Liberty, is the whole revealing story of an amazing assignment. Mr. Clapper started on the Kansas City Star in 1916, is now Scripps-Howard's ace political commentator. We are proud to have him writing for us.



UNITED STATES TREASURY DEPARTMENT

For distinguished services rendered in behalf of the National Defense Savings Program this citation is awarded to

Liberty Magazine

Given under my hand and seal on June 4, 1942

Henry Morgenthau Jr.

WE ARE PROUD, too, of the citation pictured herewith. "A number of magazines," writes Robert P. Phillips, Jr., of the Treasury Department's War Savings Staff, "have rendered invaluable aid to the War Bond program—yours having been one of the pioneers and leaders throughout." Thank you, Mr. Phillips. The citation already has its place on Liberty's office walls.

A MATTER THAT HAS SECRETLY troubled us some has been brought out into the open by Arnold Palmer, writing in Britain Today. He says: "Busy and influential men with irons in a hundred fires, the people one does not see unless one has an appointment—they always sit, as you must have noticed, at large empty tables. Acres of smooth leather lie before them, inhabited by absolutely nothing but a clean blotting-pad, a calendar in a silver frame, an ash tray, and a beautiful telephone in white. But people of no importance, people with hardly any irons and no fires to heat them in, people whose doors you kick open without troubling to knock, sit surrounded by evidences of immense labor. Their tables, or rather our tables—my table, in fact—is mattressed with letters and papers; they cram the drawers so that they will neither open nor shut, they spill over onto the floor. Why is this? I have never been able to find out."

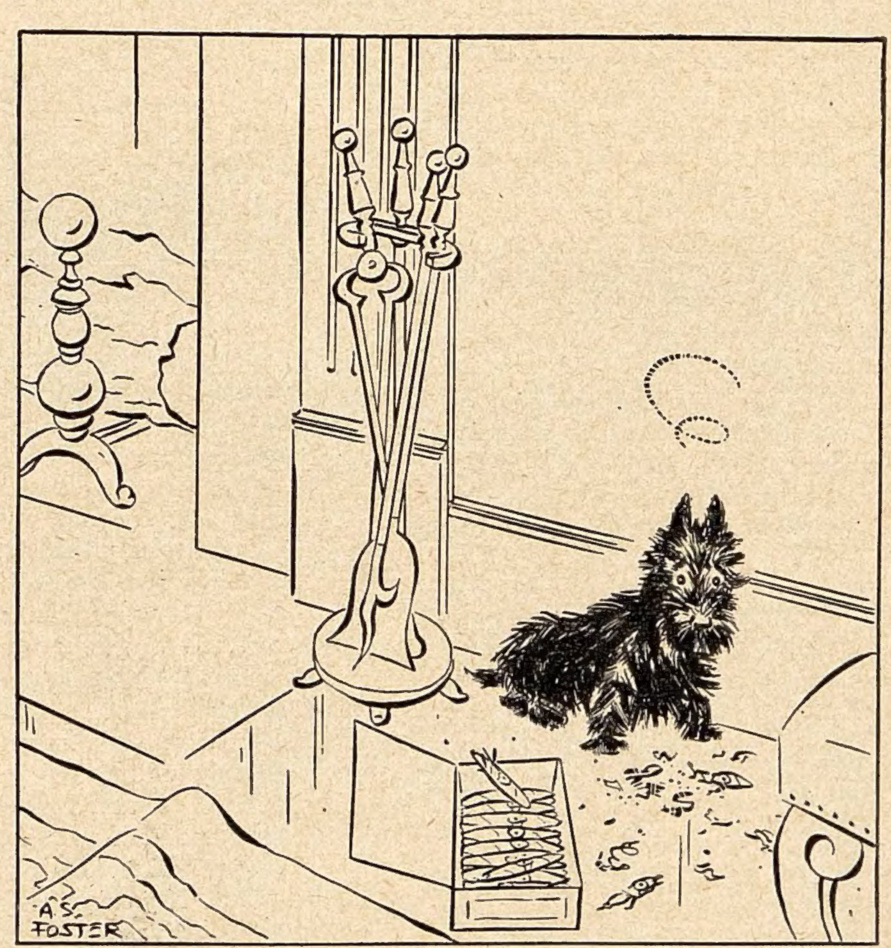
THERE ARE SOME FLOORS above Liberty's editorial rooms where there are tables and desks like that. And behind them, as Mr. Palmer says, sit busy and influential men. We editors are awed when occasion calls us to witness their chaste and elegant neatness. . . . But our desks? Well, the editorial scrivener who wrote this paragraph surveyed a familiar chaos as he did so. Why is this? We might tell Mr. Palmer a thing or two. We have even tried to explain it to ourselves. But it's his "people of no importance" that hurts.

THE AUTHOR OF THE SHORT SHORT on page 19 is a recent graduate of Columbia University—and a young man with a distinguished name. His father is China's Ambassador to Great Britain. Wellington Koo, Jr., has started his writing career in direct and business-like fashion. Without fanfare, he entered A Man of Peace in a contest conducted by Writers Digest—and Writers Digest in turn sent it to Liberty. Wisely, young Mr. Koo wrote of things about which he knows: other beginning authors please copy. . . . Raymond R. Dickey (page 23) also knows whereof he writes. He is Washington editor of the Research Institute of America. . . . And, still speaking of authors, Edith Howie, who wrote the recent published whodunit, Murder at Stone House, saw her first printed story in Liberty. We "discovered" her in 1937, and it's nice to have done so.

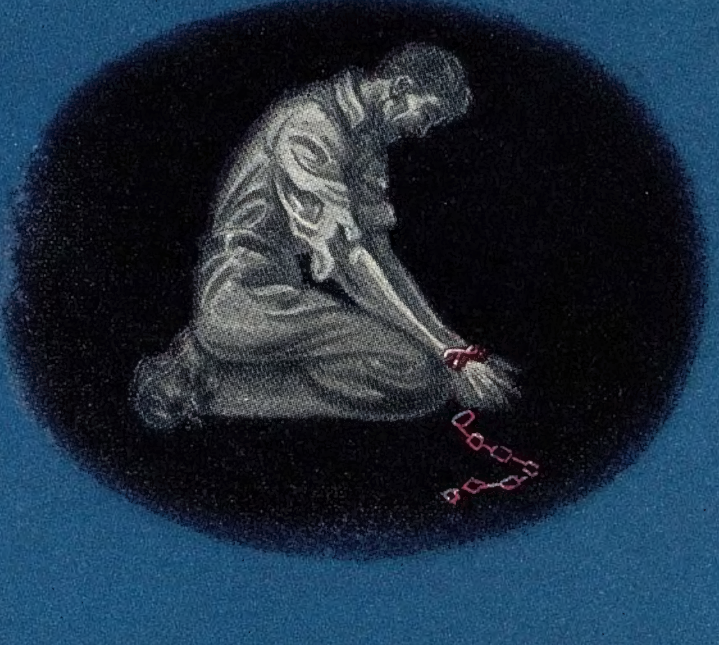
INTERNATIONAL NOTE: Ex-Ambassador Davies' Mission to Moscow, of which we gave you a condensation not so long ago, is out in new form—a Red Army edition, published on the anniversary of the German invasion of Russia. . . . Glamour note: Marguerite Steen's The Sun Is My Undoing, which was also condensed in Liberty, is being made into a movie. Clark Gable will appear as Matthew Flood (remember Matthew?)—and they do say the role of Sheba, the slave girl, will be played by—one guess. Right! Hedy Lamarr.

The Editors

FALA



"I don't see what the Prime Minister sees in these things!"



Live on My Knees? *NEVER!*

I'll give up part of my salary for taxes.

I'll give up my automobile.

I'll give up sugar—gasoline—other essentials, when and if the government asks.

I'll give up big, overtime pay.

I'll give up big profits.

I'll give up my life, if necessary.

But I'll *never* stop fighting for those principles of Liberty that have made this country great!

Wherever you see the Liberty Emblem—in a coat lapel, on a counter or in a store window, you will know that an American is saying:

"I Am Making Winning the War MY Job"

Actual
Size

WEAR THIS EMBLEM AS A SYMBOL OF YOUR BELIEF

Sponsored by, with no profit to, Liberty Magazine. 24 kt. gold plate. Baked enamel colors. Send for your Emblem of Liberty today. Dept. Y, Liberty Magazine, 205 East 42nd St., New York City.

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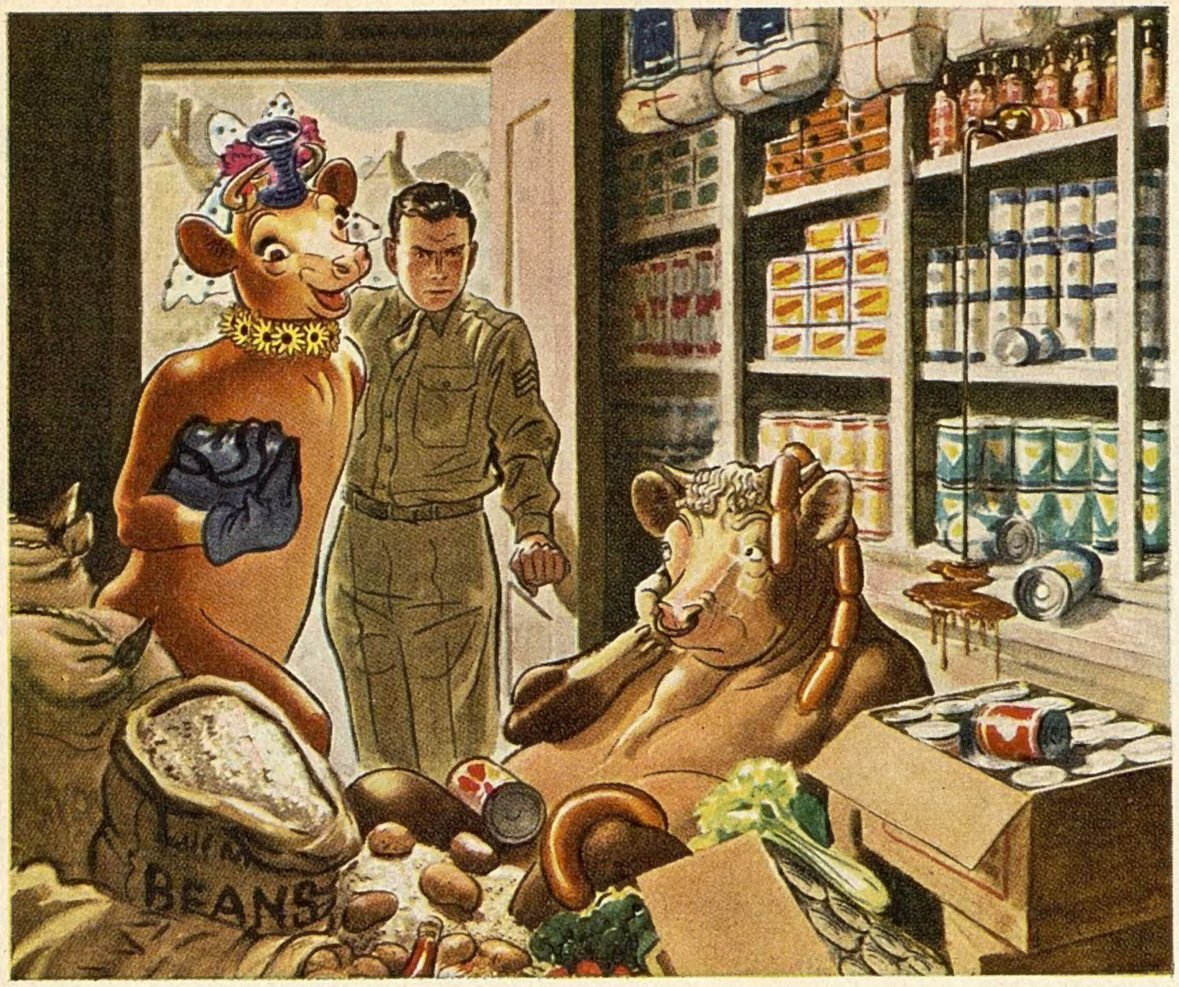
ORDER YOUR EMBLEM OF LIBERTY TODAY

7/18

Free To Businessmen: Counter or window display cut-outs of Statue of Liberty in full color—18" tall—carries the legend "We Are Making *Winning the War* OUR JOB." . . . You get the cut-out displays FREE OF CHARGE—pay shipping costs only. Order Liberty Emblems for your employees to wear—sold at cost price in quantity lots. Write today for full details on your business stationery.



"And this, I suppose," smiled Elsie, "is an army mess!"

"That," said the mess sergeant, glaring at Elmer, "is no mess. That is your husband. He just came barging in here and . . . blooey!"

"I tripped," muttered Elmer. "It could have happened to anyone."

"Well, suppose you just trip around and clean up this litter while the sergeant shows me his kitchen," Elsie, the Borden Cow, said firmly.

"Sorry, ma'am," answered the sergeant. "No cows allowed in the kitchen. Army regulations. Of course, for *you*, I might . . ."

"Oh, I wouldn't dream of your making an exception for me," interrupted Elsie. "I'm all in favor of army regulations. Particularly the one that specifies the equivalent of at least a pint of milk for every soldier every day. You know my pure, wholesome milk and all the wonderful things Borden experts make from it are my life's work."

"And good work, too," approved the sergeant. "We use a lot of your *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk* in the army."

TRY BORDEN'S EVAPORATED FOR CREAMED SOUPS!
Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED M

"Then I don't have to tell you what splendid creamed soups and fluffy mashed potatoes it makes," beamed Elsie. "Or how digestible and rich in Vitamin D it is. It may be news to you, though, that our allies use tremendous amounts of it, too."

"*You* started all this," Elmer complained to the mess sergeant. "You listen to it. I'm going out and spend a quiet, peaceful hour with the heavy artillery."

"Elmer's awfully jealous of my career," chuckled Elsie, as Elmer huffed out. "Sometimes I think he even resents all the nice things people say about my luscious, creamy *Borden's Ice Cream*. And I'm sure you couldn't find a finer food than that!"

BORDEN'S ICE CREAM IS A REAL FOOD!

"I'll say you couldn't," agreed the sergeant. "I knew that husband of yours was a wet blanket the minute he messed up my post commissary. If he had his just desserts . . ."

"You can give your whole regiment their just desserts," Elsie broke in, "with *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk*.

MAGIC DESSERTS WITH BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND!
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK
MAGIC RECIPES

It's the handy, short-cut way to make cake frostings, pie fillings, and loads of other delicious desserts because it's milk *plus* sugar."

"Gee, Elsie, you sound like an expert on food," said the sergeant. "Maybe *you* can persuade women who entertain soldiers not to serve those wishy-washy, 'tea-party' sandwiches."

"Sergeant, I'm surprised at you." Elsie giggled. "Thousands of women already know how to turn out hearty, man-pleasing sandwiches. It's no trick at all with *Borden's Chateau*. And mellow, golden *Chateau* is only *one* member of the distinguished family of *Borden's Fine Cheeses!*"

CHATEAU—THE GRAND CHEESE FLAVOR THEY'VE NEVER EQUALLED!
Borden's Chateau

"Well, what do you know about that!" exclaimed the sergeant. "I guess all of us learn something new every day."

"It's a lucky thing for all those people who are learning about *Hemo*," enthused Elsie. "*Hemo* is Borden's grand, new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em. Why, folks who need more vitamins and minerals are getting a brand-new kick out of life with *Hemo*. And it tastes better than the most marvelous malted milk ever mixed."

DRINK YOUR VITAMINS AND LIKE 'EM!
Borden's
Hemo

"Gosh," puzzled the sergeant, "to hear you tell it, everything Borden makes is super-super."

"Of course it is, sergeant," laughed Elsie. "Borden has its regulations, just like the army. And the most important of these regulations is: *'If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!'* "

Elsie says: *"We can't have too many cooks to spoil the broth for the Axis.* **BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS REGULARLY.** *It's a recipe guaranteed to put the Axis in the soup."*

-if it's Borden's it's got to be good

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